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BRYDGES # CENSURA LITERARIA

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# CENSURA LITERARIA,

CONTAINING

TITLES, EXTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

*OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,*

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH ARE SCARCE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

*NECROGRAPHIA AUTHORUM,*

OR

MEMOIRS OF DECEASED AUTHORS;

AND

THE RUMINATOR,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL, MORAL, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, WITH OTHER LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

*By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.*

VOLUME IV.

BEING THE FIRST OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1807.

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# PREFACE.

At the commencement of a new series of this work it may be proper to say something in explanation of the purposes which I have endeavoured to effect by the enlargement of my plan.

The habitual demands of literary curiosity seem to require a monthly, rather than a less frequent, publication: to this stated time, they who indulge themselves in periodical productions of the press, are accustomed to look; and a longer delay therefore forms a material impediment to their circulation. With this conviction I resolved, at the opening of the present year, regardless of my own labour, even amid a variety of other occupations, to produce a Number every month; and I did it the more willingly, because it would give me an opportunity of intermixing and contrasting, with the BLACK-LETTER materials which had hitherto almost engrossed my pages, a due proportion of modern literature.

On this scheme I have, after candid allowances for the imperfectness by which we too generally fall short in the execution of what we may have vigorously planned, brought this volume to a close. It is, no doubt, but a faint copy of what I had hoped to have done; and perhaps no one of its readers will be more sensible of its various defects than the author himself. For these, illness, perplexities of mind, and private business, will furnish no just apology, because they only

remove the blame to the rashness of the attempt. I would rather throw myself on the mercy of those enlarged minds which know the difficulties of such undertakings; and for the rest, I am prepared to endure with silent fortitude the pert or acrimonious censures of the half-witted or malignant.

The subjects to which I have most wished to give the new space, are Sketches of Literary Biography. These, if executed with spirit and judgment, appear to me at once highly amusing, and highly instructive. If it be true, that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

surely the account of those men, who most excel in intellect, the quality which principally lifts human beings above other terrestrial animals, is of the most important interest. We are anxious to know the opinions, and moral and mental habits, of those who have been distinguished for the powers of the head, and the sensibilities of the heart. We delight to bask in the rays of light they throw around them; and we feel a pleasing pity, and perhaps a strange mixture of self-consolation, in contemplating their eccentricities, and even their occasional weaknesses and foibles. A generous admiration of merit, a breast glowing with liberal sentiments, and fired with sympathy for the romantic effusions of the poet, are necessary qualifications for him, who would enter on the arduous task of sketching the characters of Genius. For this purpose, a new apparatus of common-place and uninteresting facts is not necessary: many daily occupations, many familiar events, the most original and eccentric bard must experience in common with the vulgar herd of mankind. We look to the peculiar traits of mind, to those

those happier hours of abstraction of the soul, or when the bosom is surrendered up to a delicious tenderness for the ingredients of a portrait worthy of him who deserves to be commemorated. I have therefore had the presumption to suppose, that without possessing any other documents than those already before the public, I might seize and combine into groups such a variety of intellectual features as might not only have the charm of novelty, but exhibit important pictures of the powers and tendencies of literary eminence.

Have I vainly flattered myself that such an enlargement of my original design forms a pleasing contrast to the heavy, though useful, notices, which black-letter researches afford? Will it be deemed an unpardonable ambition, to have aspired occasionally to higher tasks than copying old title-pages, and transcribing long specimens of obsolete books? I consider the labour of reviving the unjustly-forgotten works of our ancestors, both generous and beneficial; but I can never commend the narrow and pedantic spirit which limits all excellence to the ages that have long passed away, and beholds whatever is modern with silly and affected scorn. It is by the perpetual intermixture and comparison with each other, that a new charm is given to both; the faults of each are corrected; and all the varieties of language and sentiment are brought into a common stock.

Actuated by this conviction I have, in addition to the memoirs, begun a series of moral essays, under the title of THE RUMINATOR. Among these I trust that, by the assistance of a very able friend who will not permit his name to be mentioned, I have been the means of conveying to the public at least some good

papers. For my own, I must confess that I have not hitherto in any degree satisfied my wishes or expectations: but I yet believe, that the private causes of my inability of exertion, which I had hoped would not have occurred, will not continue; and that I shall henceforth be able to produce something nearer the standard of my own hopes.

When, however, I turn my eye backward upon the many scarce and interesting works which have been registered in these four volumes, and when I compare what has been done in them, with what has been attempted by those, who have had better opportunities, as well as the advantage of the previous labours of this publication, I own I feel some pride; not on account of the humble part I have performed myself, but of the valuable communications I have been the means of drawing from others better qualified. To many ingenious correspondents I am indebted for various and continued assistance: but to my friend Mr. Park in particular, whose acquaintance with curious libraries, and astonishing extent and accuracy of bibliographical knowledge, more especially on the subject of old English poetry, are far beyond my powers of praise, I feel it a duty to make this acknowledgment. To him I owe a numerous and rich series of articles, most of which nobody but himself could have communicated, and all of which must be received, by those whose curiosty is excited to congenial researches, with constant and unabated interest. On these I may confidently rely to secure a permanent value to my work: and when it is known that they have been furnished with never-ceasing regularity and copiousness amid the most constant and fatiguing undertakings of his own; while

while with a fidelity and industry seldom equalled, and never exceeded, he was carrying through the press his augmented and most rich edition of Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, which has just made its appearance; collating the text for Sharpe's beautiful Collection of English Poets; and aiding the inquiries of a large literary acquaintance, who are in the habit of applying for his aid; the simple statement will exhibit traits of character, which do not require any comment. I know the diffidence of my friend will shrink from this acknowledgment with hesitation, and perhaps with momentary anger: but it it thus that I am resolved to prove my consciousness of what I owe him, and not to assume to myself the merits which belong to another. To him I am happy to say, that the public may now look for a new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, to which he will bring a perfect and intimate acquaintance with the recondite materials used by that ingenious and powerful, but sometimes too hasty, critic, and an accuracy of collation, and congeniality of feeling, eminently fitted for so arduous and important a task.

There are perhaps some few, I hope not many, among my readers, who require to be reminded of the candour and indulgence due to the errors of inadvertence and haste which must necessarily occur in a periodical publication. Such I have too frequent occasion to perceive and lament; but I am sure that they will afford no cause of triumph or insult to the generous and enlarged mind. Petty critics may seize upon them as their prey; pedantic ill-temper may magnify them into proofs of dulness or ignorance; but these

are

are flies, or wasps which may be easily brushed away, without disturbing the quiet of an enlightened spirit.

When I hear whispers of dryness and want of interest in this work, I sometimes ask, what such unreasonable censurers expect. Do they hope for a book of merry tales? Or do they think that the quaint title of some obsolete volume is to be made a peg to hang a set of flippant jests upon? Or a piquant disquisition worked up with all the flowers of modern rhetoric? It may be the defect of the uncommon gravity of my nature; but I will not conceal, that of all things a joke out of place is to me the most odious! And in a work, which proposes for its main object a register of the titles, contents, and specimens of scarce or neglected volumes, the reader, who expects to be entertained by the editor's witticisms, or relies on any other amusement, than what results from the gratification of curious research, deserves to be disappointed. To those who read merely for the purpose of filling up a passing hour, who are not desirous of a just or permanent impression either on the head or heart, but seek to have their fancies tickled for a moment by the high-seasoned charms of meretricious composition, or the pungent asperities of degrading malice, I have neither the ability, nor the wish to recommend myself.

I suspect that a good taste seldom exists, where a good heart is wanting. That sensibility, which is its fountain, becomes degraded by vicious thinking, still more perhaps than by vicious conduct; at least infinitely more, than by the occasional indulgence of vice, on the pressure of accidental and passing temptations. Great scholars therefore are not always more pure in their

their literary judgments, than the half-learned amateurs, whom they despise. The memory may be marvellously stored with Latin and Greek, without one generous emotion of the bosom, or one responsive emotion at the quiverings of genius. These things perhaps with perfect readiness, and in every varied combination,

"Play round the head, but come not to the heart."

Such men will continue to think with the vulgar, wherever they have the boldness to indulge their undisguised opinions. Their authority therefore can add little weight to the scale into which it is thrown. I remember in my earlier days, when at Cambridge, more than one character of this sort, who appeared to me to do much injury by arrogating an influence over the minds of others, to which they were by no means entitled.

If industry be considered inconsistent with genius, if what is sound and faithful be therefore deemed dull, I am fearful that I must plead guilty to the charge of being a very stupid and heavy compiler. Still, delusive as may be my hopes, I will flatter myself, that I am performing a task, of which the value will hereafter be better estimated; and that, when these meteors are passed away, my steadier labours will be classed among the useful, if not the brilliant, works of my cotemporaries.

In the present age, we are as anxious to become acquainted with the modes of thinking and expression of former centuries as of our own day. He, therefore, who endeavours to give facility to these inquiries, by labour, for which he can only be repaid by the esteem of those, whom he assists, merits at least a liberal reception.

ception. For me, whose life is principally spent in a deep solitude, which has given me an opportunity of yielding myself up to that intense love of books, which I have felt from my very boyhood, I doubt if I could exist without the balm of literature; without a perpetual renovation of that mental food, which wraps me for a time into forgetfulness of sorrows and perplexities, such as it has been the lot of few to encounter! Sometimes indeed the delusion is dangerous; and only defers the evil, to enable it "to deal the mightier blow." But what years of grief and anxiety does it while away! What wounds does it heal! What hours of pure and exalted virtue does it give! The feast therefore that I seek from others, I am willing to attempt to prepare for them. By this reflection I feel repaid for much and repeated labour; for some weary and some inconvenient hours; for some occasional abridgment of my private pleasures, and sometimes perhaps a little sacrifice of my health. But my views at least are generous, if mistaken; and the private friendships which this work has procured me, are alone an ample recompence for all my toils.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, 26 April, 1807.

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## NUMBER XIII.

[Being the First Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *Letters written by Sir W. Temple, Baronet, and other Ministers of State, both at home and abroad; containing an Account of the most important Transactions that passed in Christendom from the year* 1665 *to the year* 1672. *In two volumes; reviewed by Sir W. Temple, sometime before his death, and published by Jonathan Swift, Domestic Chaplain to his Excellency the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. London. Printed for J. Tonson, A. and J. Churchill, and R. Simpson.* 1700. 8*vo*.

ART. II. *Select Letters to the Prince of Orange (now King of England) King Charles II. and the Earl of Arlington, upon important subjects. Vol. III. To which is added an Essay upon the State and Settlement of Ireland. All written by Sir William Temple, Baronet. Published from the originals of Sir William Temple's own hand-*

*writing, and never before printed. London. Printed for Tho. Bennet,* 1701. 8vo.

ART. III. *The Right Honourable the Earl of Arlington's Letters to Sir William Temple, Baronet, from July* 1665, *being the first of his employments abroad, to Sept.* 1670; *when he was recalled. Giving a perfect and exact account of the Treaties of Munster, Breda, Aix la Chapelle, and the Triple Alliance; together with the particular instructions to Sir William Temple, the Earl of Carlingford, and Mr. Van Beuningen, with other papers, relating to those Treaties. As also a particular Relation of Madam, by a person of Quality then actually upon the spot. All printed from the Originals never before published. By Tho. Bebington of Gray's Inn, Gent. London. Printed for T. Bennet.* 1701. 8vo. *pp.* 454.

ART. IV. *The Right Honourable the Earl of Arlington's Letters, Vol. II. Containing a compleat Collection of his Lordship's Letters to Sir Richard Fanshaw, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Sunderland, and Sir W. Godolphin, during their respective embassies in Spain from* 1664 *to* 1674. *As also to Sir Robert Southwell in Portugal. Now published from the originals, and never before printed. London. Printed for T. Bennet,* 1701. 8vo. *pp.* 480.

It has been observed, that "the seventeenth century, especially towards the latter part of it, may justly be styled an age of intrigue; in which most of the Princes of Europe, and their Ministers of State, carried on their

their projects and designs with more address and policy than open force and plain downright violence. Those disciples of Machiavel, Richlieu, and Mazarine, refined upon and improved the maxims of their masters so far, that they had the art, even whilst they were signing of treaties, and caressing each other after the most endearing manner, to carry on underhand a scheme of proceedings, which looked another way. The more we reflect upon those dark times, the more we are at a loss what to infer from them; for all things seemed to be intricate, and the Arcana Imperii, the mysteries of state, were veiled with so thick a cloud, that they were screened not only from vulgar view, but even from the eyes of those, who pretended to be sharper sighted than others.

"And, in truth, the historian, who undertakes the history of those times, finds himself in a sort of labyrinth, out of which he can hardly get without a friendly clue to lead him through the maze. Nay, memoirs and letters, which can give him the clearest light into these matters, will afford him but little help, unless he has judgment enough to distinguish, and integrity enough to deliver nothing but what is truth, or at least that, which looks most like it. For, amidst those heaps of secret histories, private letters, &c. which have been published, by men of several and contrary parties, one cannot tell where to fix, nor whose relation to credit; since they contradict one another so often in relating matters of fact; and that both sides of a contradiction cannot be true, is a maxim or axiom granted on all hands."*

* Works of the Learned, 1700, 4to. Vol. II. p. 673.

That Sir William Temple was a scholar, his works sufficiently testify; and that he was an able statesman, these letters will evince. They are not mere formal letters, and letters of compliment; but such as carry in them a discovery of the secret springs of action under one of the most subtle reigns that England ever knew. There is contained in them an account of all the chief transactions and negotiations, which passed in Christendom, during the seven years, in which they are dated; viz. The War with Holland, which began in 1665. The treaty between King Charles II. and the Bishop of Munster, with the issue of it; the French Invasion of Flanders in 1667; the Peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by King Charles's Mediation; the Treaty at Breda; the Triple Alliance; and the Peace of Aix La Chapelle. In the Second Part are contained, The Negotiations in Holland, in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees, by which they came to decay: the journey and death of Madame: the seisure of Lorraine by the French, and his Excellency's recall; with the first unkindness between England and Holland, upon the Yatch's transporting his lady and family: and the beginning of the Second Dutch War in 1672. By these it appears, "how faithful a minister Sir William was in the discharge of his trust to his master; how just a sense he had of the affairs and state of Europe, and how true a friend he was to the particular interest of the English nation."*

As to the first volume of Lord Arlington's Letters, most of them are written upon the same subject with

* Works of the Learned, 1701, Vol. III. p. 492.

those

those of Sir W. Temple, and, being compared together, may give the reader an insight into the secret and obscure management of affairs during that space of time.*

The second volume carries us to the transactions on the other side the mountains, being sent to the several ambassadors, that resided successively in Spain for ten years together, and containing in them a piece of history, of which the world had hitherto had but imperfect accounts. Here are the original papers relating to the transactions then on foot, besides the particular treaties between Spain and Portugal, England and Spain, and Spain and Holland. In short, here is the best history of all the transactions of our ablest ministers in Spain and Portugal from 1664 to 1674: and from thence the true springs may be observed, upon which most of the great affairs of Europe turned at that time.†

* Works of the Learned, 1701, Vol. II. 674. † Ibid III. 249.

The titles of the following volumes relative to this period may be added here.

1. *Original Letters and Negotiations of Sir Richard Fanshaw, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Sunderland, and Sir William Godolphin, wherein divers matters between the three Crowns of England, Spain, and Portugal, from the year 1663 to 1678, are set in a clear light.* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1724.

2. *Sir Richard Bulstrode's Letters written to the Earl of Arlington, Envoy at the Court of Brussels from King Charles II. containing the most remarkable Transactions both in Court and Camp, during his Ministry, particularly the famous battle of Seneff, between the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Conde.* 8*vo.* 1712.

3. *Original Letters from King William the Third to King Charles II. Lord Arlington. &c. translated, with an account of his reception at Middleburgh, and his Speech upon that occasion.* 8*vo.* 1704.

4. *The Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs, containing several original Papers and Letters of King Charles II. Queen Mother, the Duke of York, &c. relating to the Duke of Lorrain, and the Irish Commissioners,* 1722. 8*vo.*

ART. V. *The General History of Spain from the first peopling of it by Tubal, till the death of King Ferdinand, who united the Crowns of Castile and Arragon; with a continuation to the death of King Philip III. Written in Spanish, by the R. F. F. John de Mariana. To which are added two Supplements; the First by F. Ferdinand Camargo y Salcedo; the other by F. Basil Varen de Soto; bringing it down to the present reign. The whole translated from the Spanish, by Captain J. Stevens. London. Printed for R. Sare, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet,* 1699. *Fol. The History contains pp.* 563. *The Supplements, pp.* 91.

The reputation of Mariana, the original author of this history, is sufficiently established. It first appeared in Latin, and was dedicated to Philip II. King of Spain: he afterwards translated it into Spanish; and put it under the protection of Philip III. It begins at the first peopling of the world by the posterity of Noah; and is brought down by Mariana to the end of Philip III's reign.

The history is divided into thirty books. The last twenty books comprehend the history of Spain from the time of the invasion made by the Almohades to the death of King Ferdinand, who united the crowns of Castile and Arragon; a period of 303 years.

In the whole work there are, besides matters of fact related candidly and fairly, several political and useful reflections made by the author on several important transactions. To this he has added a compendious supplement from the year 1515 to the year 1621. F. Ferdinand

Ferdinand Camargo y Salcedo, Preacher and Historiographer of the order of St. Augustin, has carried the history down to the year 1649; and from thence F. Basil Varen de Soto, once Provincial of the Regular Clergy, has continued it down to the year 1669.*

This translation of Captain Stevens still retains its reputation, and bears a considerable price.

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ART. VI. *Additional extracts from Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure. See* CENS. LIT. VOL. III. P. 225.

The author having, in the preceding chapter, digressed from the tale, in order to introduce "a conẽndation of Gower, Chaucer, and Lidgate," thus continues. We must, however, premise that the hero, "Graund Amoure," is now in the castle of Doctrine, that he has been received by Grammar, Logic, and Rethoric, and is now about to enter the chamber of Arithmetic.

Chapt. xv.

"Now in my boke, ferder to procede,
To a chambre I wente, replete wyth rychesse,
Where sat Arysmatryke, in a golden wede
Lyke a lady pure, and of great worthynes;
The walles about, dyd full well expres,
Wyth golde depaynted, euery perfyte nombre
To adde, detraye, and to deuyde asonder.

The rofe was paynted, with golden beames,
The wyndowes cristall, clerely claryfyde

* Memoirs, ut supr. 1699, Vol. I. p. 565.

The golden rayes, and depured streames
Of radyant Phebus, that was puryfyde
Right in the bull, that tyme to domysyde
Through wyndowes, was resplendyshaunt
About the chambre, fayre and radyaunt.

J kneled downe, right soone on my kne,
And to her J sayd, o lady maueylous,
J right humbly beseche your maieste
Your arte to shewe, me so facundyous
Whyche is defuse, and right fallacyous."

"Arysmatryke" grants his request, and explains the nature and utility of her science; from thence Grand Amour proceeds to "the tower of musike," where he meets with La Bell Pucell, and discloses his passion. "The description of her person is," says Warton, "very elegant." Grand Amour relates his various adventures in a supplication to Venus, and describes his first meeting with the lady, who,

Chap. xx.

"Her shining here so properly she dresses
Alofe her forehed with fayre golden tresses.

Her forehead stepe, with fayre browes ybent,
Her eyen gray, her nose streyght and fayre,
In her whyte chekes the fayre bloud it went,
As among the whyte the rede to repayre,
Her mouth right small, her breth swete of ayre,
Her lyppes softe and ruddy as a rose,
No hert on lyue but it wold him appose.

With a lyttle pytte in her well fauoured chynne,
Her necke longe and whyte as ony lylly,

Wyth

Wyth vaynes blew in which the blode ran inne,
Her paypes round and therto right prety,
Her armes sclender and of goodly body,
Her fingers small, and therto right longe;
White as the milke, with blew vaynes among.

Her fete proper, she gartered well her hose,
I neuer saw so swete a creature;
Nothing she lacketh as I do suppose
That is longing to fayre dame nature;
Yet more ouer her countenaunce so pure,
So swete, so louely, wold any hert inspyre
Wyth feruent loue to attayne his desyre."

Hawes concludes his volume with the following "excusation of the aucthoure."

" Unto all Poetes, J do me excuse
Jf that J offende, for lacke of science,
This lyttle boke yet do ye not refuse,
Though it be deuoyde of famous eloquence,
Adde or detra, by your hye sapience,
And pardon me of my hye enterpryse,
Whiche, of late, this fable dyd fayne and deuise.

Go, little boke, I praye God the saue
From misse metryng, by wrong impression,
And who that euer list the for to haue,
That he perceyue well thyne intencion
For to be grounded, without presumption,
As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes,
To make suche bokes J apply my busines.

Besechyng God, for to geue me grace
Bokes to compyle, of moral vertue,
Of my maister Lidgate to folowe the trace,

His

His noble fame for to laude and renue,
Whiche in his lyfe the slouthe did eschue,
Makyng great bokes, to be in memory;
On whose soule, J pray God haue mercy.

FINIS."

Another edition of this poem, not mentioned in p. 225, is "Historie of Graunde Amoure and La Bell Pucel," &c. printed by Jn. Waylande, 1554, 4to. black letter.* P. B.

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ART. VII. *The most Elegant and Witty Epigrams of Sir John Harington, Knight, digested into four bookes.*

*Fama bonum quo non felicius ullum.*

*London. Printed by T. S. for John Budge, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1625. *Sm. 8vo. not paged, but ends with sign. M.*

It seems that this collection had been already published in 1618; and it was appended to the third edition † of the Translation of "Orlando Furioso," in

* See Bib. Harleian. Vol. III. No. 5935.

† The first edition of this translation was printed in 1591 by Richard Field, fol. The title of the third edition is this: "*Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse. By Sir John Harington, of Bathe, Knight. Now thirdly revised and amended, with the addition of the author's Epigrams.*

*Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.* HORACE.

*London. Printed by G. Miller for J. Parker,* 1634. *Fol.*

This is an engraved title page, at the bottom of which is the poet's portrait, "ætat. suæ 30, primo Augusti, 1591."

1634,

1634, fol. but the fourth book had before been printed by itself in 4to. in 1615.

Sir John Harington was born 1561, and died at his seat at Kelston, near Bath, in 1612, aged 51. The NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, which have been lately re-edited with so much elegance, and so much erudite industry, have so fully brought back his memory to the public notice, that it would be superfluous for me to repeat the circumstances of his life or character.

The epigrams, it must be confessed, although they appear to have once enjoyed some reputation, possess no poetical merit. They are flat, colloquial, rhymes, of that low tone, above which it seems to have been difficult for the genius of Harington to rise. But they may still be perused with some interest by the antiquary, the biographer, and the investigator of ancient manners, and customs; like those of Sir Aston Cokayne, which contain numerous cotemporary notices of his friends, neighbours and acquaintance. For this reason, I shall transcribe a few specimens.

The volume is dedicated to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in which it is said, by the publisher, (for it must be recollected that it was posthumous) "if in poetry, heraldry were admitted, he would be found in happiness of wit near allied to the great Sidney: yet but near; for the Apix of the Cœlum Empyrium is not more inaccessible, than is the height of Sydney's poesy, which by imagination we may approach, by imitation never attain to."

EPIGR. 42. B. I.

## *An Epitaph in commendation of George Turberville, a learned gentleman.*

" When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpse dissever'd;
There high in bliss, here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving;
My pen doth praise thee dead; thine grac'd me living."

EPIGR. 73. B. I.

## *Of his Translation of Ariosto.*

" I spent some years, and months, and weeks, and days,
In Englishing the Italian Ariost;
And strait some offer'd epigrams in praise
Of that my thankless pains, and fruitless cost.
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in post,
He disapprov'd the purpose many ways,
And with this proverb prov'd it labour lost:
Good ale doth need no sign; good wine no bush;
Good verse of praisers needs not pass a rush."

EPIGR. 36. B. II.

## *To Dr. Harvey, of Cambridge.*

" The Proverb says, 'Who fights with dirty foes,
Must needs be foil'd, admit they win or lose.'
Then think it doth a doctor's credit dash
To make himself antagonist to Nash!"*

* The celebrated Tom Nash, who had a long quarrel with Gabriel Harvey.

EPIGR.

EPIGR. 64. B. II.

*To Master Bastard,* a Minister, that made a pleasant Book of English Epigrams.*

"Though dusty wits of this ungrateful time,
Carp at thy book of Epigrams, and scoff it,
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise, not only void of crime.
Then let not envy stop thy vein of rhyme;
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it:
A poet is one step unto a prophet;
And such a step as 'tis no shame to climb.

You must in pulpit treat of matters serious;
As best beseems the person, and the place;
There preach of faith, repentance, hope, and grace;
Of sacraments, and such high things mysterious:
But they are too severe, and too imperious,
That unto honest sports will grant no space.
For these our minds refresh when those weary us,
And spur our doubled spirit to swifter pace.

The wholesom'st meats, that are, will breed satiety,
Except we should admit of some variety.
In musick notes must be some high, some base.
And this I note, your verses have intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,
To work in men's ill manners good amendment.
Wherefore if any think such verse unseasonable,
Their stoic minds are foes to good society,
And men of reason may think them unreasonable:
It is an act of virtue and of piety,
To warn us of our sins in any sort,
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport."

* Thomas Bastard, see CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 238.

EPIGR.

EPIGR. 26. B. III.

*In commendation of Master Lewknor's Sixth Description of Venice. Dedicated to Lady Warwick,* 1595.

"Lo; here's describ'd, though but in little room,
Fair Venice, like a spouse in Neptune's arms;
For freedom, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counsel much, and much for arms:
Whose story, erst written with Tuscan quill,
Lay to our English wits as half conceal'd,
Till Lewknor's learned travel and his skill
In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reveal'd.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
England, be kind, enrich'd with such a book;
Both give due honour to that noble dame,
For whom this task the writer undertook."

EPIGR. 47. B. III.

*In praise of the Countess of Derby,* married to the Lord Chancellor.*

"This noble Countess lived many years
With Derby, one of England's greatest Peers;
Fruitful and fair, and of so clear a name,
That all this region marvell'd at her fame.
But this brave Peer, extinct by hasten'd fate,
She stay'd, ah! too, too long! in widow's state;
And in that state took so sweet state upon her,
All ears, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, and told her honour;

* Alice widow of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, daughter of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe, remarried to Lord Chancellor Egerton.

Yet

Yet finding this a saying full of verity,
'Tis hard to have a patent of prosperity,'
She found her wisest way, and safe to deal,
Was to consort with him that kept the Seal."

EPIG. 6. B. IV.

*Of the Wars in Ireland.*

"I prais'd the speech, but cannot now abide it,'
That War is sweet to those that have not tried it:
For I have prov'd it now, and plainly see 't,
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.
At home Canary wines and Greek grow loathsome;
Here milk is nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
There without bak'd, roast, boil'd, it is no cheer:
Biscuit we like, and bonny Clabo here.
There we complain of one rare roasted chick;
Here meat, worse cooked, never makes us sick.
At home in silken sparvers, beds of down,
We scant can rest, but still toss up and down;
Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,
A hedge the curtain; canopy a willow.
There if a child but cry, O what a spite!
Here we can brook three larums in one night!
There homely rooms must be perfum'd with roses,
Here match and powder ne'er offends our noses;
There from a storm of rain we run like pullets,
Here we stand fast against a shower of bullets.
Lo! then how greatly their opinions err,
That think there is no great delight in war!
But yet for this, sweet War, I'll be thy debtor;
I shall for ever love my home the better."

ART.

ART. VIII. *A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford in the year* 1624, *on the Text found upon the Pope, now a Prisoner in the Cockpit. By Thomas Lushington, B. D.*

"His disciples came by night and stole him away."
Matt. xxviii. 13.

*London. Printed in the year* 1711. *Price* 2*d. pp.* 16.

"To the Reader.

"The following Sermon is so very entertaining and ingenious, that, lest the reader should imagine he is imposed on by the title, and should rashly conclude from his own experience, that so much wit never proceeded from the pulpit, I refer him to my Lord Clarendon's "*Animadversions on Cressy's Fanaticism,** *&c. p.* 22, where he tells us he was present when it was preached."

Thomas Lushington was born at Sandwich, in Kent, about 1590, and related to a family seated about that time at Sittingbourne, in the same county, and still remaining there and elsewhere. He was of Broadgate Hall, Oxford, and a great friend of the witty Bishop Corbet; became in 1631 Prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1632 Rector of Burnham Westgate in Norfolk, and Chaplain to Charles I. He died 22 Dec. 1661, aged 72, and was buried at Sittingbourne, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory. "He was," says Wood, "esteemed a right reverend and learned theologist, yet in many matters imprudent, and too

* London, 1674, 8vo. See Wood's Ath. II. 535.

much

much inclined to the opinions of Socinus. His preaching also, while he remained in the University, was generally well esteemed, and never gave distaste, but in one sermon, which, though esteemed by some to be admirable, yet by more, blasphemous. An account of which you shall have, as it followeth. In the year 1624, (22 Jam. I.) nothing but war with Spain sounding in the ears of the vulgar upon the breaking off of the Spanish Match with Prince Charles, it pleased this our author to utter in his Sermon on Matth. xxviii. 13, at St. Mary's, on Easter Monday, these words: '*Now the peasant thinks it comes to his turn under pretence of his privilege in parliament, that he should dispose of Kings and commonwealths, &c.*' Afterwards also thus: '*Nothing now contents the Commonalty but war and contention, &c.*' For which and for several other passages reflecting on the Spanish Match, he was called into question by Dr. Piers the Vice-Chancellor, and by him was a time appointed for him to recant what he had said. Which being done, not without the consent of certain Doctors, the Repetitioner was commanded to leave out diverse passages of the said sermon, which he, according to custom, was to repeat the Sunday after, commonly called *Low Sunday*," *&c.**

"The truth is," Wood goes on to say, "this our preacher was a person more ingenious than prudent, and more apt upon most occasions to display his fancy, than to proceed upon solid reason; if not, he would not in his said sermon have descanted on the whole life of our Saviour, purposely to render him and his at-

* Wood's Ath. II. 261, 262.

tendants, men and women, objects of scorn and aversion, as if they had been a pack of dissolute vagabonds and cheats. But the best of it was, that though he then assumed the person of a Jewish Pharisee and persecutor of Christ, yet presently after changing his stile, as became a disciple of Christ, he with such admirable dexterity, as it is said, answered all the cavillations and invectives before made, that the loudly repeated applauses of his hearers hindered him a good space from proceeding in his sermon."

It seems doubtful, by Wood's expressions, whether he himself had ever seen this curious performance. It appears to have been originally published, together with his recantation sermon, under the following title:

"*The Resurrection rescued from the Soldier's Calumnies, in two Sermons at St. Mary's in Oxon. on Matth.* xxviii. 13. *and on Acts* ii. *latter part of the first verse. London.* 1659. 12*mo.*" Then published under the name of Rob. Jones, D. D.

It certainly exhibits proofs of banter and levity, which must astonish all serious readers. The following is its commencement:

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"What's the best news abroad? So we must begin: 'Tis the garb, (*les novelles,*) the grand salute, and common preface to all our talk. And the news goes not as things are in themselves, but as men's fancies are fashioned, as some lust to report, and others to believe. The same relation shall go for true or false, according to the key, wherein men's minds are tuned; but

but chiefly as they stand diverse in religion, so they feign and affect different news. By their news ye may know their religion, and by their religion foreknow their news. This week the Spanish Match goes forward, and Bethlem Gabor's troops are broken; and the next week Bethlem Gabor's troops go forward, and the Spanish Match is broken. The Catholic is for the Spanish Match, and the Protestant for restoring the Palatinate; and each party think that the safety of the church and success of religion depends upon the event of one or other; and therefore they cross and countertell each other's news. Titius came from London yesterday; and he says that the new chapel at St. James's is quite finished: Caius came thence but this morning and then there was no such thing on building. False news follows true at the heels, and oftimes outstrips it.

"Thus goes the Chronicle news, the talk of the factious and pragmatic; but the Christian news, the talk of the faithful, is spent in evangelic, in hearing and telling some good news of their Saviour; and now all the talk is of his resurrection. The Christian current goes, 'News from Mount Calvary, the sixteenth day of Nisan, in the year thirty-four, old stile,' as the three holy matrons deliver it at the eighth verse of this chapter. But, since, there are certain soldiers arrived, and they say, there was no such matter as the resurrection, 'twas but a gull put upon the world by his disciples; for it fares with spiritual news as with temporal; it is variously and contradictorily related, till the false controuls the true. And as our modern news comes neither from the court, nor from the camp, nor from the place where things are acted, but is forged in conventicles by

priests, or in some Paul's assembly, or such like place, and the divulge committed to some vigilant and watchful tongue: so it is with the news of the non-resurrection; it came not from Mount Calvary; but the priests are the authors of it at the eleventh verse; and at the twelfth they frame and mould it to the mouth of the watch. The divulgers, men of double credit, they know the truth, for they are of the watch; and they will not lie, for they are soldiers; nay, they will maintain it, for they are Knights, Milites, Knights of the Post; they are hired to say, saying, and they did say, '*His disciples came by night, and stole him away, whilst we slept.*'

"The words are so plain they need no opening. May it please you, that I make three cursories over them; one for the soldiers; another for the disciples; and the third for our Saviour. In the two first, we will beat the point, pro and con; and in the latter reconcile it, for that's the fashion also. No error so absurd but finds a patron; nor truth so sound, but meets with an adversary; no point controverted but the opposite tenet may be reconciled. Be they distant as heaven and hell; as incompatible as Jew and Christian, yet they shall meet with a moderator, and a cogging distinction shall state the question on the absurder side."*

* The curious pamphlet from whence these extracts are taken, was furnished by an anonymous friend, to whom the Editor returns his thanks.

ART. IX. *The History of Philip de Commines, Knight, Lord of Argenton. The Fourth Edition corrected, with Annotations. London. Printed for Samuel Mearne, John Martyn, and Henry Herringman, and are to be sold in Little Britain, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the New Exchange. Fol.* 1674. *pp.* 348.

Commines is an historian very well known and a good companion to Froissart. He was born at Commines in Flanders, 1445, and died at his house of Argenton, in Poictou, 17 Oct. 1509, æt. 64. He was first in the service of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and afterwards of Lewis XI. of France.

The translator was Thomas Danett, who first published his work in 1596, *printed by Arnold Hatfield, for John Norton. Fol.** and dedicated it to Lord Treasurer Burghley.

Danett also published *A Continuation of the Historie of France, from the death of Charles the Eight, where Comines endeth, till the death of Henry the Second. Collected by Tho. Danett, Gent. London. Printed by Tho. East for Thomas Chard. Dedicated to Lord Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England.* 1600. *4to. pp.* 148. †

The only editions of Commines, mentioned by De Bure, are those of 1648, *par Denys Sauvage, Leyde, Elzevier, in* 12*mo.* a beautiful little edition. Again, *Paris, Impr. Royale,* 1649, *in fol.* Again, *Par M.*

* Ames, III. 1213. † Ib. II. 1197.

*l'Abbe Lenglet Du Fresnoy. Paris,* 1747. 4 *vol. in* 4*to.**

The following editions of Commines are taken from the Bibl. Harl.

" *Cronique & Hist. faicte & composee, par Phelippe de Comines contenant les Choses advenues, durant le Regne du Roy Lovys XI. tant en France, Bourgoyn, Flandres, Arthois, Angleterre, que Espaigne et Lieux circonvoisins, en Lettres Gothique,* 1575. *Fol.*"

" *La Meme reveus & corrigez par Dennis Sauvage. Paris,* 1552."

" *La Meme, reveus & corrigez sur divers Manuscrits & anciennes Impressions; augmentez de plusieurs Traitez, Contracts, Testaments, autres Actes, & de divers Observations, par Godefroy. Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale,* 1649, *Fol.*"

" *Memoires de Phil. de Comines sur les principaux*

* I take this opportunity of mentioning (though out of place) in addition to the Account of the Old Spanish Historians of the New World, in Vol. III. p. 404, that there is a *Translation into English of Antonio de Solis, by Tho. Townsend,* 1724. *Fol.* I add the two following titles on the same subject.

" *The Decades of the New Worlde, or West India, conteyning the Navigations and Conquestes of the Spanyardes, with the particular description of the most ryche and large landes and ilandes lately founde in the West Ocean, perteyninge to the inheritance of the Kings of Spayne, translated out of Latine by Richarde Eden,* 1555, 4*to.*"

" *Ferdinando Georges's History of the Spaniards Proceedings in the Conquests of the Indians, and of their Civil Wars, among themselves, from Columbus's first Discovery to these latter times.* 1659."

Eden also translated " *The History of Travayle into the West and East Indies, and other countreys, lying either way, towardes the fruitfull and ryche Moluccа,*" &c. finished by Richard Willes. Lond. 1577. 4to. He also translated other works.

*Faits*

*Faits et gestes de Louys XI. & Charles · VIII. Rouen*, 1625, 8vo."

" *La Meme, augmentez de plusieurs Traitez, Contracts, Testaments, Actes, & Observations par Godefroy, enrichie de Portraits & augmentee de l'Hist. de Louis XI. connue sous le nom de Chronique Scandaleuse*, 4 *Tom.* 8vo. *Bruss.* 1706."

" *Cominæ de Rebus Gestis Ludovici XI. & Caroli Burgundiæ Ducis, ex Gallico facti Latini a Joan. Sleidano. Paris apud Wechel.* 8vo. 1545."

" *La Historia famosa di Monsignor di Argenton delle Guerre & Costumi di Ludovico XI. con la Battaglia & Morte del Gran Duca di Borgogna. Venet.* 1544. 8vo."

There was also an edition of the original in black letter, 4to. 1525.

The compiler of the catalogue observes, "De Comines, qui morut en 1509, est le plus sense & le plus judicieux Ecrivain de l'histoire de France; il a ete compare, avec Thucydide, & avec meilleur dans l'Antiquite." He adds of the edition by Godefroy, 1649, that it is incomparable for its correctness, beauty, and selection of notes and proofs.*

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ART. X. *The Holy Bible, published by Archbishop Parker.* 1568. *Fol.*

" This is generally known by the name of the Bishop's Bible, being translated for the greatest part by the Bishops, whose initial letters are added at

* Bibl. Harl. II. 513.

the end of their particular portions. As, at the end of the Pentateuch, W. E. Willielmus Excestrensis. The translators are recounted by Strype, in his life of Parker. This edition is so rare, that neither Dr. Burnet, nor Mr. Strype, appear to have seen it. The date is not either in the beginning or end, but is inserted in the Archbishop's arms, and mentioned in the preface. It is adorned with great numbers of beautiful cuts, and printed, as it is observed, "in Vit. Park novis typis magnitudinis usitatæ aut paulo grandioris," with letters somewhat larger than those of the Great Bible. After the Pentateuch is the picture of the Earl of Leicester, and before the Psalms that of Lord Burleigh, as favourers of the work. In this edition, at the end of the Book of Wisdom, are the letters W. C. probably for the Bishop of Chichester. In the second edition, the whole Apocrypha is ascribed to J. N. the Bishop of Norwich, who perhaps revised it afterwards."

*From the Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, Vol. I. p.* 11, 12.

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ART. XI. *The Holy Bible, Black-Letter.* 2 *vols. Fol. Printed by Barker.* 1613.

"This is the translation now used, which was made at the command of King James I. The translators were fifty-four of the most learned then of that time, who were divided into five bodies, of which each was to labour upon a particular part of the Bible, which was thus divided: the Pentateuch and the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Kings, to the Deans of Westminster

Westminster and St. Paul's, Doctors Saravia, Clark, Layfield, Leigh, Mess. Stretford, Sussex, Clare, Bedwell. From the Chronicles to Ecclesiastes, to Dr. Richardson, and Mess. Lively, Chadderton, Dillingham, Harrison, Andrews, Spalding, Binge. All the Prophets and Lamentations, to Drs. Harding, Reinolds, Holland, Kilby, Mess. Hereford, Brett, Fareclowe. All the Epistles to the Dean of Chester, Drs. Hutchinson, Spencer, Mess. Fenton, Rabbet, Sanderson, Dakins. The Gospels, Acts, and Apocalypse, to the Deans of Christchurch, Winchester, Worcester, Windsor, Drs. Perin, Ravens, Mess. Savile, Harmer. And the Apocrypha to Drs. Duport, Brauthwait, Ratcliff, Mess. Ward, Downes, Boyse, Warde. They met at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, as it was convenient for each body. The method, in which they proceeded, seems to have been this: several translations of each part were drawn up by the members of that body, to which it was allotted, who then in a joint consultation selected three of the best, or compiled them out of the whole number. Thus, in three years, three translations of the whole were sent to London, then six deputies, two from each place, were appointed, to extract one translation out of the three, which was finished and printed 1611. *See Selden's Table Talk.*"*

* From the Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, Vol. I. p. 13.

## Art. XII. *Extracts from the Paradise of Dainty Devises.* 1576.

I have given an account of the contents of this curious collection in the first volume* of this work. Notwithstanding the various editions, through which it passed, I believe it to be so scarce, that a republication of any of its flowers must be acceptable to the lovers of old English poetry; and I venture to assert this, though it seems to be in direct contradiction to the opinion of the British Critic; who intimated, (I must say too hastily) that the extracts from this work, given in the first volume of the Poetical Register, were too common and too familiar to all readers of this cast to occupy the space they there filled.

The poems of this collection are characterized almost entirely by moral sentiment. There is nothing in them of legendary or historical matter: nor indeed even of imagery or description. They form a strong contrast therefore to the style and manner of "the Mirror for Magistrates," which are entirely narrative.

I think I shall be performing an useful service to the literary world, if I can find room to introduce gradually into these volumes the whole of this scarce miscellany. But whether I shall be able to do so, will depend on many future considerations.

Jan. 6, 1807.

* P. 255.

## N°. I.

*The Translation of the Blessed Saint Barnard's Verses containing the unstable Felicity of this wayfaring world.*

1.

*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,*
*Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?*
*Tam cito labitur ejus potentia,*
*Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.*

" Why doth each state apply
Itself to worldly praise?
And undertake such toil
To heap up honour's gain?
Whose seat, though seeming sure,
On fickle fortune stays,
Whose gifts were never prov'd
Perpetual to remain:
But e'en as earthen pot
With every fillip fails,
So fortune's favour flits,
And fame with honour quails."

2.

" *Plus crede literis, scriptis in glacie,*
*Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ,*
*Fallax in premiis, virtutis specie,*
*Quæ nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.*

" Think rather firm to find
A figure graven in ice,
Whose substance subject is
To heat of shining sun,
Than hope for stedfast stay
In wanton worlds device,

Whose

Whose feigned fond delights
From Falsehood's forge do come,
And under Virtue's veil
Are largely dealt about,
Deceiving those who think
Their date will never out."

3.

*" Magis credendum est viris fallacibus,*
*Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,*
*Falsis insaniis et voluptatibus,*
*Falsis quoque studiis et vanitatibus.*

" The trifling truthless tongue
Of Rumour's lying lips,
Deserves more trust, than doth
The highest happy hap,
That world to worldlings gives;
For see how honour slips
To foolish fond conceits,
To Pleasure's poison'd sap,
To studies false in proof,
To arts applied to gain,
To fickle fancy's toys,
Which Wisdom deemeth vain."

4.

*" Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?*
*Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?*
*Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?*
*Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?*

Where is the sacred King
That Solomon the Wise?

Whose

Whose wisdom former times
Of duty did commend?
Where is that Samson strong,
That monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arm did cause
The mighty pillars bend?
Where is the peerless Prince,
The friendly Jonathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape
And favour did surpass?"

5.

*" Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?*
*Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio?*
*Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?*
*Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?*

" Where is that Cæsar now,
Whose high renowned fame
Of sundry conquests won
Throughout the world did sound?
Or Dives rich in store,
And rich in richly name,
Whose chest with gold, and dish
With dainties did abound?
Where is the passing grace
Of Tully's pleading skill?
Or Aristotle's vein,
Whose pen had wit and will?"

6.

*" O esca vermium, O massa pulveris!*
*O ros, O vanitas, cur sic extolleris?*
*Ignoras penitus, utrum cras vixeris;*
*Fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris!*

" O food

"O food of filthy worms,
O lump of loathsome clay,
O life, full like the dew
Which morning sun doth waste;
O shadow vain, whose shape
With sun doth shrink away,
Why gloriest thou so much,
In honour to be placed?
Sith that no certain hour
Of life thou dost enjoy,
Most fit it were thy time
In goodness to employ!"

7.

*"Quam breve festum est hæc mundi gloria!*
*Ut umbræ hominum, sic ejus gaudia;*
*Quæ semper subtrahit æterna premia,*
*Et ducunt hominum ad dura devia.*

"How short a banquet seems,
The pomp of high renown!
How like the senseless shape
Of shivering shadow thin,
Are wanton worldly toys,
Whose pleasure plucketh down
Our hearts from hope, and hands
From works which heaven should win
And takes us from the trod,
Which guides to endless gain,
And sets us in the way,
Which leads to lasting pain."

8.

*"Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,*
*Sacris in literis flos fæni dicitur,*

*Ut*

*Ut leve folium, quod vento rapitur,*
*Sic vita hominum, hæc vita tollitur.*

" The pomp of worldly praise,
Which worldlings hold so dear,
In holy sacred book
Is liken'd to a flower;
Whose date doth not contain
A week, a month, or year,
But springing now doth fade
Again within an hour.
And as the lightest leaf
With wind about is thrown,
So light is life of man,
And lightly hence is blown.

*Finis. My Lucke is Losse.*"

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## II.

### " *Beware of had I wyst.*

" Beware of had I wyst,
Whose fine brings care and smart,
Esteem of all, as they deserve,
And deem as deem'd thou art:
So shall thy perfect friend
Enjoy his hoped hire,
And faithless fawning foe shall miss
The effect of his desire.
Good Will shall have his gain,
And Hate shall heap despite;
A faithless friend shall find distrust,
And love shall reap delight.

Thyself

Thyself shall rest in peace;
  Thy friend shall joy thy fate;
Thy foe shall fret at thy good hap,
  And I shall joy thy state.
But this my fond advice
  May seem perchance but vain,
As rather teaching how to lose,
  Than how a friend to gain.
But this not my intent,
  To teach to find a friend;
But safely how to love and leave
  Is all that I intend.
And if you prove in part,
  And find my counsel true,
Then wish me well for thy good will,
  'Tis all I crave. Adieu!

*Finis. My Lucke is Losse.**"

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ART. XIII. *Foure Paradoxes of Arte, Lawe, Warre, and Service. By Tho. Scott.* 1602.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 381, VOL. III.]

"Omnis est misera servitus."

"But staie:—O rest thee, Muse, and rest thee, Mind;
  I now have found the jewell which I sought;
Whose only good is in itself confin'd,
  The sanctuary of the hopefull thought;
The port of safetie, and the happy life,
Free from malitious broyles and tedious strife.

* No. III. Beginning "Not stayed state, but feeble stay," is printed in "Ellis's Specimens."

Who

Who list to draw himselfe from publick throng,
And to converse with men of more regard;
Or fears the weighty power of others wrong,
Or seeks himselfe from envious tongues to ward:
Or covets quiet, or eschues debate,
Or loves content, or fears lean-visag'd hate:

Let him repaire to courte, and in the court,
Like ivy, cleave unto some great man's side,
Whose able strength his weakness may support,
And with his spreading arms and shadow wide
Protect and patronize his feeble youth,
And yeelde him needful sap t' increase his growth.

So may he live secure; free from the fear
Of publike malice, or close-creeping hate;
And never dread the sunne or wind should sear
His verdant moysture and exalted state;
For still his lord protects him with his bowes:
So he grows up, even as his patron grows.

O happy man! whose fortune 'tis to finde
This rarely-heire of bountie in the great;
Which sooner happens to th' illiterate hinde,
Than him whose brain the learned Sisters heat;
Because the man, that's only great in show,
Dreads other men his ignorance should know.

This makes the childe of fortune, to reveale
His thoughts to drudging boors and shallow fools;
But all his consultations, to conceale
From those that are not enemies to schools:
For ignorance, like every other sin,
Loves still to live unknown, and blind within.

The honest servant seeks t' amend his lord,
And grieves to hear his wants themselves should speak;

But the base slave doth fearfully afford
A jeering flattery, with count'nance bleak
To every word; and therefore is regarded,
When truth is with suspect and hate rewarded.

Base flattery, and double diligence,
That thrust their fingers into every place;
That carry tales and give intelligence
Of all that may their fellows' faith disgrace:
These are employ'd, these come and go, at pleasure,
Have what they ask, and ask without all measure.

He that can these, shall thrive; and may in time
Purchase large lordships with ill-gotten wealth;
And may from yeomanry to worship climb—
Ill fare that gentry so purloyn'd with stealth!
But other never may expect to rise,
For to their deeds he turns his Argus' eyes:

And doth perswade his lord, that his whole care
Is, like a trusty servant, for the best;
His younger son the better for't shall fare,
For at his death all shall to him be left:
The credulous lord believes his smooth conclusion,
Untill, too late, he proves it an illusion.

But when the trusty servant stands aloof,
Forewarning these events, with modestie;
Exampling this with many likely proofs
Of other's craft and close hypocrise;
He is suspected of deceit; his drift,
Thought a detractor's favour-fawning shift.

Fond youth! who dedicates thy precious hours
To do him service, that neglects thy merit;
And prizeth less the mind's unvalued powers
Than his, who only doth rude strength inherit:

Fond youth! that bind'st thy selfe to be a slave
To him, whose love thy service cannot have.

O why should I aim all my thoughts to please
One like myselfe; or to subject my soul
Unto the unrespective rule of these,
That only know how others to controul?
So asses suffer, asses spur and ride them;
So camels kneel, whilst bondmen do bestride them.

But man that is free-born, not born a beast,
Should freely bear him selfe, and freely love
Where reason doth induce him; or at least
Where sympathy of liking equal move:
So I could love and fear, obey and serve
Him, that I see doth see what I deserve.

For what avails it me to know so much,
If other will no notice take thereof?
Or cannot well discerne me to be such
As I do know myselfe, and yet will scoff
At that they understand not, and suppose,
Not smelling, there's no sweetness in a rose.

What boots it me, to climb the starry tower,
And fetch from thence all secrets that remain
Within that everlasting blissful bower,
If I had none to tell them to again?
The soul would glut herselfe with Heaven, I know,
If she might not her joyes to others show.

It is a crown unto a gentle breast,
T' impart the pleasure of his flowing mind
(Whose spritely motion never taketh rest)
To one whose bosom he doth open find:
So wise Prometheus, stealing heavenly fire
In stones, the soul of knowledge did inspire.

O how I (least in knowledge and in art)
Admire and love an understanding spirit!
And share with him my poor divided heart;
Wishing his fortunes equal to his merit.
But since in service few of these I find;
Service dislikes my male-contented mind."

Cum omnis est misera servitus, tum vero intolerabile est servire impuro, impudico, effeminato, insulso.

T. P.

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ART. XIV. *The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and ungodly Worldelings: in such sort set downe and written, as the same have been dyversely practised in the persones of Popes, Harlots, proude Princes, Tyrauntes, Romish Byshoppes, and others. With a lively description of their severall falles destruction. Verye profitable for all sorte of estates to reade and looke upon. Newly compiled by Richard Robinson, servaunt in householde to the right honorable Earle of Shrewsbury. A dreame most pitiful, and to be dreaded.*

"Of thinges that be straunge
Who loveth to reede,
In this booke let him raunge,
His fancie to feede."

*Impr. in Paules Churchyard by Will. Williamson. 4to. no date.*

Bibl. Pearsoniana gives the name of the printer as above: but the copy I have seen, has it not. The author's

author's address to the reader is dated from "Sheffield Castle, 19 Maie 1574;" and he appears from his own report to have been one of the domestic centinels employed by Lord Shrewsbury to watch over Mary Queen of Scots. His performance is written in very humble imitation of the metrical legends which compose the Mirror for Magistrates: and he has subjoined a tributary farrago to several poets, entitled his "Return from Pluto's Kingdome to noble Helicon; the place of infinite joye."

The following lines, in hyperbolic praise of the author, were prefixed by Richard Smith, clerk.

"A diamond for daintie dames;
for peeres a precious pearle;
This *Robinson* the rubi red,
a jewell for an earle:
Such pearle cannot be bought, I knowe,
for all the golde in Cheape:
The Graces heare have pow'rd their giftes
togeather on an heape,
Such giftes can not bee graft, no doubt,
without some power divine,
Suche cunning hyd in one man's head,
as *Robinson* in thine.
If I might vewe thy pleasaunt poemes
and sonettes that excell,
Then shoulde I not thirst for the floodes
of Aganippe's well.
Thou profered praise at Olimpias,
and gotte the chiefest game,
And through the schoole of cunning skill
hast scalde the house of Fame.

[But] what needes water to bee brought
to powre into the seas,
Or why do I with penne contend
about this *Robin's* praise."

The contents are as follow:

1. Helen tormented for her treason to her husband, &c.
2. Pope Alexander the Sixt rewarded for his odious life, &c.
3. Young Tarquin rewarded for his wickednesse.
4. The rewards of Medea for her wicked actes, &c.
5. The wordes of tormented Tantalus.
6. The rewarde of Vitronius Turinus.
7. The woful complaint of Heliogabalus.
8. The two judges for slandering Susanna, &c.
9. Pope Jhoan rewarded for his wickednesse.
10. Newes betweene the Pope and Pluto.
11. The torment of tyranny in King Midas.
12. The reward of Rosamond for murdering her husband Albonius."

Then follows the Author's Return from Pluto's Kingdom to Helicon, "a dream."

The following short specimen from Pope Alexander's life, &c. will doubtless be deemed *quan. suff.*

"Many we beheide with offeringes and oblations,
That approched nighe, for haste they headlong came:
Frier Rushe* bare the crosse, clarke of the sessions;
A member of their churche, the pope's owne man.

* The history of Friar Rush is spoken of in Laneham's letter from Kenilworth, 1575, reprinted in Q. Elizabeth's Progresses; and occurs in the Bridgewater library, though it had never been met with by Mr. Ritson, who regarded it as a desideratum in antiquarian bibliography.

Thousands

Thousands came knip knap, pattering on beades,
Friars, munks, and nunnes, came after with haste,
As vowed pilgrimes came wives, widowes, and maides,
Of the holye pope's workes, the fruites for to taste."

Robinson seems to have been the speculative or actual publisher of other performances. See Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, p. 313.

T. P.

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ART. XV. *Miscellanea. Meditations. Memoratives. By Elizabeth Grymeston. Non est rectum, quod a Deo non est directum. London. Printed by Melch. Bradwood for Felix Norton.* 1604. *4to.*

From Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, III. 266, it appears that this female writer was the daughter of Martin Barney, or Bernye, of Gunston in Norfolk, and married Christopher, the youngest son of Thomas Grimston, of Grimston, Esq. in the county of York, by whom she had issue nine children; to the youngest and only survivor of whom she thus inscribed this rare little work.

"To her loving sonne Bernye Grymeston.

"My dearest Sonne, there is nothing so strong as the force of love; there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her naturall childe: there is no mother can either more affectionately shew her nature, or more naturally manifest her affection, than in advising her children out of her owne experience, to eschue evil, and incline them to do that

which is good. Out of these resolutions, finding the libertie of this age to be such, as that *quicquid libet licet*, so men keepe themselves from criminal offences; and thy mother's undeserved wrath so virulent, as that I have neither power to resist it, nor patience to endure it, but must yeeld to this languishing consumption to which it hath brought me: I resolved to breake the barren soile of my fruitlesse braine, to dictate something for thy direction: the rather, for that as I am now a dead woman among the living, so stand I doubtfull of thy father's life: which, albeit, God hath preserved from eight several sinister assaults, by which it hath beene sought, yet for that I see that *quem sæpe transit casus, aliquando invenit*, I leave thee this portable *veni mecum* for thy counseller, in which thou maiest see the true portraiture of thy mother's minde, and finde something either to resolve thee in thy doubts, or comfort thee in thy distresse; hoping, that being my last speeches, they will be better kept in the conservance of thy memorie, which, I desire thou wilt make a register of heavenly meditations. For albeit, if thou provest learned, as my trust is thou wilt, (for that without learning man is but an immortall beast) thou maiest happily thinke that if every philosopher fetched his sentence, these leaves would be left without lines; yet remember withall, that as it is the best coine that is of greatest value in fewest pieces, so is it not the worst booke that hath most matter in least words:

> "The gravest wits that most grave works expect,
> The qualitie, not quantitie, respect."

"And the spider's webbe is neither the better because woven out of his owne breast, nor the bees hony the worse,

worse, for that gathered out of many flowers: neither could I ever brooke to set downe that haltingly in my broken stile, which I found better expressed by a grave authour."

This admonitory epistle runs on to five pages, and appears to be the only original part of the publication, except the following sonnet by a Scotish writer, which indicates that the compiler had deceased before her book was printed.

*Simon Graham to the Authour,* [*or rather—to the Work.*]

"Goe, famous thou, with ever-flying fame,
That mak'st thy flight on Vertue's wings to soar;
In worlds of hearts goe labyrinth thy name,
That wonder's selfe may wondrous thee adore.
Though th' author's selfe triumph in heavenly glore,
Thou, sacred worke, giv'st mortall life againe:
And so thy worth hath made her evermore
In heaven and earth for ever to remaine.
Her pondrous speech, her passion and her paine,
Her pleasing stile shall be admir'd ilke where.
The fruitfull flowing of her lottie braine
Doth now bewray a Mother's matchlesse care;
While she lives crown'd, amongst the high divines,
Thou on her Sonne celestial sunne downe shines."

Ten pious contemplations occupy the first portion of the volume.

Chap. xi. is entitled "Morning Meditation, with sixteene sobs of a sorrowful spirit, which she us'd for mentall prayer: as also an addition of sixteene staves

* This alliterative title would seem to be borrowed from Hannis's "Seven Sobs of a sorrowful Soul for Sin;" printed before 1600.

of

of verse taken out of Peter's Complaint,* which she usually sung and played on the winde instrument." This meditation is an intermixture of prose and verse. The latter is taken from the polished metre of Southwell.

Chap. xii. consists of "A Madrigall made by Berny Grymeston upon the conceit of his Mother's play to the former ditties.

"How many pipes, as many sounds
Do still impart
To your sonne's hart
As many deadly wounds:
How many strokes, as many stounds,
Each stroke a dart,
Each stound a smart,
Poore captive me confounds.
And yet how oft the strokes of sounding keys hath slain,
As oft the looks of your kind eies restores my life againe."

Chap. xiii. an Evening Meditation, contains "Odes in imitation of the seven penitential psalmes in seven severall kinde of verse." Taken perhaps from the poems of Verstegan, noticed in Censura, Vol. II. p. 96.

Chap. xiiii. and last, entitled "Memoratives," comprehends a selection of ancient moral maxims and sententious reflections, which are highly creditable to the maternal tenderness and good sense of the selector.

T. P.

* St. Peter's Complaint, with other poems, by father Southwell, appeared in 1595, and had many subsequent impressions; as may hereafter be specified, in the progress of this publication.

ART.

ART. XVI. *Notices of, and Exhortations to, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. From "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." Printed in* 1592, 1617, *and* 21.

"To those Gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to prevent his extremities.

"Wonder not, for with *thee* [*Chr. Marlowe*] will I first beginne, thou famous graces of Tragedians, that *Greene*, who hath said with thee (like the fool) in his heart, 'There is no GOD,' should now give glory unto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest give no glory to the Giver? O swinish folly! what are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate, in small time, the generation of mankinde. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Defuse not (with me) till this last poynt of extremity; for little knowest thou, how in the end thou shalt be visited.

"With thee I joyne young *Juvenal*, that biting Satyrist, [*Thos. Lodge*] that lastly with mee together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words. Inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst doe it, no man better; no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all; and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured.

jured. Stop shallow water, still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne: then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reproove thy too much liberty of reproofe.

"And thou [*Geo. Peele*] no lesse deserving than the other two: in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driven (as my selfe) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men, all *three* of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths; those anticks, garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tyger's heart*, wrapt in a *player's hyde*, supposes he is as wel able to bombast out a blank verse, as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely *Shake-scene** in a country.

"But now returne I againe to you *three*, knowing my misery is to you no newes: and let me heartily intreat you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, flie lust, abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made Religion loathsome to your eares; and

* Shakspeare, says Tyrwhitt. See Malone's Chronological Order of his Plays, and Chalmers' Supplemental Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare MSS.

when

when they sooth you with termes of mastership, remember *Robert Greene* (whom they have often flattered) perishes now for want of comfort. Remember Gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine: these, with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with drunkennesse put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe. My hand is tyred, and I am forc't to leave where I would begin. Desirous that you should live, though himselfe be dying. "ROBERT GREENE."

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ART. XVII. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. III. P. 347.]

The old court poet thus proceeds in his survey of metrical writers, sacred and prophane.

"Nathan* did faine a tale indeed
To David, when he fell;
Whereon the King tooke such great heed,
He saw his follie well.

In David's † psalms true meter flows,
And songs of Saleman,
Where great delite and pleasure groes,
Are worthie looking on.

A Dialogue ‡ that Plato made
Gives poets great renowne,

* Nathan spake of a lamb, ungraciously taken from his bosome.
† David and Salomon, divine poets. ‡ Plato's dialogue called Ion.

Brings

Brings each rare wit to sun from shade
To weare the laurell crounc.

True stories old, with new delite
Shall fill your harts and eares;
For they of poets' praises write,
Their books good witness beares. *

If aunshent authors and great kings
No credit gets herein;
Darke sight sees not no stately things,
That doth great glory win.†

Plucke up cleere judgment from the pit
Of poore esprit and sense,
And wipe the slime from slubber'd wit,
And looke on this defence; ‡

That Sydney makes a matchlesse worke,
A matter fresh and new,
That did long while in silence lurke,
And seldome came to view. ||

He cals them poets, that embrace
True vertue in her kinde,
And do not run with rimes at bace,
With wanton blotted minde. §

* Lelius, a Roman, and Socrates, both were poets.

† James the First, that was King of Scotland, and K. James the Sixt, now raigning, great poets.

‡ The Greeke Socrates put Æsop's fables into verse, and Aristotle wrate the arte of poetrie.

|| Emperors, kings, captains, and senators, were poets, and favoured the art.

§ Adrian and Sophocles, great poets.

All

All idle verse he counts but vaine,
Like cracks of thorns in fire,
Or summer show'rs of sleete or raine,
That turns drie dust to mire.*

These rurall rymes are but the scum
And froth that flies from seas,
Or doth from some sharpe humor come
That breeds a new disease.†

In braine that beats about the skull
And so brings forth a toye
(When musse or moone is at the full)
Of paines or pleasing joye.‡

Like long-wing'd hauke, doth poet soar
Ore mountaine or hie trees,
And loud as cannon can he rore
At each vice that he sees.‖

His scope as hie as reasons reach
May climbe, in order due,
Not to give counsell, nor to teach,
But to write fancies new.§

Of this or that, as matter moves
A well-disposed minde,
That vice doth hate and vertue loves,
And he good cause doth finde.**

* Of our neerer time, the patrons of poetry, Robert, King of Cecill, [Sicily] and the great Francis, King of France.

† Cardinal Bembus, and Bibiena.

‡ Famous teachers and preachers, Beza and Melancthon.

‖ Learned philosophers, Fracastorius and Scaliger.

§ Great and good orators, Pontanus and Muretus.

** And beyond all these, the hospitall of France being builded on vertue, gave poets a singular commendation.

So

So ruling pen, as duties bo nds,
B kept in evry part;
For when the poet trumpet sounds,
It must be done by art.

As though a sweete consort should plaie
On instruments most fine,
And shew their musicke evry waie,
With daintie notes divine.*

Each string in tune, as concord were
The guide of all the glee,
Whose harmonie must please the eare,
With musicke franke and free.†

The poets lyra must be strung
With wire of silver sound,
That all his verses may be sung
With maidens in a round.

So chaste and harmless should they be,
As words from preacher's voice,
With spiced speech in each degree
Wherein good men rejoice.‡

Not farsed full of follies light
That beares ne poise nor weight,
But flying cleer in air-like flight,
Whose force mounts up an height."

T.P.

[*To be continued.*]

* Alexander kept the books of Homer in Darius his jewel-casket.

† Menander, the comicke poet, being sent for by embassadors of Macedonia and Ægipt, preferred the conscience of learning, before kinglie fortunes

‡ Augustus Cæsar wrate familiar epistles unto Horace, which Horace in his time was advanced to the tribuneship of soldiers, and when he died he left Augustus Cæsar his heire.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, Representative of the County of Nottingham in the Long Parliament and of the Town of Nottingham in the First Parliament of Charles II. &c. With original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Cotemporaries, and a Summary Review of Public Affairs. Written by his Widow Lucy, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. Now first published from the Original Manuscript by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by Herself, a Fragment. London. Printed for Longman and Co.* 1806. *4to. pp.* 460.

This is a book of singular interest and indeed importance, of which, though lately published, yet having been written so many years past, the notice in this work will not be out of place. "Surely," observes the Editor, "we risque little in saying that the history of a period the most remarkable in the British annals, written one hundred and fifty years ago by a lady, of elevated birth, of a most comprehensive and highly cultivated mind, herself a witness of many of the scenes she describes, and active in several of them, is a literary curiosity of no mean sort."

It is indeed the most impressive of all the books on that side of the question, which I recollect to have read. The character of a man of inflexible virtue, actuated solely by the purest principles of patriotism, op-

posing tyranny without a taint of the hatred of greatness; seeking the post of difficulty and danger without a wish for the vanity of rank and honours; a zealous and energetic supporter of his cause; yet frank and discriminative; and free from the virulence, and rant, and prejudices of party, when party raged in its utmost fury, commands such respect and admiration, that we listen to his opinions, and pursue his actions, with feelings of involuntary inclination towards them!

Under the influence of opinions founded on the experience of a series of various and complicated events which have since occurred, I have hitherto thought that had I lived in those times, I should have been a fixed and undoubting Royalist. But perhaps the principles of Col. Hutchinson, as enforced by the arguments and eloquence of his heroic, virtuous, and highly-accomplished wife, might *then* have made me hesitate. No rational man can question that the sentiments and conduct of the Monarch and his Ministry, did actually not only threaten, but intrench upon, the just liberties of the people. Some resistance became necessary: circumstances, in which both parties were perhaps to blame, at length caused the scabbard to be thrown away; and from that moment the purest and wisest patriots might think, and perhaps think rightly, that there was no medium between victory and despotism.

It cannot be denied, that they, who taxed Charles I. with insincerity, had strong appearances on their side. Perhaps it resulted from some of the many amiable traits in his character; from that ductility, and diffidence of his own opinions and resolves, which made him a dupe to artful, yet less wise, advisers; but whether

whether the origin was amiable or unamiable, the effect was equally to be dreaded. A monarch, against whom his subjects have been once driven to resistance, must go out of the contest with too much, or too little power! Had I therefore engaged in that cause, for which Col. Hutchinson's view of it was at least an honest and a generous justification, I think I should have departed from it, as he seems to have done, a stern Republican!

If it be pleaded that there were many artifices used to inflame the people, and many leaders engaged, whose views were apparently private and selfish; and that these things, which could not escape the notice of a man of sagacity, and virtue, should in his eyes have damned their cause, it may surely be answered, that in the imperfect condition of human affairs, we are not to refuse to seek a paramount good, because, in its progress, there may be mingled with it some evil instruments, whose motives or actions are impure! For the same reason a strict Loyalist might have deserted the defence of the Crown, because he must have observed that there were many on the same side, who were actuated by ambition, or love of power, or desire to retain emoluments extorted from the oppression of the people! There must indeed have been something in the cant of the Puritans, and other Sectarists, extremely disgusting to a liberal spirit. But on the other hand, what noble and indignant mind could bear the scoffs, and insults, and tyranny, and injuries, and follies of profligate and abandoned courtiers, the minions of state, raised from obscurity without merit, and fattening in the spoils of the land?

Henry VII. had began systematically to break the power of the Feudal Nobility; and the Constitutional check, which they formed, upon the Crown, was now nearly extinguished. The families of Vere, and Stafford, and Grey, and Hastings, and Clinton, and Stanley, and Percy, and Howard, and others of that stamp, were in poverty or oppression. New lords, sprung from favouritism, or enriched within half a century from the harvest of the Reformation, or just emerged from North of the Tweed, swarmed both in the metropolis, and in every county: Buckingham, and his brothers, and cousins to the fourth degree, shone in a splendour surpassing royalty! But these, as they had lately risen from the hot-bed of the regal prerogative, could neither be any controul upon it, nor have any interests or sentiments in common with the people. Necessity, therefore, operating upon the expansion of mind created by navigation and commerce, raised up a spirit and a power in the people themselves to combat and countervail the growing encroachments of the sceptre. To fan this flame, there was intermingled much false enthusiasm, much horrid hypocrisy, much unjust depreciation of well-acquired rank, and much sophistical and half-witted reasoning on natural equality, and the rights of man. But the collision of the contest struck out also many important truths, and dissipated many artful or servile prejudices which had long enchained or overawed the intellects of the Commonalty.

At a period so critical, the cowardly or the imbecile alone could remain neutral. A man of stern virtue, who abominated the luxuries and dissipations of courts, and had a head fond of busying itself in all the severe

ingenuity

ingenuity of abstract politics, was exempt from the force of seductions, which, however amiable, must be admitted to operate by other powers than those of reason. To him the splendour of a palace, the imposing dignity of titles, and all the outward brilliance which surrounds them, put forth their rays ineffectually. Could not such a man, especially if resident in the country, like Col. Hutchinson, as virtuously have embraced the cause of the Parliament as of the King?

The event proved whither the fury of the mob, once roused, will lead: and late events in a neighbouring kingdom have too fatally confirmed it. Indeed every man of sagacity must at all times have been aware, how dangerous it is to appeal to the passions of the populace. But this is no reason for forbearing such appeal in extreme cases: otherwise, what can stop despotism, when it is inclined, as it too often is, to extend its encroachments beyond endurance? There are some evils, of which in the pursuit of a remedy, we must incur the chance of other evils. In common cases patience may be a virtue; but there are points, at which it becomes a contemptible weakness.

Charles I. was a monarch of many attractive accomplishments, and many virtuous qualities, as Mrs. Hutchinson herself confesses. He was a man, undoubtedly, whose speculative talents were of no common order; he drew around him men of genius and literature, and loved, and understood, and patronized the arts; he possessed therefore, for the most part,*

* I have not forgot the exception of Milton, whose praise of Cromwell is now among the best testimonies in his favour.

the hearts of those, who could best embalm his memory, and the memory of his cause;

> " Quique pii vates, et Phæbo digna locuti,
> Invèntas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;"

men, whose cultivated talents, acquainted with the general traits of human nature, and possessed of a command of elegant language, not derived from the narrow and factitious fountain of a temporary and accidental state of opinion, could give to the history of their actions a colour of permanent interest and celebrity. Thus the pages of Clarendon may have operated in favour of the party of his Royal Master, beyond what truth and justice would have exacted of posterity.

Clarendon, it must be allowed, has drawn the characters of most of those who remained faithful and active to the Crown, in hues so glowing and delightful, that it may be doubted whether we are not more influenced by respect for them, than by the examination of their measures, or the reasonings by which they are justified. In truth, at this distance of time, it does raise a strong, and, perhaps, not a very fallible argument in their favour. The virtuous Earl of Newcastle, to whose integrity Mrs. Hutchinson bears testimony, had been out of the atmosphere of the Court; nay, he had been slighted and disobliged by it; yet he broke from his beloved ease and the luxury of a princely retirement, and embarked his immense property, and his life, in favour of the monarch; and (not to be tedious) the enlightened, the conscientious, the heroic, the admirable Lord Falkland, engaged on the same side, and sealed

sealed his sincerity by his blood. It is true they were men deeply interested in the preservation of aristocratical privileges, which, in the rude dispute that had now commenced, were thrown into jeopardy.

If then personal example be admitted as a powerful guide of opinion on the rectitude of this contest, no book has for years been published, calculated to weigh so strongly in this question as the Life of Col. Hutchinson now presented to the public. And for this reason it is extremely essential that the character of the writer should in the first place be established. Indeed she has on many other accounts a full claim to the most conspicuous notice; and more especially in such a work as this, of which it is a prime object to rescue the memory of those who have been eminent for their intellectual attainments, from undeserved oblivion.

The fair and exemplary author appears to have possessed an understanding of uncommon vigour and extent, cultivated with great industry, and adorned not only with all the politest literature of her sex, but with an entire familiarity with classical erudition. To these she added an heroic and virtuous heart, which sometimes exalted her language, always pure and vigorous, into strains of high eloquence! How capricious is that fame, which we are too apt to suppose the constant attendant of eminent virtue, or great attainments of the mind! The memory of Mrs. Hutchinson has slept for a century and an half, in an obscure MS. the sport of carelessness or stupidity, thrown about in corners of deserted mansions, exposed, perhaps, to the rats; to the weather; to the dirty lighters of fires. But it has survived all these chances; and at length, by the pious care of a collateral relation and representative of

her husband, comes forth in full splendour. Now it is, that Mrs. Hutchinson starts into life again, as if from the tomb; and lives in the eye of the world with a lustre of fame, which never fell upon her, during her actual existence here! The name of Apsley becomes consecrated among the lovers of genius, and Lord Bathurst may thank the Editor of this precious MS. for at least *adding* a splendour to one of his titles, beyond what it before possessed!

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"My grandfather by the father's side," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "was a gentleman of a competent estate; about 7, or 800l. a year, in Sussex. He being descended of a younger house, had his residence at a place called Pulborough; the family out of which he came, was an Apsley, a town where they had been seated before the Conquest, and ever since continued, till of late the last heir male of that eldest house, being the son of Sir Edward Apsley, is dead without issue, and his estate gone with his sister's daughters into other families," &c.

Her father, Sir Allen Apsley, was knighted by K. James, and afterwards procured the office of Victualler of the Navy, "a place then both of credit and great revenue." His third wife was Lucy daughter of Sir John St. John of Lydiard-Tregoz in Wiltshire; by whom he had, among other children, this his eldest daughter. Her father was afterwards Lieutenant of the Tower, and died in May 1630, æt. 63, leaving his widow surviving, who died at her daughter's house at Owthorpe, in 1659.

"After

"After my mother had had three sons," continues the memoir-writer, "she was very desirous of a daughter; and when the women at my birth told her that I was one, she received me with a great deal of joy; and the nurses fancying, because I had more complexion and favour than is usual in so young children, that I should not live, my mother became fonder of me, and more endeavoured to nurse me. As soon as I was weaned, a French woman was taken to be my dry nurse, and I was taught to speak French and English together. My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her that her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency: for my father and mother, fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them so exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about 7 years of age, I remember I had at one time 8 tutors in several qualities, languages, musick, dancing, writing, and needlework, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book; and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me, than

than kept me back, and every moment I could steal fom my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were lockt up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers, who were at school, although my father's chaplain who was my tutor was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented, I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities: as for music and dancing I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsicords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instruction than their mothers, and pluckt all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to great admiration of many, that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the

knowledge

knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught: I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidant in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest."

Mr. Hutchinson having "tried a little the study of the law, but finding it unpleasant and contrary to his genius, and the plague that spring beginning to drive people out of town," retired to the house of his music-master at Richmond, "where the Prince's Court was, and where was very good company and recreations, the King's hawks being kept near the place, and several other conveniences." Having communicated this to a friend "the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither, who returned again free."

Mr. Hutchinson found there "a great deal of good young company, and many ingenuous persons, that by reason of the Court, where the young Princes were bred, entertained themselves in that place, and

and had frequent resort to the house, where Mr. Hutchinson tabled: the man being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the King's musicians often met at his house to practise new airs and prepare them for the King, and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music, came thither to hear; others that were not, took that pretence to entertain themselves with the company. Mr. Hutchinson was soon courted into their acquaintance and invited to their houses, where he was nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers, but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, and well-qualified; all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery, that vain women put on to set themselves off, yet Mr. Hutchinson could not be entangled in any of their fine snares; but without any taint of incivility, in such a way of handsome raillery, reproved their pride and vanity, as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms.

"In the same house with him, there was a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower, tabled for the practice of her lute, till the return of her mother, who was gone into Wiltshire for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in, about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that country, out of which my lady herself came, and where her brothers, Sir John St. John and Sir Edward Hungerford, living in great honour and reputation, had invited her to a visit of them.

"This

"This gentlewoman, that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child; her elder sister being at that time scarce past it; but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She, having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day, when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf, in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, enquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone, before he had seen her; and gone upon such an account, that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her; and the other gentlewomen, who had been her companions, used to talk much to him, of her, telling him, how reserved and studious she was; and other things, which they esteemed no advantage; but it so inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself, that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womankind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger, he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord, (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many various providencies, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction.

"There scarcely past any day, but some accident or some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman, although the mention of her, for the most

most part, was enquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. One day there was a great deal of company met at Mr. Coleman's, the gentleman's house, where he tabled, to hear the musick, and a certain song was sung, which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it, which was in the house, and upon some of their desires read: a gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighbourhood had made it, it was presently enquired who? whereupon a gentleman, then present, who had made the first song, said, there were but two women that could be guilty of it, whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Mrs. Apsley.

"Mr. Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet, beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, although, to speak truth, it signified very little, addrest himself to the gentleman, and told him, he could scarcely believe it was a woman's, whereupon this gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, which made him regard all her perfections through a multiplying glass, told Mr. Hutchinson, that though for civility to the rest, he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Mrs. Apsley's only, for she had sense above all the rest, and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance, which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced: another gentleman, that sat by, seconded this commendation, with such additions of praise, as he would not have given if he had known her.

"Mr.

"Mr. Hutchinson hearing all this, said to the first gentleman, I cannot be at rest till this lady's return, that I may be acquainted with her; the gentleman replied, 'Sir, you must not expect that, for she is of an humour she will not be acquainted with any of mankind, and however this song is stolen forth, she is the nicest creature in the world of suffering her perfections to be known, she shuns the converse of men as the plague, she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex.' 'Well,' said Mr. Hutchinson, 'but I will be acquainted with her;' and indeed the information of this reserved humour, pleased him, more than all else he had heard, and filled him now with thoughts, how he should attain the sight and knowledge of her.

"While he was exercised in this, many days passed not, but a footboy of my lady her mother's, came to young Mrs. Apsley, as they were at dinner, bringing news that her mother and sister would in few days return; and when they enquired of him, whether Mrs. Apsley was married, having before been instructed to make them believe it, he smiled and pulled out some bride laces, which were given at a wedding in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentlewoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens, and carried the matter so, that all the company believed she had been married," &c. ****

"While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy again, he found out upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and please himself

himself in the hopes of her speedy return, when one day, having been invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood, to a noble treatment at Sion garden, which a courtier, that was her servant, had made for her, and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter were of the party, and having spent the day in several pleasant divertisements, at evening they were at supper, when a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley, her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he eat no more, now only longing for that sight, which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation.

"She was not ugly; in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of any thing before her; yet spite of all her indifferency, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul, when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person; he was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable, in that little thing, shewing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such

unaffectedness

unaffectedness and such neatness as do not often meet in one.

"Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul, made him think all his pains well paid; and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty, which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable and willing to entertain his acquaintance.

"This soon past into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet she was glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplext in mind; her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she had no inclination to. The troublesome pretensions of some of the courtiers, had made her willing to try whether she could bring her heart to her mother's desire, but being by a secret working, which she then understood not, averted, she was troubled to return, lest some might believe it was a secret liking of them which had caused her dislike of others, and being a little disturbed with these things and melancholy, Mr. Hutchinson, appearing, as he was, a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageously converst with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief.

"Mr. Hutchinson on the other side, having been

told, and seeing how she shunned all other men, and how civilly she entertained him, believed that a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination between them, and daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks, which, at that sweet season of the Spring invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights.

"They had not six weeks enjoyed this peace, but the young men and women, who saw them allow each other that kindness which they did not afford commonly to others, first began to grow jealous and envious at it, and after to use all the malicious practices they could invent to break the friendship. Among the rest, that gentleman, who at the first had so highly commended her to Mr. Hutchinson, now began to caution him against her, and to disparage her, with such subtile insinuations, as would have ruined any love, less constant and honourable than his. The women, with witty spite, represented all her faults to him, which chiefly terminated in the negligence of her dress and habit, and all womanish ornaments, giving herself wholly up to study and writing. Mr. Hutchinson, who had a very sharp and pleasant wit, retorted all their malice with such just reproofs of their idleness and vanity, as made them hate her, who, without affecting it, had so engaged such a person in her protection, as they with all their arts could not catch. He in the meanwhile prosecuted his love, with so much discretion, duty, and honour, that at the length, through many difficulties, he accomplished his design.

"I shall

"I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe: for these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy mention among the greater transactions of his life. There is this only to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty, above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked on with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him than he found her, for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation.

"The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his: so as his shadow, she waited on him every where, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of more, and then she vanisht into nothing. It was not her face he loved, her honour and her virtue were his mistresses, and these (like Pigmalion's) images of his own making, for he polisht and gave form to what he found

with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities.

"That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small-pox, which was many ways a severe trial upon him; first her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her: but God recompenced his justice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered as well as before.

"One thing is very observable, and worthy imitation in him; although he had as strong and violent affections for her, as ever any man had, yet he declared it not to her till he had first acquainted his father, and after never would make any engagement but what his love and honour bound him in, wherein he was more firm and just than all the promissory oaths and ties in the world could have made him, notwithstanding many powerful temptations of wealth and beauty, and other interests, that were laid before him; for his father had concluded another treaty, before he knew his son's inclinations were this way fixt, with a party in many things much more advantageable for his family, and more worthy of his liking: but his father was no less honourably indulgent to his son's affection, than the son was strict in the observance of his duty, and at length to the full content of all, the thing was accomplished,

plished, and on the third day of July, in the year 1638, he was married to Mrs. Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower of London, at St. Andrew's Church in Holborn."

Jan. 10, 1807.

[*To be continued.*]

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ART. XIX. *Memoirs of Mrs. Charlotte Smith.*

There is a pleasure of a very pure and elevated kind in paying a tribute to the memory of departed genius. But there are characters which it requires a venturous spirit to touch; the nice shades of intellectual eminence, the evanescent movements of a trembling heart, demand no common pen to delineate them.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. a gentleman of Sussex, whose seat at Stoke near Guilford was afterwards owned by Mr. Dyson.* But her father possessed another house, as it seems, at Bignor Park, on the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest years: of which she speaks in the following beautiful stanza.

> "Then, from thy wildwood banks, Aruna, roving,
> Thy thymy downs with sportive steps I sought,
> And Nature's charms with artless transport loving,
> Sung like the birds, unheeded and untaught."

How enchanting must have been the day-dreams of a mind thus endowed, in the early season of youth and

* The name of Jeremiah Dyson is well known, as the patron and friend of Akenside.

hope! Amid scenery, which had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on sacred ground: every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind; and her rich imagination must have peopled it with beings of another world. She has often addressed the river Arun. The following is her

XXXth SONNET.

"Be the proud Thames, of trade the busy mart!
Arun! to thee will other praise belong;
Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
And ever sacred to the sons of Song!
Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts;
And Sorrow's drooping form, and faded cheek,
Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts!
Banks! which inspir'd thy Otway's plaintive strain!
Wilds! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful shell! yet once again
Another poet—Hayley is thine own!
Thy classic streams anew still hear a lay,
Bright as its waves, and various as its way!"

Again she thus speaks of her early propensities in her

XLVth SONNET.

"Farewell, Aruna! on whose varied shore
My early vows were paid to Nature's shrine,
When thoughtless joy, and infant hope were mine,
And whose lorn stream has heard me since deplore
Too many sorrows! Sighing I resign
Thy solitary beauties; and no more
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline;

Or

Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore
On air-drawn phantoms! While in Fancy's ear,
The Enthusiast of the lyre,* who wander'd here,
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear;
Or wake wild frenzy from her hideous cell."

In her 5th Sonnet she addresses the South Downs, with her usual pathos.

"Ah! hills belov'd, where once an happy child,
Your beechen shades, your turf, your flowers among,
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song;
Ah, hills belov'd! your turf, your flowers remain;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?"

Mrs. Smith also discovered from a very early age, like all minds of active and expanded curiosity, an insatiable thirst for reading, which yet was checked by her aunt, who had the care of her education; for she had lost her mother almost in her infancy. She did not read as a task; nor according to any regular system, which may be more proper for common faculties, but devoured with eager eyes, every book, which fell in her way; an indulgence that enlarged the sphere of her observation, and extended her powers. It did not tend to make her, in the pedantic sense, a learned woman; but surely it tended to make her something much better; it gave impulse to her powers of in-

* Collins.

quiry and of thinking; and mingled itself with the original operations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

From her twelfth to her fifteenth year her father resided occasionally in London, and she was introduced into frequent and various society. It would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and her remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception, and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talent possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited such a brilliancy of imagination, and of sentiment, yet unsubdued by sorrows, as cannot have vanished unrecorded without justifying the severest regret. But as our faculties can only be ascertained by comparison, she probably did not yet know the strength or value of her own.

It is said that before she was sixteen, she married Mr. Smith, a partner in his father's house, who was a West-India merchant, and also an East-India Director; an ill-assorted match, the prime source of all her future misfortunes. Thus early engaged in the cares of a family, and shut up in one of the narrow streets of the great city, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people, whose habits and opinions could be little congenial with those of one who had indulged in all the visions of a poetical fancy on the banks of rivers, and in the solitude of heaths and downs, and hills, and vallies, a temporary damp must have been given to the expanse of her mind. After some time, when the irksomeness of this situation was

aggravated

aggravated by the loss of her second son, Mr. Smith indulged her with a small house, in the neighbourhood of London, where she soothed her retirement by cultivating her early propensity to books, in the intervals which the anxious attention to her children afforded.

At length Mr. Smith's father, who could never persuade his son to give his time or care sufficiently to the business in which he was engaged, allowed him to retire deeper into the country, and purchased for him Lyss farm, in Hampshire. In this situation, Mrs. Smith, who had now eight children, passed several anxious and important years. Her husband was imprudent, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, and engaged in injudicious and wild speculations in agriculture. She foresaw the storm that was gathering over her; but she had no power to prevent it; and she endeavoured to console her uneasiness by recurring to the Muse, whose first visitings had added force to the pleasures of her childhood. "When in the Beech Woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear: it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth: I wrote mournfully, because I was unhappy!"

In 1776 Mr. Smith's father died; in four or five years afterwards Mr. S. served the office of Sheriff of Hants; and immediately subsequent, his affairs were brought to a crisis. That dreadful receptacle, the King's Bench, opened her melancholy gates to him; as she daily does to the victims of innocent misfortune, as well as of imprudence, and dishonesty,

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,"

and

and his wife had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him, and spend the greater part of the seven months he was confined there, with him. But during this trying period she was not idle, nor passed her time in unavailing grief. By her exertions principally Mr. S. at length procured his liberation.

In this awful interval, those talents, which had hitherto been only cultivated for her own private gratification, seemed to offer a resource for the day of adversity. She collected together therefore a few of those poems, which had hitherto been confined to the sight of one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley. This man, who was now grown old and rich, and who had probably been originally exalted into the station of an eminent publisher, rather by accident, or his brother's merits, than by any powers of his own, received the offer with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance on the MSS. and returned them with a stupid indifference. Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt oppressed and overcome with this brutal discouragement; and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have sunk into future silence, unconscious of that exquisite superiority of genius, which for two and twenty years has charmed the world.

Mr. Turner, her brother, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The sonnets were therefore printed at Chichester, at the expense of the author, with a dedication, dated May 10, 1784, to Mr. Hayley; and Dodsley, on this recommendation, undertook to be the publisher. A second edition was rapidly called for in the same year.*

* The title was, "*Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays. By Charlotte Smith, of Bignor Park, Sussex. The Second Edition. Chichester. Printed by*

The manner, in which Mrs. Smith has described in a private letter, already given to the public, the event of her husband's liberation is so eminently interesting, as to call for a repetition of it in this place.

"It was on the 2d day of July, that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband, in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprize, I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air, of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night on the road) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields, where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strown, perceived with delight the beloved group, from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities!"

But this state of happiness was of very short con-

*by Dannett Jayes, and sold by Dodsley, Gardner, Baldwin, and Bew, London.* 1784. 4*to.*

tinuance.

tinuance. Mr. Smith's liberty was again threatened; and he was obliged to fly to France to secure it. Thither his wife accompanied him; and immediately returning with the vain hope of settling his affairs, again passed over to the Continent with her children, where having hired a dreary chateau in Normandy, they spent an anxious, inconvenient, forlorn, and yet expensive winter, which it required all her heroic fortitude, surrounded by so many children and so many cares, to survive.

The next year she was called on again to try her efforts in England. In this she so far succeeded as to enable her husband to return; soon after which they hired the old mansion of the Mill family at Wolbeding, in Sussex; a parish, of which Otway's father had been Rector. Here she wrote her

### XXVIth SONNET.

*To the River Arun.*

"On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear;
Yet shall the mournful Muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!
For with the infant Otway, lingering here,
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear;
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and beech, that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingale delight to sing:
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate!"

It

It now became necessary to exert her faculties again as a means of support; and she translated a little novel of Abbè Prevost; and made a selection of extraordinary stories from "Les Causes Celebres" of the French, which she entitled "The Romance of Real Life."

Soon after this she was once more left to herself by a second flight of her husband abroad; and she removed with her children to a small cottage in another part of Sussex, whence she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, stimulated by necessity, she ventured to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature, for here she wrote her novel of "Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle," 1788. All that part of the public, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and most captivating kind. The simple charms of Emmeline; the description of the Old Castle in Wales; the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight; the character of Godolphin; and many other parts possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with hourly anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine and throw forth

forth such visions with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of a most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration!

But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will yet be increased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation. "Ethelinde" appeared in 1789; "Celestina" in 1791; "Desmond" in 1792; and "The Old Manor House" in 1793. To these succeeded "The Wandrings of Warwick;" the "Banished Man;" "Montalbert;" "Marchmont," 1796; "The Young Philosopher," 1798; "The Solitary Wanderer;" making together, I believe, 38 volumes.

Besides these Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little volumes for young persons, entitled "Rural Walks;" "Rambles Farther;" "Minor Morals;" and "Conversations:" and a poem, in blank verse, called "The Emigrant," in addition to a second volume of Sonnets.

During this long period of constant literary exertion, which alone seemed sufficient to have occupied all her time, Mrs. Smith had both family griefs and family business of the most perplexing and overwhelming nature to contend with. Her eldest son had been many years absent as a writer in Bengal; her second surviving son died of a rapid and virulent fever; her third son lost his leg at Dunkirk, as an Ensign in the 24th Regt. and her eldest daughter, "the loveliest and most beloved of her children," expired within two years after her marriage. The grandfather of her children had

had left his property, which lay in the West Indies, in the hands of trustees and agents, and when to this complication was added the unfortunate state of her husband's affairs, she had difficulties to surmount, in the endeavour to obtain justice, and a series of delays, pretences, misapplications, extortions and insults to endure, which must have agitated a sagacious and indignant spirit almost beyond human patience.

The aid of an high-minded nobleman is said to have enabled her at last to bring these affairs, of which the embarrassments were thus purposely aggravated, to an accommodation with the various parties, who had claims on them. But I have no opportunity of ascertaining whether these arrangements were ever completed before her death. The hour was arriving, when Grief was at last to subdue her long-tried victim. Her husband, who seems never to have conquered his habits of imprudence, died, as it is said, in legal confinement, in March 1806. On 28th Oct. following, at Telford, near Farnham in Surry, she died herself, and in the words of the newspapers, "much lamented by her family and a numerous and respectable acquaintance, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with the utmost patience, retaining her excellent faculties to the last."

I am totally unacquainted with the character of Mrs. Smith from any other source than her writings; but I consider those writings to furnish ample grounds for the delineation both of her intellectual and moral portrait. It appears to me scarce possible that in such a multitude of volumes, many of them written in haste, the same prominent features should materially vary from those of the author. When therefore I have heard

dark

dark hints of the harshness of her temper, or the freedom of her principles, I have been not only sceptical, but indignant; and have attributed these foul aspersions to that narrow envy and never-ceasing malice, which constantly attend on Genius, when it carries itself high, and will not bend to the follies and servilities of the world. I do not blame those imbecile and yielding spirits, which only smile or weep at the hand of the oppressor; and dare not lift an arm to defend themselves from insult or injustice; but I cannot admire them. I am not sufficiently an optimist to admit that upon all occasions all is for the best; to bear, without resistance, the insults of rank or wealth; the scorn of bloated prosperity, the robberies of legal extortion; or the taunts or frowns of unmerited unkindness.

I know that when great talents and superior taste are under the inflictions of adverse fortune, they are considered by stupidity and hard-heartedness as the fair victims on which they may indulge their vengeance and hatred. Then they conceive that the lion is chained down, disarmed of his claws, and they may commence their cowardly and cruel sports upon him, with impunity! If he growls, or lifts a paw, or shakes himself beneath his fetters, he commits an unpardonable offence, and is destined to endless persecution and calumny.

It is probable that the quickness of Mrs. Smith's penetration, and the boldness of her temper impelled her sometimes to speak unwelcome truths to some of the persons concerned in her affairs, who were generally accustomed to secure themselves by the glare of their riches from too near an inspection. This might be imprudent in point of self-interest; but surely it neither

neither detracted from her virtue, nor from her claims to respect and admiration.

What are the traits which characterize every heroine delineated by her pen? An elevated simplicity, an unaffected purity of heart, of ardent and sublime affections, delighting in the scenery of Nature, and flying from the sophisticated and vicious commerce of the world; but capable, when necessity calls it forth, of displaying a vigorous sagacity and a lofty fortitude, which appals vice, and dignifies adversity! Can we doubt that the innocent and enchanting childhood of Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle, or the angelic affections of Celestina, were familiar to the heart of the author? They contain touches, which the warmest fancy, or the most ingenious head, could never supply.

Yet this is the writer, whose works have been deemed immoral! Immoral, by whom? By people who read with pleasure of fashionable intrigues; and wade with interest through all the base and stupid ordure of a circulating library! Who delight in the filthy amours of Tom Jones, and Peregrine Pickle! Who are enraptured with stories of ghosts, and robberies, and rapes, and murders!

There is indeed one novel of Mrs. Smith, on which this charge of immorality has been more particularly fixed. This is Desmond, which turns on the attachment of the hero to a married woman. But how is that attachment regulated; and in what does it end? Does it seek any other gratification than to befriend and protect the beloved object under adversity, dereliction, and trials of the most aggravated nature? Does the lovely Geraldine indulge in any act, any thought or wish, that angels could disapprove? What then is the

crime of the author? That she has drawn characters too virtuous for the world! And that she has placed them in situations of trial, which the world must not imitate, because it could not preserve its innocence in them!

But I hear it objected that there is a deficiency of religion in her works. Are novels then to be tried by the rules of a sermon? Surely in works of amusement the too frequent mention of this subject would profane it, and destroy rather than increase the reverence for it. Are any of the sentiments, or any of the characters, enforced by her, contrary to religion? It seems to have been her plan to pourtray virtue attractive by its own loveliness; and to leave it to divines to set forth the more awful motives of the Revealed Word!

"What moral effect," cry these censurers, "do her tales produce?" I cannot help smiling, when I hear this question asked by those, who hang with rapture over the hobgobleries of the nursery. I suppose they are under the influence of the lessons they were taught in their infancy, when they were studying some of the tedious fables of Æsop, or Gay, to value them only as an exemplification of the two lines of trite moral at the end!

Is there then no moral effect produced by an innocent amusement of the mind? Is there nothing in the delineation of scenes, which enchant the fancy, and melt the heart? Is there nothing in the picture of female loveliness,

> "Sitting like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at Grief?"

Is there nothing in calling forth that exercise of the intellectual faculties, which at once refines and exalts!

But

But are these the real causes, why the admirable productions of this fair writer have been thus depreciated? I think not. In some the prejudice was founded on her political principles. She was an approver of the origin of the French Revolution, and in Desmond spoke with too much bitterness of the privileged orders; and of the abuses of ancient institutions. Is there then no freedom of opinion in this country? Is there no forgiveness for one, who was smarting under unjust oppression, and exasperated by the undeserved neglect and insolence of "boobies mounted over her head?" By others her touches of character were too nice; they were too exquisite for the apprehension of some; while to many they laid open the obliquities of the heart, or the head, with too keen a pen. The broad caricatures, and glaring colours of common novels, which excited the heavy attention of ordinary readers, were too extravagant to touch the generality of those irritable beings, who shrunk at the sharp incision of Mrs. Smith.

For want of these glaring colours, and farce-like personages, some taxed her with want of fancy, and some with a departure from real life. The reverse appears to be the truth!

Of Mrs. Smith's poetry it is not easy to speak in terms too high. There is so much unaffected elegance; so much pathos and harmony in it; the images are so soothing, and so delightful; and the sentiments so touching, so consonant to the best movements of the heart, that no reader of pure taste can grow weary of perusing them. Sorrow was her constant companion; and she sung with a thorn at her bosom, which forced out strains of melody, expressive of the

most affecting sensations, interwoven with the rich hues of an inspired fancy. Her name therefore is sure to live among the most favoured of the Muse: but in gratitude for the long and exquisite pleasure I have received from her compositions, I feel some satisfaction in having made this humble and hasty attempt to do justice to her character.*

Jan. 11, 1807.

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## Art. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

### N° I.

### *Prefatory Observations.*

The Lives of Poets consist principally of their works; for they are seldom much engaged in any other operations than those of the mind.

In an acute examination of their writings we shall probably derive a much more accurate and discriminative idea of their characters, than from the garrulous anecdotes of their superficial acquaintance; or a few accidental traits of singularities or defects.

It may gratify the envy and malignity which are too prevalent in mankind, to bring down those who have possessed exalted talents, to the common level; to tell depreciating stories; and enforce a truth, we too well know, that the most eminent have had their hours of folly, if not of crime.

It shall be my endeavour to steer a different course.

* Most of the facts contained in this memoir are drawn from the account of Mrs. Smith, in Phillips's "Public Characters;" that article bearing many internal marks of authenticity.

I trust

I trust that without running into fulsome panegyric I shall be able to treat genius with the reverence to which it is entitled, and bestow praise which will gain credit from the truth of its appropriation.

Experience proves, how seldom the various qualities, which must combine to constitute a poet, occur. But if they, of whom I here propose to give some account, were not poets, those gifted beings must be still rarer than even I have supposed.

Is there any thing in education, rank of life, or outward circumstances, nutritive of this faculty? Let us examine the list of the principal ones who have died of late years. Two physicians, two lawyers, three clergymen, a Scotch professor, and a peasant! None of them, unless Cowper, of distinguished birth: and almost all poor.

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## THOMAS WARTON.

The author, of whom I now propose to give an account, was a man of singular endowments, and great simplicity of character.

Thomas Warton was a native of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and born in 1728. His father, who was vicar of that parish, was also a poet, and had been formerly Poetry Professor at Oxford. A posthumous volume of his Poems was edited by his son, the Rev. Joseph Warton, in 1748, three years after his death.

Thomas Warton was educated under his father at Basingstoke, and at a very early period became a member of the University of Oxford, where he soon distin-

guished himself by his poetical talents. The Pleasures of Melancholy, the Progress of Discontent, and Newmarket, a Satire, were all very early compositions.

These three poems in three various styles of composition discover his extraordinary youthful acquirements, and the great versatility of his talents. And to these may be added in still another manner the Triumph of Isis, 1749, in answer to Mason's Elegy; a composition, which considered as an exercise on a subject not chosen by himself, deserves high praise, for its harmony of numbers, and striking command of language and sentiment. Perhaps, though well calculated for popularity, it is not one of those compositions, on which either he himself or an acute critic would wish to place his claims to genius.

The recluse and uniform life of a Fellow of a College affords but little matter to descant upon. Yet it may offer many pleasures, and if not much enriched by diversity of action, may command a great variety of mental enjoyments. It has indeed been too often found, that in this mode of life, intellectual cultivation has not been in proportion to the opportunity it yielded; and that

"——the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And thro' the chambers pale to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd."

Experience proves that there is a certain degree of difficulties, which animates the mind, and that perfect ease and quiet are not favourable to literary exertion.

Exemption from the cares of the world, respectable station,

station, convenient apartments, a luxurious and social table, even rich libraries, and quiet and beautiful walks, have not often cherished that mental abstraction, and still less that mental energy, by which sublime or even ingenious works have been produced.

Thomas Warton surmounted the torpor incident to his situation. But his compositions are certainly not characterized by passion. They are rich in the splendour of diction, and in the images of the fancy—but few, if any of them, seem to have been produced under the influence of violent agitation. I think there is little of the

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Poetical composition was far from being the sole, and perhaps not the primary, literary occupation of this author. He early distinguished himself as a critic in our old English literature, particularly on the works of Spenser; and his habits of elegant composition, his command of language, his extensive erudition, his powers of reflection, and the ingenuity of his inferences, raised him at once to an eminence in this department, which no successor has since risen to dispute with him. His Observations on the Fairy Queen was first published in 1753, in his 26th year, and corrected and enlarged into 2 vols. 12mo. 1762.

But he was not so immersed in black-letter studies, as to be forgetful of his classical attainments. In 1758 he published "Inscriptionum Metricarum Delectus, cum notulis," 4to.

Two years afterwards he contributed the Life of Sir Thos. Pope to the Biographia Britannica, which he

augmented into an 8vo. volume, 1770. Sir Thos. Pope was the founder of his College of Trinity; and this memorial must be considered as an offering of gratitude to a benefactor. The subject afforded but little to interest general curiosity, and it required all the riches and all the art of the writer to surround it with splendour. But this Warton has effected. He has brought forward many curious circumstances hitherto buried among the lumber of voluminous and forgotten historians; and by the perspicuity of his arrangement, the vivacity of his language, and the justness of his remarks, exhibited a narrative, in which they, who are fond of inquiring into the manners and characters of past times, will find their attention deeply engaged.

" ———The piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores!
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers."

In 1770, his 43d year, he published from the Clarendon press his celebrated edition of Theocritus in two volumes, 4to. of which, though it has not escaped attacks, several learned men have spoken in very high terms. His prefixed Dissertation, on the Bucolics of the Greeks, has been generally praised as an elegant and ingenious composition. I doubt whether he does not betray some awkwardness of Latin phraseology, which considering the variety of his pursuits will not appear at all wonderful.

From this time he must have been deeply engaged in

in preparing his History of English Poetry, of which the first vol. appeared in 1774, his 47th year. The second volume was published in 1778, and the third in 1781.

In '777, as if to procure an interval of relief from his severer labours, he amused himself by printing a selection of his poems, of which very few had hitherto been made public. Many, which had for years been scattered about in various collections, though known to be his, he for some reason refrained from introducing in this little volume.

The world, I believe, received this publication rather coldly. The Spenserian or Miltonic cast of language or rhythm, the crowded imagery, the descriptive or allegorical turn, of most of the poems, were what Dr. Johnson (then possessed, without a rival, of the chair of criticism,) set all the energy of his invective, and the powers of his coarse ridicule, to decry. And the public, always glad to find an authority for their want of taste or of fancy, eagerly followed his example.

It is said that Dr. Johnson in the latter part of his life expressed his chagrin at some appearance of alienation in his friends the Wartons. But how unreasonable he must have been to expect otherwise! Who can bear ridicule on a favourite pursuit? And still less, unjust ridicule? No taste could have been more dissimilar, than that of Johnson and the Wartons! No minds formed in more opposite moulds! The Wartons were classical scholars of the highest order, embued with all the enthusiasm, and all the prejudices if you will, of Greece and Rome, heightened by the romantic effusions of the ages of chivalry, by the sublimities of Dante and Milton, the wildness of Ariosto and Spenser,

ser, the beauties of Tasso and Petrarch. Johnson was a severe moralist, who, thinking merely from the sources of his own mind, endeavoured to banish all which he deemed the useless and unsubstantial eccentricities of the mind. He loved the "Truth severe," but he could not bear to see it

———————"in fairy fiction drest."

How could such discordant tempers agree? Whenever they met, they must have parted with disgust. At least this must have been the case with the Wartons, whose quiet and unobtrusive manners rendered them unfit to cope with the vociferation and domineering spirit of Johnson, who often mistook the silence produced by rudeness for a proof of victory. To be overpowered by effrontery and noise, when we are confident that the force of argument is with us, is a provocation which few can bear!

Warton, who, even amid the seducing indolence of a college, constantly indulged the activity of his excursive intellect in some new subject of research, found time to relieve the toils of his history by drawing up a specimen of parochial topography, in an account of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, 1781, of which he was vicar. It is an admirable model for works of this nature, and discovers all that curious research in a new department of antiquities, for which he had already shewn such talents in a more flowery and inviting branch.

He also engaged in the Rowleian controversy, in a manner, which totally put an end to the question in the opinion of all rational and unprejudiced inquirers.

In

In 1785 he gave a new edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton, 8vo. This was a grateful present to the public: another editor equally qualified for this task could not have been found in the literary world. The critic's favourite course of reading from his earliest years, his innate propensities, the structure of his mind, and the habitual course of his thoughts, all contributed to make him a congenial commentator on these beautiful poems. There are many who have blamed what they denonimate the excess of his illustrations. They conceive that the imitations and allusions which he has traced are sometimes fanciful, and sometimes too trivial for notice. But there is nothing, to which the ingenuity of envy and detraction cannot find plausible objections.

In this year he was, on the death of Whitehead, appointed Poet Laureat; and for the five succeeding years, (at the end of which, on May 21, 1790, he terminated his useful life,) he produced his two annual Odes; compositions, which, written as a task on trite and constantly recurring subjects, must not be examined with too much severity, but which, much more often than could be expected, display the richness of his poetical vein.

In these constant and various employments passed the life of Thomas Warton. And surely as far as a life of calmness and equability, unmingled with those domestic endearments, which, if they involve the most bitter sufferings, add the highest zest to human pleasures, can be happy, it must have been happy! All the luxuries of mental entertainment were at his command: libraries richly stored, and the silence of academic bowers, were ready to feed the curiosity of his mind,

mind, constantly awake to literary research. Freed from those anxious cares for the provision of the day, which have embittered the existence of too many men of genius, he could ruminate undisturbed upon the visions of his fancy, or pursue, without the compunctious visitings of prudence, the airy and unrecompensed investigations of a romantic spirit. With him if

> " No children ran to lisp their sire's return,
> Nor climb'd his knees the envied kiss to share,"

he had none to reproach him for his neglect of worldly ambition, and his sacrifice to the unprofitable worship of the Muse.

Warton must be considered as one, who much employed himself in investigating the curiosities of literature. His pursuits therefore and his productions were of a less popular kind than those, which consisted of less research. Those minute facts, those pictures of manners, sentiments, and language, which he loved to discover and communicate, require minds of more than common cultivation to appreciate them. While therefore the simple productions of Goldsmith made instantly their way among all ranks of people, and the unadorned energy of his sentiments and imagery found an echo in every bosom, the more laboured and highly wrought compositions of Warton, illuminated by a richly cultivated fancy, and polished by all the artifices of style, were little relished by the generality of readers.

The manners of Warton are said to have been in an eminent degree unaffected. They discovered without disguise the habits and propensities of his character. Independent in his pursuits, quiet, inobtrusive, and ungoaded

ungoaded by vanity, and little accustomed to the collision of promiscuous society, he is said to have been silent and reserved in mixed companies; but, where he was familiar, to have opened all the powers of his mind, his vast fund of erudition, his brilliant fancy, and the chearful attractions of irresistible humour.

He has been blamed by those, who think wisdom consists in stateliness of manner and pomposity of dress, for a neglect of the little forms of life, and of those punctilious ceremonies by which they consider the dignity of station to be preserved. He is also said to have been fond of low company, a fault, which certainly did not become a man of his high qualities; but which perhaps had some affinity with his excellencies. It is probable, that disgusted with those formalities which depressed the freedom of his thoughts, and the ebullitions of his humour, he might seek companions in those, among whom the superiority of his station enabled him to indulge without restraint the ease and eccentricities of his mind. He might also hope to find more simplicity, energy, and originality of character in the lower classes. It is reported that he was often seen amongst the watermen of the Isis (or the Cherwell) enjoying the luxurious movement of the boat, and the freshness of the river breezes, or perhaps smoking his pipe, in solemn abstraction, or quaffing the favourite beverage, on which he has written a panegyric with such happy humour!

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[*To be continued.*]

——————.——————" Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head."

COWPER.

## N°. I.

*On the consequences of War; with a poem in commendation of the Feudal Times.*

In the multiplicity of subjects that offer themselves to a contemplative mind for consideration, I have experienced the common consequence of fulness of choice; I have deferred it till it is too late to do justice to any. But I will wave the formality of an introduction, which, from the practice of former essayists, is become too trite to interest; and proceed to make use of such materials, as are ready at my call; trusting to futurity to develope my plans, and bestow strength on my progress.

It is too well known, that refinement and luxury in all nations, at all times, have gone hand in hand; and that with wealth and prosperity have been sown the seeds of corruption, decline, and ruin. Some fluctuations there will be in all states; wars and even misfortunes may call forth a temporary energy, even after the commencement of a fall; and I am not sure that even those scenes of peculiar and unexampled distress and danger, which the Continent of Europe has experienced

rienced for the last fifteen years, may not procrastinate the total predominance of barbarism, and for a little while prolong some of the institutions of social order.

The amiable and enlightened Cowper, now and then, suffered under a passing cloud of narrow prejudice. He has said, that

> " War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at."

I take for granted, he does not mean to allude merely to particular instances of a wanton exercise of prerogative in a sovereign, by engaging in a war from motives of personal ambition, contrary to the wishes of his people, (cases that do perhaps occur, yet not very often,) but to war in general, which he assumes to originate in this way.

Now I do not believe that wars in general are principally attributable to kings; still less do I believe that kings have entered into them for their own amusement; and least of all, that their consequences are so mischievous as the passage cited from Cowper seems to insinuate. The horrors of a field of battle, scenes of blood-shed, and devastation, and famine, are apt subjects for the powerful descriptions of a poet; and from such, results the moral (a little too encouraging to popular prejudices) of the affecting work of a living poet, one of the most beautiful writers* perhaps, which this nation ever produced; I mean, of the Joan of Arc of Southey! But from these partial evils, deep as they often are, I am convinced that there springs a great deal of good. They awaken a nation from that state

* I must except his Thalaba.

of

of stupefaction, sensuality, and effeminacy, which are its worst and most fatal disease: they dispel apathy, foster a generous and energetic spirit, accustom the body to wholesome exercise and toil, and nerve the mind against the hour of adversity and privation.

It is well remembered that, when, at the close of the late reign, the celebrated Dr. Brown, in his "Estimate," represented this nation, as sunk into the lowest state of femine debility, the energy of Lord Chatham's administration, and the vigorous war which he carried on, electrified the kingdom, and raised it in a short period to a point of unexampled glory and renown, both for its wisdom and its heroism. Have we not seen similar effects from the late war? Compare the energy of the present race of males in all ranks of society, with the habits of those who predominated in society, during the peace, which followed the American contest! There is a vigour and hardihood in the rising generation, worthy of less luxurious times!

But how long we shall keep off the baneful effects, which commerce never fails at last to produce, I dare not inquire! My imagination at least will never fail to be best pleased with the manners of ages approaching nearer to those of chivalry! For this reason I shall here venture to insert a poem, congenial to these sentiments, which has hitherto lain unnoticed among my papers.

*Lines*

*Lines on the figure of a Warrior, dressed in Feudal Armour, his shield adorned with an ancient heraldric coat; a Baronial castle in the back ground, on the highest tower of which is displayed a banner, bearing the same insignia; drawn and presented to the author by the Rev. C. W.**

"So shone th' heroic chief in days of old;
Fierce was his mien; his limbs of giant mould;
Beneath the load of cumbrous armour light,
Active he bounded to th' infuriate fight;
Broad was his shield, with bold device imprest,
And on his helmet frown'd the grimly crest:
Yon moated castle's massy walls uprose
To frown defiance on his vassals' foes;
And o'er that shadowy forest's wide domains,
O'er these blue hills, and those extended plains,
O'er many a scatter'd vill, and many a town,
He rul'd by right, by favour, or renown.
Ferocious days, and days of wild alarm,
Yet chear'd by many a joy, and many a charm,
Which these degenerate times have lost.—For Power
Dwelt with the chief, who own'd the Feudal Tower!
Lord of the generous arts, that win command,
By noble counsel, or by valorous hand,
He knew no rivals in the dastard knaves,
Who spring to wealth from Lucre's base-born slaves;

* One, who after one and thirty years of uninterrupted friendship, and after having buffeted with the rage of the yellow fever in the Atlantic, and having afterwards visited all the shores of the Mediterranean, and witnessed the horrors and the glories of the tremendous night, which was illuminated by the battle of the Nile, is returned safe to form one of the few props and comforts of the author's life.

Who gain rich lands, and feed luxurious boards,
By the vile modes, which groveling Trade affords!
Perchance some Knight of more adventrous name
His spirit's generous envy might enflame,
One, on whose breast with more resplendent fire
Beam'd the red cross, or growl'd the lion's ire;
Who rode with statelier grace the prancing horse,
Or couch'd his quivering lance with mightier force!
E'en tho' his heaving bosom swell'd with pain,
Aspiring wreaths of equal worth to gain,
Still in the grateful strife was glory mix'd,
And Virtue's wishes in his heart were fix'd:
No wealthy son of Commerce bade him hide
Before superior pomp his lessen'd pride,
Nor call'd him with insulting sneers to vie
In the mean race of arts he scorn'd to try:
Honour and rank and wealth he saw await
Toils of the wise, and actions of the great;
Nor mark'd, where'er before his aching eyes
Halls, mansions, castles, palaces, arise,
Wretches usurp them, who in darksome cells
Won their base spoils by Traffic's hated spells!
Rude was the pile, that from th' impendingbrow
Of some steep rock upon the wave below
Oft look'd with fearful grandeur; loud the blast
Rav'd on its walls, and thro' its turrets past;
Chill were its sunless rooms, and drear the aisles
Along whose length the night-breeze told her tales;
Massive the walls, thro' which the genial day
Strove with warm breath in vain to win its way:
But jocund was its hall; and gay the feast
That spoke the genuine gladness of the breast,
When rang'd its hospitable boards, along
The warlike bands renew'd th' heroic song;

Or told wild tales, or drank with greedy ear
Romantic ditties which the Minstrel-Seer
Tun'd to his harp, while, as with bolder fire
He threw his raptur'd hand across the wire,
With visions of new glory beam'd each eye,
And loud the gathering chorus rose on high;
Till shook the rafter'd roof, and every bound
Of the wide castle trembled with the sound.

Rough were the scenes, as was the master's mind,
Which Nature, bordering on th' abode, design'd;
Forests of age untold, whose unpierc'd wood
Ne'er to the labourer's echoing axe had bow'd;
Soft lawns, which mid surrounding coverts spread,
By the wild tenants of the scene were fed;
Deep dells, with fern and brake, and twisted thorn
Thick-matted, whence the hunter's shrill-ton'd horn
Started th' elastic deer, which, stung with fright,
Swift as the viewless winds, pursued their flight;
Loud torrents, rumbling as they win their course
Thro' fretted rocks and winding banks by force;
Or rills, that murmur'd music, as their race,
Thro' flowery vales, they ran with even pace.

When War's alarms no more around him rag'd,
In sports amid these scenes the Chief engag'd;
Sports, that became his hardy form!—When Light
First 'gan to streak the flying mists of Night,
From his rough couch he sprung; his bugle blew,
And round him each impatient hunter drew;
Then forth the steed of wondrous swiftness came,
And thro' the woods he sought th' affrighted game;
From morn to eve, woods, plains, and vales and hills
With the loud echo of his voice he fills;
No toil fatigues him, and no danger stays;
Perils the zest of his amusement raise;

Then home to gorgeous halls and blazing fires,
Weary, yet pleas'd with exercise, retires;
The feast is spread; the war-clad walls along
Rings the glad converse, and rebounding song;
And when again the sable-mantled Night
Far o'er the sky has urg'd her heavy flight,
On the hard bed his giant limbs he throws,
And sinks serenely into deep repose!
O age of luxury! O days of ease!
The restless, vigorous, soul ye ne'er can please!
Within your stagnant lakes Corruption breeds,
And on your flowers vile sensual Meanness feeds!
As when foul pests have gather'd in the sky
And o'er the globe the death-charg'd vapours fly,
Soon as the mighty Tempest drives his blasts,
And thro' the lurid gloom his lightning casts,
Vanish the congregated brood of ills,
And heath and sunshine all the landscape fills;
So, when wan Indolence and timid Joy,
The native spirit of the mind destroy,
And fiends of Hell, and sprites of loathsome Pain,
Self-love, Lust, Gluttony, and Hate, enchain;
The toils of war, the battle's thundering storm
The sleepy current of the soul reform;
The loaded bosom purge, and bid it flame
With the pure throbbings of a generous fame,
And light with hope, and airy with the fire
Of blest Ambition, up to Heaven aspire!"*

* I had just finished this Essay, when I received the two following from a most valuable and respected Correspondent.

## N°. II.

### *On the effects of rural scenery.*

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!"
MILT. PAR. LOST.

The pride and vanity of man, in order to distinguish him from the inferior animals of the creation, instead of having recourse to that reason by which he alone was formed "after the image" and "in the likeness" of his Maker, has led him to imagine a thousand frivolous and trifling marks of difference. Hence one philosopher defines him to be a laughing, and another a weeping animal. One makes the chief criterion between him and brutes, to be that, he walks upon two legs and is not covered with feathers; and another, with an affectation of piety, that he walks upon two legs and looks up to heaven; "Os Hominis sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri jussit." One, that he is the most perfect of creatures; and another, that he is the most helpless. So that, in short, the most inconsiderable varieties of form and manners have served them as sufficient foundations on which to build the most important of all generic distinctions; although in reality a negro, from under the equator, differs more in mere external appearance from a Greenlander, or an inhabitant of Terra del Fuego, than either of them does from several other animals.

But though it may be very truly asserted, and few persons will now be disposed to contradict it, that the only real and certain difference between us and all other creatures, consists in the inestimable gift of reason; still this does not completely solve the difficulty;

for beasts also have some degree of understanding; and the wisest of men have never yet been able to explain the exact analogy which the internal faculties of the "half reasoning elephant," and the acute instinct of the dog, bear to our boasted understanding.

There is however one faculty of man, connected indeed with reason; but wholly independant of the exercise of its higher powers, which has, I believe, been entirely overlooked in all the various speculations upon this subject, and which yet seems to form a very marked ground of distinction between the human race and brutes. This is the delight occasioned to the mind by rural scenery; so that I would define man as an "animal capable of receiving pleasure from the beauties of Nature." Of this there is not the least ground for supposing that other creatures are at all susceptible. No horse or dog, has ever been observed to stop to enjoy the view from a hill; to admire the rising or setting sun; or to choose to repose in a shady valley unless from the want of its shelter from the heat. A dog indeed will frisk in the snow, and, as Cowper says, will

"Shake his powder'd coat, and bark for joy:"

but he is never seen to admire the frozen fog which hangs on the tree. nor the glitter of the sunbeams on the icicle which is suspended from the roof; and the horse bounds over the verdant mead with as much pleasure in a dreary marsh as on the mountain's top.

But if this be greater, still perhaps it may be said that this is an enjoyment not natural, but acquired, and therefore no distinction of man with respect to his genus; but either a natural taste in some individuals,

or

or else dependent wholly upon the improvement of the mind. If this be so, my argument is certainly ill-founded, but I believe the very reverse to be the fact; I believe the most stupid and ignorant peasant receives as much temporary gratification by a view from a hill, or in a pleasant dale, as Gilpin himself ever did. Possibly indeed much more; for he has no power of frittering away his feelings by the exercise of his judgment in classing and analysing the objects before him, and thus finding a mountain too pointed, or a dale too circular, and its edges too strongly defined for picturesque beauty.

See the countryman upon a hill which commands what is commonly called a fine view. He opens his eyes, and stares around him with a grin of exquisite delight—"What a vast fine prospect here be! What a power of churches! and look, here's the river, and there's the wood! Sure 'tis a noble view, what a mort of miles one can see!" Place him in a deep valley, a Vaucluse if you will, and he exclaims, "What a vast pleasant place, so shady like, so green, and the water so clear! and then it is so lonesome—Why, a body may think here, without nobody's coming to interrupt him."

Now in both these cases who will venture to say that the rude and uninformed peasant does not feel as much delight as a Radcliffe, or a Charlotte Smith, would do in similar situations. True it is, that the artless and honest expressions of his feelings are not clothed in the glowing colours of the one, or the natural yet elegant language of the other. But the internal sensation is the same, and the only difference is, that he has no power of imparting the pleasure he has experienced to

others, in that exquisite manner which the two above-mentioned celebrated and rival ladies can.

I call them rivals, because they were both at the same time aspiring to fame by similar pursuits, though in writings composed in a very different style, and therefore not to be judged by the same rule. For the one is a novelist, but of the highest class, whose great merit is her delineation of character, and her views of life and manners, in which she is almost unequalled; while the works of the other are really romances as they are properly called; and the most striking circumstance which distinguishes them from other first-rate productions of the same kind, is the rich though sometimes gaudy colouring, which she throws over the vivid scenery that she so much delights to describe, and of which the imagery is such as belongs only to a warm country, and the most sublime objects of nature.

In Mrs. Radcliffe's works therefore the narrative is often of little use but to introduce the description to which it is subservient; in Mrs. Smith's, the description is only used to illustrate the story, and never forced into the service: it is always natural, and such as every reader of taste thinks he should feel himself in similar situations. Of this there are some striking instances in Ethelinde, in Desmond, and in the Old Manor House.

Although it may not be strictly pertinent to the subject of this Essay, yet I cannot resist the temptation of saying a few words concerning this last unfortunate lady, whose sorrows and misfortunes are now closed by the hand of death. It has been objected to her, and perhaps not without some foundation, that she has

has not paid so much attention to morality and religion in her various publications, as she might have done; that she has not assisted her readers to draw the proper inferences from her characters, and the situations in which she has placed them; and therefore that the enjoyment of harmless pleasure and some improvement of our mental faculties, are the only advantages to be derived from the perusal of her works. Admitting the fact, much may be said in her excuse; disappointed in and made wretched by the tenderest connection of human life, she was left to struggle for herself and family, against every species of treachery and oppression, that the chicanery of law, directed by bad hands, could exercise against her:

"The world was not her friend, nor the world's law."

She found no helping hand to rescue her from the grasp of poverty, and bid her freely exercise the powers of her genius without being dependent on them for bread. Ill educated (that is, with respect to the most important point of education) and worse married; neglected by this world, and never taught to look up with earnest, though "trembling hope" to another, it is no wonder that she did not inculcate more strongly principles of which she knew not the value. It is no small merit that neither in her language nor her sentiments she has strengthened bad ones; and in the only work which may be deemed of a contrary tendency, the errors both moral and political seem to have proceeded from the head rather than from the heart.

‡*‡.

## N° III.

### *On the different taste of Virgil and Horace with respect to rural scenery.*

It has been observed long since, that no man can be a poet without being sensible of the charms of the country. "Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes;" that is, in theory: for in fact it is not absolutely the case. And the reason of this supposed preference is not so much on account of the undisturbed quiet of rural retirement, (for that may be had, as to all the purposes of writing and reflection, in Fleet Street as well as in Johnny Grote's house) but because the sublime and beautiful of nature so much assists, invigorates, and inspires a poetic imagination. To the moral and didactic muse indeed "crowded cities" and "the busy hum of men" may be useful in furnishing materials; and for that reason, perhaps, among others, Johnson, Goldsmith, and many more, have preferred London to any retirement, however beautiful; but in the higher walks of poetry the tumult of a crowded city can only serve to confuse and derange the ideas. Amidst the "fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ," on what objects can the "fine frenzy" of a "poet's eye" delight to glance; with what views of nature can he assist his fancy!*

Hence we find, that however poets may in other respects differ from each other, they all agree in cele-

* "Hac rabiosa ruit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros." Hor.

brating

brating the praises of the country. Even those who as men could hardly exist out of the atmosphere of Rome or London, as poets have not dared to avow a predilection so disgraceful and almost unnatural — almost impious indeed, if the strong and nervous expression of Cowper in his truly original style,

"God made the country, but man made the town,"*

could be understood in its literal sense.

But however poets may agree in this general principle, they vary greatly in the application of it, and in their preference of particular scenery are by no means guided by the same taste.

A remarkable instance of this (which as far as I know has not been noticed before) appears in the two most celebrated poets of the Augustan age, Virgil and Horace. Though born in different parts of Italy, Rome was their common centre, and though both of them speak in raptures of rural scenery and the magnificence of nature, they place the greatest perfection of it in countries very different from each other as well as distant. It is worthy of notice also, that each of them had travelled through the same parts, that is, all over Italy, Greece, and the intervening country, and neither of them fixes on his own natal soil. Virgil indeed was so partial to his, that he wishes there to enjoy his fame, and end his days. He was born near Mantua, and he promises to build a temple on the lake through which the slow and reedy Mincius takes its wandering course.† He praises the fertility of the soil, and

* This however is the remark, and I believe the language, of Cowley.

† See Georg. II. v. 136, &c. and Georg. III. 13. The exactness of the poet's

and asserts that Italy is superior to the richest parts of Asia. But this assertion is made, not with regard to the beauties of its scenery, but the usefulness of its productions, and its freedom from noxious animals.

Not however that the elegant poet was insensible to the charms of Nature; for, in perhaps the most highly finished and admirable passage which all antiquity can furnish, he has given the reins to his fancy in the praise of the country and of a country life. But in this delicious and glowing description, it is observable that no part of the scenery which he apostrophizes by name belongs to his own country. It is all Grecian;* his fields, his mountains, his rivers, and his woods are all found in Thessaly, Laconia, and Thrace.

Horace is so far like Virgil, that neither does he derive his ideas of rural beauty from the country of which he was a native; but, unlike him in other respects, gives the palm to some parts of Italy over all the rest of the world. In particular, he prefers it to the most admired scenery of Greece, even by name, in the strongest terms. In his ode to Plancus (Lib. I. Ode 7), he tells him that he shall leave to others the office of celebrating the beauties both of art and nature to be found in Greece; for that neither Laconia itself† (whi h

poet's description is admirable. The Mincius slowly winding through a flat rich country forms a lake at Mantua; there he promises to build his temple, *propter aquam*, which ought to be rendered *near the lake*; a nicety passed over, I believe, by his commentators and translators.

* Georg. II. v. 486, et seq.

O ubi Campi
Sperchiusque, et virginibus Vacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

† *Tum patiens Lacedæmon* cannot refer to the *city*, because that could be

no

(which country was expressly included in Virgil's praises) nor even the boasted vale of Tempe was equal in his estimation to the scenery round Tibur; in which neighbourhood his own villa was seated. Upon the same principle we find the poet earnestly wishing at another time (Lib. II. Ode 6) that he may pass the evening of his days at Tibur, and that if this prayer be denied him, he may be allowed to settle in the soft and genial climate of Terentum, in the south-east of Italy.

This difference of opinion, or taste, in two poets, contemporaries and friends, is very striking. To which the Emperor gave his suffrage, who loved them both, and (I am sorry to add) was flattered by both, it would now be useless to inquire; but it is curious to observe in how different a light the same objects appear to minds of perhaps equal powers, of equally cultivated understandings, and having an equal taste for the enchanting scenery which abounds in both those countries.

Admirable indeed is the variety of the powers of Nature, and their influence on the minds of men; and the different manner in which they affect different dispositions, so that what is to one a beauty, to another appears a deformity, is not one of the least instances of the bounty of Providence towards us. Extensive as their variety seems in combination, the works of Nature (like every thing that is truly great) are simple. Water, hill, plain, and wood, form all her materials;

no object of comparison with the groves and rivers of Tiber. Larissa was seated on the river Peneus, which also ran through the vale of Tempe; and, no doubt, is to be understood as referring to that valley which might well be compared to Tiber, though the *fertile Larissa* in the strict and literal sense could not.

but

but these are subdivided, modelled, classed, and mixed together, in so many forms of beauty, as to prove to a well regulated mind one of the purest as well as highest sources of innocent and intellectual pleasure. ‡*‡.

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ART. XXII. *Otium divos, &c. Hor. Lib. II. Od. 16. Imitated.*

TO LAURA.

1.

"For ease the wand'ring Sailor prays
Who o'er the wide Ægean strays,
When clouds obscure the pensive moon,
And shut the day-light out too soon.

2.

In hopes of ease the Thracians glow,
And toils unnumber'd undergo—
Ease, dearest Laura, always sought
But ne'er by gold or jewels bought.

3.

Not all the power of envied Pitt,
Purple nor treasures, can remit
The tumults of the wretched mind,
And cares not ev'n to riches kind.

4.

Happy the man whose frugal board
Is with paternal pewter stor'd,
His gentle slumbers ne'er shall hear
Or sordid Lust, or starting Fear.

5. Why

5.

Why do we leave fair England's soil,
O'er burning India's sands to toil?
No change of clime can change the mind;
Himself the wand'rer still must find.

6.

Care climbs the lofty vessel's sides,
And with us o'er the ocean glides,
The agile horseman sits behind,
Swifter than lightning or the wind.

7.

The mind which present prospects please
The hated future ne'er foresees,
Tempers with smiles the low'ring day,
For none are blest in ev'ry way.

8.

Monthermer died in youthful bloom,
But age fill'd hoary Mansfield's tomb;
And I perhaps by fate may gain
What matchless Laura seeks in vain:

9.

Round thee the laughing Graces play,
The Muses, conquer'd, own thy sway,
And all the sweets of Love combine
To bless thy bed with joys divine.

10.

For me, by Fortune's pow'r opprest,
While others pant for ease and rest,
Be this my anxious wish alone
To call thy faithful heart my own."

## ART. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. Nov. 4. At Aldenham, Herts, aged 71, Geo. Mason, Esq. well known for his valuable Collection of Old English and Foreign Literature, and author of "An Essay on Design in Gardening, 1796;" "Poems by Thomas Hoccleve, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, 1796;" "Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary;" "Memoir of Lord Howe;" "Answer to T. Paine," &c.

Nov. 13. At Henley in Arden, Warwickshire, Joseph Weston, many years organist of Solihull in that county; and whose controversy with Miss Seward as to the merits of Pope, carried on some years ago in Gent. Mag. is well remembered.

*Lately.* At Montserrat, aged 64, Francis Masson, a great Botanist, author of "Observations on several new Species of the Genus Stapiliæ nova."

Dec. 2. Aged 83, Thomas Towle, B.D. an eminent Dissenting Minister.

1807. Jan. . Isaac Reed, Esq. too eminent in the literary world, to have his merits comprized in a short article.

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*P. S. The Editor's extreme illness for the last fortnight has caused a greater hurry in the last sheets of this Number than is likely to occur again.*

Jan. 27, 1807.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

# CENSURA LITERARIA.

## NUMBER XIV.

[Being the Second Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *The principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by sea or over land, to the remote and farthest distant Quarters of the Earth, within the compass of these* 1500 *years. Divided into three several volumes, according to the positions of the regions whereunto they were directed. The first volume containeth the worthy Discoveries, &c. of the English towards the North and North-East by Sea, &c. With many testimonies of the ancient foreign Trades, the warlike and other shipping of this realm, with a Commentary of the true State of Iceland, the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the Victory at Cadix. By Richard Hakluyt, M.A. Sometime Student of Christ-Church, in Oxford. Fol.* 1598 ***

*The*

* This first volume was first published in 1589. Printed as above. See *Herbert, II.* 914.

Hakluyt has previously published "*Divers Voyages touching the discoverie of America, and the Lands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterward by the Frenchmen and Britons: and certain notes*

*The Second Volume comprehending the principal Navigations, &c. of the English Nation to the South and South-East parts of the World, as well within as without the Streight of Gibraltar; within the compass of* 1600 *years. Divided into two several parts. By R. Hakluyt, &c. Fol.* 1599.

Both volumes are bound together; the former consisting of 620 pages; the latter of 312, the first part, and 204 the last; besides dedication, preface, and contents. Both are *printed by Geo. Bishop, Ralph Newberie, and Rob. Barker.*

*The third and last Volume of the Voyages, &c. of the English Nation, &c. within and before these* 100 *years, to all parts of the Newfound World of America, or the West Indies from* 73 *Degrees of Northerly to* 57 *of Southerly Latitude, &c. Collected by Richard Hakluyt, &c. Imprinted* (*as before*) *Fol.* 1600. *pp.* 868.

*of advertisements for observations, necessarie for such, as shall hereafter make the like attempt: with two mappes annexed for the plainer understanding of the whole matter. Imprinted for Thomas Woodcock by T. Dawson,* 1582. *4to.*" *See Herbert, II.* 1108.

Also "*A notable Historie, containing four Voyages, made by certayne French Captaynes unto Florida: wherein the great riches and fruitfulness of the countrey with the maners of the people hitherto concealed are brought to light, written all, saving the last, by Mons. Laudonnier, who remained there himselfe, as the French King's Lieutenant, a yere and a quarter. Newly translated out of French by R. H. Imprinted by Tho. Dawson,* 1587. *4to.*" *Ib.* 1126.

ART.

ART. II. *Pilgrimage: or Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all ages, and places discovered, from the Creation to this present, &c. in 4 parts. London.* 1613. *Fol. Again,* 1614. *Fol. and* 1626. *Fol.*

*Hakluytys Posthumus; or Purchas, his Pilgrimes, in 4 volumes, each containing 5 books. London.* 1625. *Fol.*

These five volumes contain the valuable and very scarce collection of Purchas, which forms the continuation of Hackluyt.

I shall not enumerate the contents of these very curious volumes, because as to Hakluyt's, that has been done by Oldys in his "British Librarian," and as to both, it has been fully executed by Mr. Locke in his "Explanatory Catalogue of Voyages," reprinted in "Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery."

Oldys remarks of the former, that "this elaborate and excellent collection, which redounds as much to the glory of the English nation, as any book that ever was published in it, having already had sufficient complaints made in its behalf, against our suffering it to become so scarce and obscure; by neglecting to translate it into the universal language, or at least to republish it in a fair impression, with proper illustrations, and especially an index, wherewith the author himself supplied the first edition, printed in one volume, folio, 1589. "We shall not here repeat those complaints; because we must necessarily wait for the return of that spirit, which animated the gallant adventurers

recorded therein to so many heroic exploits, before we can expect such a true taste of delight will prevail to do them so much justice; or that envy of transcendent worth, will permit a noble emulation of it so far to perpetuate the renown of our said ancestors, as to render, by this means, their memory no less durable and extensive, than their merits have demanded. For it may, perhaps, be thought impolitic, thus to display the most hazardous and the most generous enterprizes which appear in this book, for the honour and advantage of our country, till the virtues of our predecessors will not reflect disadvantageous comparisons upon the posterity, who shall revive them. But there may be still room left for a more favourable construction of such neglect, and to hope that nothing but the casual scarcity or obscurity of a work, so long since out of print, may have prevented its falling into those able and happy hands, as might, by such an edition, reward the eminent examples preserved therein, the collector thereof, and themselves, according to all their deserts."

Oldys further observes, that, "as it has been so useful to many of our authors, not only in cosmography and navigation but in history, especially that of the glorious reign in which so many brave exploits were atchieved; as it has been such a leading star to the naval histories since compiled; and saved from the wreck of oblivion many exemplary incidents in the lives of our most renowned navigators; it has therefore been unworthily omitted in the English historical library. And lastly, though the first volume of this collection does frequently appear, by the date in the title page, to be printed in 1599, the reader is not thence to conclude the said volume was then reprinted, but

but only the title page, as upon collating the books we have observed; and further, that in the said last printed title page, there is no mention made of the Cadiz voyage; to omit which might be one reason of reprinting that page: for it being one of the most prosperous and honourable enterprizes that ever the Earl of Essex was engaged in, and he falling into the Queen's unpardonable displeasure at this time, our author, Mr. Hakluyt, might probably receive command or direction, even from one of the patrons to whom these voyages are dedicated, who was of the contrary faction, not only to suppress all memorial of that action in the front of this book, but even cancel the whole narrative thereof at the end of it, in all the copies (far the greatest part of the impression) which remained unpublished. And in that castrated manner the volume has descended to posterity; not but if the castration was intended to have been concealed from us, the last leaf of the preface would have been reprinted also, with the like omission of what is there mentioned concerning the insertion of this voyage. But at last, about the middle of the late King's reign, an uncastrated copy did arise, and the said voyage was reprinted from it; whereby many imperfect books have been made complete."

Locke says that the Collection of Hakluyt "is scarce, and valuable, for the good there is to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous; delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust; so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them; so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking; and such a multi-

tude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries."

He says of Purchas, that "he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio." But he adds, that "the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages, that might otherwise have perished. But like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling, and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable." *

Richard Hakluyt was descended from an ancient family seated at Yetton in Herefordshire, elected student of Christ Church from Westminster school in 1570, took his degree, and then removed to the Middle Temple, where, it is supposed, he studied the law. Afterwards he entered into orders, and became Prebendary of Westminster, 1605, and Rector of Wetheringsett, Suffolk. His genius leading him to the study of history, especially of the maritime part of it, which was encouraged by Sir Francis Walsingham, he kept a constant intelligence with the most celebrated navigators of his day; and from them, and from many small pamphlets and letters, that were published, and went from hand to hand in his time, concerning the voyages and travels of several persons, he compiled his collection. He died the 23d of No-

* The price both of Hakluyt and Purchas is high, but of the latter extravagant: Mr. Clarke names fifteen guineas, I suspect it is now much higher.

vember

vember 1616, and was buried in St. Peter's church, Westminster. Anthony Wood records the following publications by him, viz. "*The Discoveries of the World from the first original to the year of our Lord* 1555. *London.* 1601. 4*to.* corrected and much amended, and translated into English from the Portugueze of Anth. Galvano, Governor of Ternate, the chief island of the Moluccas.

He also translated from the same language into English "*Virginia richly valued by the description of the main land of Florida, her next neighbour. London.* 1609. 4*to.*" He likewise illustrated by diligent observation of time, and with most useful notes, "*Peter Mert. Anglericus, his eight Decades de novo orbe. Paris.* 1587. 8*vo.**"

Samuel Purchas, by some styled our English Ptolemy, was born either at Dunmow, or Thaxted, in Essex, and educated at Cambridge, from whence he became minister of East-wood in Rochford hundred, in his native county. But being desirous to prosecute his natural turn for collecting and writing voyages and travels, he left his cure to his brother, and by the favour of the Bishop of London, procured the rectory of Saint Martin's church, within Ludgate. Besides his great work, he published "*Purchas his Pilgrim, Microcosmus, or the History of Man, &c. London.* 1619. 8*vo.*" Also "*The King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London. London.* 1623. 8*vo.*" and "*A Funeral Sermon on Psalm* xxxix. 5. 1619. 8*vo.*"

By the publication of these books he brought himself into debt, and is reported to have died in prison.

* Wood's Ath. I. 413.

But this is not the fact, as he died at his own house, about 1628, aged [illegible], a little while after the King had promised him a deanery.

John Bosart in his Bibliotheca thus speaks of him: "Samuel Purchas Anglus linguarum et artium divinarum atque humanarum egregiè peritus, philosophus, historicus, et theologus maximus, patriæ ecclesiæ antistes fidelis, multis egregiis scriptis et imprimis orientalis occidentalique Indiæ variis voluminibus patriâ linguâ conscriptis celeberrimus." Another Samuel Purchas, A.M. who published "*A Theatre to Political flying Insects, &c. London.* 1657. *4to.*" was his son, as appears by the last copy of verses before that book.*

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ART. III. *English Collections of Voyages continued.*

To bring into one point of view the principal collections subsequent to Hakluyt and Purchas, I here take the liberty of borrowing the materials offered to me in the preface of Clark's Progress of Maritime Discovery.

In 1704 a collection of repute was published by Churchill. This, when complete, with the two volumes of scarce voyages, printed from Lord Oxford's Collections, the first of which appeared in 1732, amounts to eight volumes in folio, and bears a high price. A new edition appeared in 1732 and 1752.

Harris's Collection, in two volumes folio, entitled, "*Navigantium atque itinerantium Bibliotheca*" followed in 1705, and was considered as a rival publi-

* Wood's Fasti, I. 200.

cation,

cation. It has since been reprinted with considerable additions by the learned Doctor Campbell, in 1744, 1748, 1764.

"In all these Collections," says Mr. Clark, "the impartial reader will find much more to commend than to blame, and the collective mass of information is extremely valuable;" but he adds, that if any one deserves the palm, that person is the modest and anonymous compiler of the work, which is known by the name of Astley, its bookseller; it is entitled "*A New and General Collection of Voyages and Travels,*" in four thick quarto volumes, the first number of which appeared in December 1744, and the last in 1747.

The unassuming author was Mr. John Green, of whom nothing is known. Mr. Charles Green, the astronomer, who accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage, had an elder brother, the Rev. Mr. John Green, who kept a school in Soho, but the similarity of name is all that can be offered. Mr. Clarke has been informed, that Mr. Green had projected a more extensive work, but that the impatience of his publisher brought it to a conclusion at the end of the fourth volume.

"The superior merit of this Collection was acknowledged, even by foreigners, and before the completion of the first volume, the Chancellor of France deemed it worthy of attention. He accordingly requested the Abbè Prevost, Chaplain to the Prince of Conti, to translate it. The execution of this occupies the seven first volumes of his *Histoire General des Voyages*, and part of the eighth. But it is to be lamented, that in the performance of this task Prevost has taken very unwarrantable liberties; has shewn throughout a desire

sire to supplant the fame of the original work, which is not once named in the title; and by affixing his own portrait to the first volume, few readers to the present day are aware that the original exists in their own language. Such was the confusion the Abbè produced in his translation, by transposing passages he afterwards inserted as his own, and by the mistakes, which he made, that M. Piere del Hondt, an excellent judge of the merit of Astley's work, brought forward a new translation at the Hague, in which he restored the mutilated parts. An edition was also printed by Didot at Paris, in 12mo. 1749; and some of the volumes at Dresden: the whole amounted to fifty volumes."

These circumstances, in consequence of this public mention of them by Mr. Clarke, have operated to restore Astley's collection to its due credit, and have much increased the price of it.

A valuable "*Historical Collection of the several Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean,*" was given by Alexander Dalrymple, Esq. in 4to. 1770. To which was afterwards added, in 1775, another volume, consisting of "*A Collection of Voyages and Observations in the Ocean between South America and Africa.*"

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ART. IV. *The Recuyell of the Historys of Troye: composed and drawen out of dyverce Bookes of Latin into Frenshe, by the right venerable Persone and worshipfull Man Raoul le Feure, Preest and Chapelayn unto the ryght noble, gloryous, and mighty Prince in his Tyme, Philip Duc of Burgoyne,*

*goyne, of Brabant, &c. in the Yere* 1464, *and translated and drawen out of Frenshe into Englishe; by Willyam Caxton, Mercer of the Cyte of London, at the comaundment of the ryght, hygh, myghty, and vertuouse Princesse, his redoubtyd Lady Margarete, Duchesse of Burgoyne, &c. whiche said Translation and Werke was begonne in Brugis, &c. the first of March,* 1468, *and ended in the Holy Cyte of Colen,* 19 *Sept.* 1471.

This is generally understood to be the first book printed by Caxton; though an ingenious and learned gentleman has argued for the probability of his having before printed the original, viz. "*Le Recueil des Histories de Troyes.*" Caxton, having printed this abroad, did not import the art itself till he returned to England a year or two afterwards. He concludes in the Colophon of this book with the following words: "Forasmoche as age creepeth on me daily, and febleth all the bodye, and also because I have promysid diverce gentilmen, and to my frendes, to address to hem, as hastely as I might, this said book, therefore I have practysed and lerned, at my grete charge and dispence, to ordeyne this sayde book in prynte, after the manner and forme as ye may here see, and is not wreton with penne and ynke, as other bokes ben, to thende that all men may have them attones; for all the bookes of this storye, named the Recule of the Historeys of Troyes, thus enpryntyd, as ye here see, were begonne in oon day, and also fynyshid in oon day," &c.*

* See Bib. Har. III. 193 Herbert's Typ. I. 2.

ART.

ART. V. *The Siege and Conquest of Iherusalem, with many other Hystoryes therein comprysed: and of the Meseases of the Cristen Men in the Holy Londe; and of their Releef, &c. and how Godeffroy of Boloyne was first Kyng of the Latyns in that Royamme; and of his Deth. Translated and reduced out of Frenshe into Englyshe, by me symple Persone Wylliam Caxton. Emprynted in thAbbay of Westmester, xx of Novembre,** 1481.

"The end (or design) of this performance, Caxton tells us in his Colophon, was, that every Christian man may be the better encouraged to enterprise war for the defence of Christendom, and to recover the said city of Jerusalem, in which our Saviour suffered death, &c. Also, that Christians might go thither in pilgrimage, with strong hand, to expel the Turks and Saracens out of the same, that our Lord might be there served, &c. Matter of fact appears to have been the chief pursuit of the author in this history; and, though some "mervallous workes" do occur in it; yet it seems not so over-run with romance, as some other histories of this age and subject are. Our translator says he presents this book to King Edward IV. which very presentation-book was sold in the auction of Mr. Rich. Smith's library in 1682. It was much read by our old warriors."†

* See Herbert, I. 35. † Bibl. Harl. III. 193.

ART.

ART. VI. *Merie Tales, newlye imprinted, and made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat. Imprinted at London in Fleet Street beneath the conduit at the sign of S. John Evangelist by Thomas Colwell. 8vo. no date.*

This little volume, which is no longer in my hands, was formerly the property of Steevens, who wrote the following lines upon the fly-leaf. "*I never saw any other copy of this book. The late Duchess of Northumberland had a fragment of it, concluding with the page that begins, How the Hostler dyd byte Skelton's mare, &c.*" *G. S.*

We have Tarleton's jests, and Skoggan's jests, and these might, with equal propriety, have been termed Skelton's jests: as the "merie tales" are composed of buffoon tricks attributed to the laureat, who perhaps father'd all the unappropriated jokes of his time. Of a volume attractive only by its rarity, a minute account were "burning day-light." The following specimens will be sufficient examples of the humour of the collection.

*Tale 1st. How Skelton came late home to Oxforde from Abington.*

"Skelton was an Englyshe man borne as Skogan was, and he was educated and brought uppe in Oxfoorde; and there was he made a Poet Lawreat. And on a tyme hee had bene at Abbington to make mery, wher that he had eate salte meates, and he dyd come late home to Oxfoorde; and he dyd lye in an ine named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell, and he dyd drynke

drynke and went to bed. Aboute mydnyght he was so thyrstie or drye that hee was constrayned to call the tapstere for drynke, and the tapstere hearde hym not. Then he cryed to hys oste and hys ostess and to the osteler for drynke, and no man would heare hym. 'Alacke!' sayd Skelton, 'I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke: what remedye!' At the last he dyd crie out and sayd 'fyer, fyer, fyer.'

"When Skelton harde everye man bustled hymself upward, and some of them were naked and some were halfe asleepe and amased, and Skelton dyd crye 'fyer! fyer!' (styll) that everye man knew not where to resorte, Skelton dyd go to bed: and the oste and the ostess and the tapstere wythe the osteler dyd runne to Skelton's chambere wythe candles lyghted in theyr handes saying 'Where, where, where is the fyer?' 'Here, here,' sayd Skelton, and poynted hys fynger to hys mouth, sayinge, 'fetch me some drynke to quenche the fyer, and the heate, and the drinesse in my mouthe:' and so they dyd. Wherfore, it is goode for every man to helpe hys owne selfe in tyme of nede wyth some policie or crafte, so be yt ther bee no deceit nor falshed usid."

*Tale 2. Howe Skelton drest the Kendall-man in the Sweat time.*

"On a tyme Skelton rode from Oxfoorde to London wyth a Kendall-man, and at Uxbrydge they beyted. The Kendal-man layde hys cappe upon the borde in the halle, and he went to serve hys horse. Skelton tooke the Kendal-man's cappe, and dyd putte betwyxte the lyninge and the outer syde a dyshe of butter.

ter. And when the Kendal-man had dreste hys horse, he dyd come yn to diner, and dyd putte on hys cappe; (that tyme the sweatynge sycknesse was in Englande). At the laste when the butter had take heate of the Kendal-man's heade, yt dyd begynne to ron over hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayd 'Syr, you sweate soore, beware that you have not the sweatynge sycknesse:' and the Kendal-man sayde, 'By the masse Is'e wrang: I bus go tyl bed.' Skelton sayd, 'I am skill'd on physicke, and specially in the sweatynge sycknesse, that I wyll warrant anye man.' 'In good fayth,' sayd the Kendal-man, 'do see, and Is'e bay for your skott to London.' Then sayd Skelton, 'get you a kerchief, and I wyll bring you abed,' the wyche was doone. Skelton caused the cappe to be sod in boat lee, and dryed it. In the mornyng Skelton and the Kendal-man dyd ryde merely to London."

"Thus" (to use the words of the colophon) "endeth (two of) the merie tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasaunt for the recreation of the minde."

O. G.

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Art. VII. *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A poem, enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine worthies; being the first Essay of a new British poet: collected out of authenticall records. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers;*

*writers; whose names are subscribed to their severall workes; upon the first subject; viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.* 1601.

The above title is transcribed from a Note to Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare, 1780, Vol. I. p. 732, for the purpose of soliciting any of my readers, into whose hands a copy of the very curious and scarce volume, to which it belongs, may have fallen, to furnish me with a fuller account of it.

Mr. Malone says, that the principal writers associated in this collection are Shakspeare, B. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. There is a second title preceding the contributions of these authors in the following words: "*Hereafter follow diverse poetical essaies on the former subject; viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes. Never before extant. And now first consecrated by them all generally to the love and merit of the truly noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie.*"

The poem of Shakspeare, copied by Malone, is the xxth of "The Passionate Pilgrim," beginning

> "Let the bird of loudest lay
> On the sole Arabian tree,
> Herald sad and trumpet be,
> To whose sound chaste wings obey."

ART. VIII. *Rub and a Great Cast: and Runne, and a Great Cast. The second bowle. In* 200 *Epigrams. By Thomas Freeman. London.* 1614. 4*to.*

For this odd title, which would seem to have travelled from the bowling-green, the author assigns a fanciful reason in the following lines:

"Sphæra mihi, calamus; mundi sunt crimina nodi,
Ipse sed est mundus sphæromachia mihi:
Sive manere jubes, lector, seu currere sphæram
Lusori pariter, curre maneque placent."

Thomas Freeman was a Gloucestershire man, and born near Tewksbury, about 1590. At the age of sixteen he became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. B. Retiring from thence to London, he set up for a poet, says Wood,* and was shortly after held in esteem by Daniel, Donne, Shakspeare, Chapman, and others. To the poets here named, and also to Spenser or his Fairy Queen, and Nash, he has severally addressed epigrams; but it is not hence to be affirmed that he was personally acquainted with all of them. In Vol. IV. of his Poetical History, Mr. Warton has given a specimen of our author's humour, which acquaints us, even in his time, that "London itself seem'd going out of Town." In the last edition of Mr. Ellis's Specimens, a more favourable instance has been shewn of Freeman's poetical talents. The following extracts will serve to ascertain the general tenor of his epigrammatic effusions.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 398.

EPIG. 6.

In Mopsam.

" Mopsa had not (I heard her when she swore)
The tooth-ach not these twenty yeares and more.
And well may Mopsa sweare, and sweare but truth,
'Tis above twenty since she had a tooth."

EPIG. 10.

In Fimum.

" Fimus is coach'd, and for his further grace,
Doth ask his friends —' how he becomes the place ?'—
Troth, I should tell him ' the poore coach hath wrong,
And that a cart would serve to carry *dong*."

EPIG. 12.

In Photinum.

" I met Photinus at the Chancelor's court,
Cited (as he said) by a knave relator;
I askt him, ' wherefore?' he, in laughing sort,
Told me —' it was but for a childish matter :'
Howere he laught it out, he lyed not;
Indeed 'twas *childish*, for the *child* he got."

EPIG. 17.

Vilior Alga.

" So fares the world, we love our friends, if rich :
If not, then not : so wary wise wee grow,
We question not the manner, but how much
A man is worth : we ask no other how :
Yet friendship's prais'd, and virtue gets good words;
That's all the goodnesse this vile age affoords."

EPIG. 18.

In Peg.

" Peg would play false but that she ſtands in feare
'Twill prove, within three quarters of a yeare :
She fancies, though she follows not, the game,
'Tis not for feare of *sinne* but feare of *shame*."

EPIG.

EPIG. 12.

Patruo suo colendiss. Rich. Freeman generoso.

" To whom may I these rimes more truely send,
Then unto you, where they were bred and born?
Should all forsake them, you must be their friend,
If good, your praise; if bad, (t' escape from scorne)
To Bucklersbury, or Tobacco-takers,
Or Flax-wives vent them, or neere home you may
To Tewkesbery amongst the mustard-makers;
Or fire them, or send them quite away:
Your only sweet course for Virginia ship them,
For by the *statute* you are bound to keep them."

EPIG. 22.

In Hylam puerum immature mortuum.

" Hylas a child, and dead; how should it come?
Surely his thread of life was but a thrum."

EPIG. 28.

Videntur et non sunt.

" Some men go brave, and some againe go bare,
When neither of them seeme the men they are;
I know rich lads go patcht in leather pelts,
And hood their heads under some greasy felts;
Againe, I know some silke lads, coineless ever,
Bear high their heads in some fresh-colour'd beaver,
And silver shoe-strings o're their toes do wear;
Such shoe-strings as a man may safely swear
Are better than their purse-strings, ten to one;
For they can shew some silver, these can none."

EPIG. 29.

Velle paupertatis suæ.

" 'Tis strange, now I am poor, what I would do,
What hospitals, what alms-houses uprear;

Build Upton-bridge in Worc'stershire anew;
Give topless Paul's one more sky-threatning spire;
Bring Thames to Oxford, Wye into North-Wales,
Avon to Severn; all, to carry sailes
Quite from the sea into the Continent:
Helpe widowes, orphanes, maimed, and the poor;
With Wadham build a college for the godly;
Erect, (so farre surpassing all before)
A library, with all-praise-worthy Bodley:
Nay more, what learned Bacon left undone,
Engirt Great Brittaine with a brazen wall:
On thousand good deeds now my mind doth run,
Now I can nothing; now I would do all:
I can so little, and would do so much,
Sure I am too well given, to grow rich."

EPIG. 35.

Epitaphium meretricis.

" Graves are gone on, commonly we see,
Tis no offence to them that buried be:
Why then this grave is for the common *tread;*
And so was she too that therein lies dead."

EPIG. 36.

In Luscum morionem.

" Luscus, that Minotaur, thy monstrous wit,
Lies in that lowzy labyrinth, thy head,
So close, as no art can discover it.
Now, whilst thou'rt living, nor when thou art dead:
A longer thread then Ariadne's twine,
Shall ne're find Wit in that same pate of thine."

EPIG. 40.

In Swadde.

" Swadde's in commission, yet but beares the name,
For all the roast is ruled by his dame:

She

She examines, bails, binds over, and releases,
Remits and mittimusseth whom she pleases:
To all that come to him for wrong's redresse,
His wife's the justice—he but of the *peace*."

EPIG. 42.

In Elizabetham.

" Besse doth Actæonize her husband's crowne,
And, trimming his head, proves she trimmes her owne;
And yet her head is still attir'd but badly.
' Besse (once quoth I) I would the reason, gladly:'
' Mine owne, (quoth she) do you not that descry?
My husband's mine, and that same head trimme I.'

EPIG. 43.

In Fungum.

" Fungus the usurer's dead, and no will made;
' Whose are his goods?'—they say no heire he had;—
' Sure I should thinke (and so hath law assign'd)
They are the devil's—for he's next of kind.'

EPIG. 46.

In Dol pregnantem.

" Dol, learning *propria qaæ maribus* without booke,
Like *nomen crescentis genitivo* did looke."

EPIG. 50.

In Flavium.

" When Flavius once would needs praise *Tin*,
His braine could bring no reasons in.
But what his belly did bethinke,
*Platters* for meat, and *Pots* for drinke."

EPIG. 57.

Aquæ-ductus per Magistrum *Middletonum* omnium (qui unquam fuerint) civitati utilissimus.

" London is like to have no more strong beere,
All long of my Lord-Mayor as we heare:
His brother rather may the cause be thought,
That so much water* to the Towne hath brought."

EPIG. 58.

Sine sanguine et sudore.

" Rafe challeng'd Robin—time and place appointed,
Their parents heard on't:—Lord, how they lamented!
But (God be thankt) they were soon freed of feare;
The one nere meant, the other came not there."

EPIG. 59.

In Mathonem.

" Though great men's houses make it knowne
How Bucks-horns stand the hall in steed,
To hang up hats and caps upon:
Yet every where there's no such need:
For what needs it in Matho's hall?—
His head, his horns, may serve for all."

EPIG. 64.

In jactabundum gentis suæ.

" No father's deeds can dignify the son,
Nor can we call that ours, we have not done."

* Alluding to the New River, brought by Sir Hugh Middleton from the springs of Chadwell and Amwell, near Ware, to London; which was completed in 1613, when his brother, Sir Thomas Middleton, was Lord-Mayor elect.

EPIG.

EPIG. 66.

In Cæliam.

" No, hang me, Cælia, if I'll be thy guest;
We scarce begin to eate, but thou to chide;
This goose is raw, that capon is ill drest,
And blam'st the cooke, and throw'st the meate aside;
When we sit judging, that would rather eate,
No fault o' th' cooke, 'tis thou would'st save thy meate."

EPIG. 73.

In Cloeon.

" 'Tis one of Cloe's qualities,
That ever when she sweares, she lies:
' Dost love me, Cloe?' sweare not so,
For when thou swear'st, thou liest I know:
' Dost hate me, Cloe?' prethee sweare,
For then I know thou lov'st me deare."

EPIG. 75.

Honores mutant mores.

" When I and some of my comrades were poor,
O Lord, how we lov'd one another then!
We lov'd as, I thought, no men could love more;—
But since the most of them are grown rich men,
And I stick fast still to my poverty,
They fly from mee; and, or I skarse am knowne,
Or quite forgotten:—what an asse am I;
The case is partly mine, but more their owne:
And their offence may well forgiven be,
That have forgot themselves as well as me."

EPIG. 76.

" In Thuscum.*

" Thuscus writes faire, without [or] blurre or blot,
The rascall'st rimes were ever read, God wot;
No marvell:—many with a swan's quill write,
That can but with a goose's wit endite."

EPIG. 80.

" I have some kinsfolke rich, but passing proud,
I have some friends, but poore and passing willing;
The first would gladly see me in my shrowd,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling.
Now which of these love I? so God me mend,
Not a rich *kinsman,* but a willing *friend.*"

EPIG. 81.

" Crispus could helpe me if he would,
Charus would helpe me if he could;
Would Crispus Charus' minde did beare,
Or Charus but as wealthy were."

EPIG. 83.

In jactantem Poetastrum.

" One told me once of verses that he made,
Riding to London on a trotting jade;
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,
Ev'n by his verses, of his horse's pace."

T. P.

* *Forsan* Davies of Hereford, a poet and writing-master; whose Microcosmos has been noticed in CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 208.

ART.

ART. IX. *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, in certaine Epigrams and Satyres. London.* 1598. 12*mo.*

EPIG. 3.

Of Titus.

" Titus oft vaunts his gentry every where,
Blazoning his coate, deriving 's pedigree:
What need'st thou daily, Titus, jade mine eare?
I will beleeve thy house's auncestry:
If that be auncient which we do forget,
Thy gentry 's so; none can remember it."

EPIG. 9.

Of Paule.

" Paule daily wrongs me, yet he daily sweares
He wisheth me as well as to his *soule:*
I know his drift; to damne that he nought cares,
To please his body: therefore, good friend Paule,
If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy *bodie's* place."

EPIG. 13.

Of Cotta.

" I saw not Cotta thys halfe yeere before,
When he was angry that I spoke not to him:
He hath no reason to take it so sore,
Being so painted that—I did not know him."

EPIG. 28.

Of Zeno.

" Zeno would fain th' old widdow Ægle have;
Trust me hee's wise, for shee is rich and brave:
But Zeno, Zeno—shee will none of you;—
In my mind, shee's the wiser of the two."

EPIG.

EPIG. 65.

Of Nigrina.

" Because Nigrina hath a painted face,
Many suspect her to be light and base:
I see no reason to repute her such,
For, out of doubt, she will abide the *touch*."

T. P*or*.

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ART. X. *Gabriel Harvey's Character of Dr. Perne, Master of Peter-house, Cambridge, and Dean of Ely.**

[FROM PIERCE'S SUPEREROGATION, 1593.]

Harvey styles this D. D. the " Apollo Doctour, whose epitaph none can display accordingly, but some sprite of the air or the fire. For his zeal to God and the church, was an airy triplicity; and his devotion to his prince and the state, a fiery trigon: and surely he was well advised, that comprised a large history in one epithet, and honoured him with the title of the *thrice learned Dean.* He was an old soaker indeed, and had more wit in his hoary head, than 600 of flourishing green-heads and lusty-curled pates. No man could bear a heavy injury more lightly, or forbear a learned adversary more cunningly, or laud a wilful friend more drily, or circumvent a dangerous foe more covertly, or lullaby the circumspectest Argus more

* This Dr. Perne, who is reported (in Fox's Acts and Monuments) to have been a mutable man in his religion, and of a facetious nature, yet a great Mecænas of learning, died at Lambeth in Surrey, April 26, 1589. Vid. Fasti Oxon. I. 80.

sweetly,

sweetly, or transform himselfe into all shapes more deftly, or play any part more kindly. He had such a patience as might soften the hardest heart, such a sober mood as might ripen the greenest wit, such a sly dexterity as might quicken the dullest spirit, such a scrupulous manner of proceeding in doubtful cases, as might put a deep consideration into the shallowest fantasy, such a suspicious jealousy as might smell out the secretest complot, and defeat any practice; such an inextricable sophistry, as might teach an Agathocles to hypocrise profoundly, or a Hieron to tyrannise learnedly. Whereas others carried their hearts in their tongues, and their heads in their pens, he liked no such simplicity; but after a smug and fleering guise, carried his tongue in his heart, his pen in his hand, his dagger in his sleeve, his love in his bosom, his spite in his pocket: nothing but the fact discovered his drift; not the beginning, but the end, was the interpreter of his meaning. Some of us, by way of experiment, assayed to feel his pulse, with tickling t glosing as handsomely as we could; but the bottom of his mind was a gulf of the main, and nothing could sound him deeply, but the issue. He could speak by contraries, as quaintly as Socrates; and do by contraries, as shrewdly as Tiberius. Lewis, the French King, might have borrowed the Fox's satchel of him: Sir Stephen Gardener's fox or Machiavel's fox, are two young cubs, to compare with him, that would seem any thing rather than a fox, and be a fox rather than any thing else. He that worshipped *Solem in Leone*, after some few lectures in his astronomy, would have honoured *Solem in Vulpe*. Legendaries may record wonderments, but even Gargantua himself might have been

been his pupil, albeit his gown was furred with 2,500 fox-skinnes. He once kept a cub for his pleasure in Peter-house in Cambridge (as some keep birds, some squirrels, &c.) and ministered notable matter to St. Mary's pulpit, with stories of the cub and the Foxe, whose Acts and Monuments are notorious; but had the young one been as cunning an artist for his part, as the old one was for his, I believe all the colleges in both universities, or in the great university of Christendom, could not have patterned the young man with such another batchelor of sophistry, or the old master with such another doctour of hypocrisy. He was gentle without familiarity (for he doubled contempt); swore without rigour, (for he feared odiousness); pleasant without levity, (for he regarded his estimation); grave without solemnity, (for he curried popular favour); not rash, but quick; not hasty, but speedy; not hot, but warm; not eager in shew, but earnest in deed; no barker at any, but a biter of some; round and sound. No politician in England so great a temporiser as he, whom every alteration found a new man, even as new as the new-moon. What an ambi-dexterity, or rather omni-dexterity, had the man, that at one and the same meeting, had a pleasing tongue for a protestant, a flattering eye for a papist, and a familiar nod for a good fellow; and had yawned to be an archbishop or bishop, in the one or other church, in four alterations of kings and queens. I have seen vipers and serpents in sugar-work, but to this day, never saw such a standing dish of sugar-work, as that sweet-tongued Doctour; who spake pleasantly, whatsoever he thought, and was otherwhiles a faire prognostication of foul weather. For his smug and canonical countenance,

nance, he might have been S. Boniface himself; for his fair and formal speech, S. Benedict or S. Eulaly; for his merry conceits, S. Hilary; for his good husbandry, S. Servatius; for his invincible sufferance, S. Vincent the Martyr; for his recanting, S. Augustine; for his preaching to geese, S. Francis, or S. Fox; for his not seeing all things, S. Bernard; for his praying, a S. Pharisee; for his fasting, a S. Publican; for his chastity, a *Sol in Virgine*; for his pastoral devotion, a Shepherd's Calendar; for his fame, an Almanac of Saints. But if ever any were patience incorporate, it was he; and if any were hypocrisy incarnate, it was he; unto whom I promised to dedicate an eternal memorial of his immortal virtues, and have payed some little part of my vows: *O felix Perne! tua solus ars vivendi.*" T. P. *curte*

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ART. XI. *Paul's Church-yard. Libri Theologici, Politici, Historici, Nundinis Paulinis (una cum Templo) prostant venales. Juxta seriem Alphabeti Democratici. Done into English for the Assembly of Divines, 4to. in 2 Parts. Centuria Prima, 8 pages, and Centuria Secunda, 8 pages. No date or printer's name.*

This scarce pamphlet is the vehicle of cutting satire against the Republicans during Oliver's Protectorate, and contains many excellent *hits*, in the form of title-pages, of which a few may suffice as a specimen.

7. "A Catalogue of the Nobility of England and Ireland, from his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell,

well, and the Lord Deputy Ireton, to the severall Peers and Trades of each Regiment."

21. "An Act for turning all Lawes into English, with a short Abridgment for such new Lawyers as cannot write and read."

48. "A Confutation of Geographers, who said we of this Island were Antipodes to none, though we tread contrary to all the world."

109. "Bellum Grammaticale. That Parliamentdome, Counceldome, Committeedome, or Sword-dome, are better words than Christendome or Kingdome."

121. An Act for constituting six new Heraulds, in regard the old ones cannot blazon the Armes of divers new honourable Officers of State."

150. "The Archbishop of Canterbury's Triall, writt by William Prynn, declaring all the Archbishop spake or did before he was borne, and since his Buriall; being the 9th Tome of Master Prynn's Works."

*Birmingham.* WILLIAM HAMPER.

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ART. XII. *Bibliotheca Militum: or the Souldier's Publick Library. Lately erected for the Benefit of all that love the Good Old Cause, at Wallingford House, and already furnished with diverse excellent Treatises herein mentioned. London: Printed in the year* 1659. 4*to. 6 pages.*

This pamphlet bears a similar complexion with the last, and, like it, may be dismissed with a few extracts.

8. "Patience per force: or a medicine for a mad dog; treating of the infallible virtue of necessity: by the aforesaid author" (Richd. Cromwell, Esq.)

13. "Hey-

13. "Hey-te-Tyte, or to morrow-morning I found an Horse-shoe; being an excellent discourse concerning Government, with some sober and practical expedients, modestly proposed and written by James Harrington."

*Birmingham.* WILLIAM HAMPER.

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ART. XIII. *A Voyage to the South Sea, and along the Coasts of Chili and Peru, in the years* 1712, 1713, *and* 1714. *Particularly describing the genius and constitution of the inhabitants, as well Indians as Spaniards: their customs and manners; their Natural History, mines, commodities, traffick with Europe, &c. by Monsieur Frezier, Engineer in ordinary to the French King. Illustrated with* 37 *copper cuts of the Coasts, Harbours, Cities, Plants, and other curiosities. Printed from the author's original plates inserted in the Paris Edition. With a Postcript by Dr. Edmund Halley, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. And an account of the Settlement, Commerce, and Riches of the Jesuites in Paraguay. London. Printed for Jonah Bowyer, at the Rose in Ludgate Street. MDCCXVII.* 4*to. pp.* 335, *besides Preface and Index.*

This is a book, of which, at the present moment, it may be seasonable to revive the notice.

Louis XIV. having been at a vast expense to support his grandson upon the throne of Spain, thought this a proper opportunity of getting a full information of the least known parts of the Spanish West-Indies, before

before the French, as well as all other nations, should be excluded those seas by a peace. For this end, he pitched upon our author, an experienced Engineer and mathematician in his service, whom he knew to be every way qualified to make Hydrographical Observations for the use of Mariners, and for the correction of the Charts; and also to take exact plans of the most considerable Ports and Fortresses along the Coasts whither he was going; to direct to their best anchorages, and to point out their respective dangers. He sent him at his own charge on board a merchant-ship, in 1712, to pass as a trader only, the better to insinuate himself with the Spanish Governors, and to have all opportunities of learning their strength, and whatever else he went to be informed of. Monsieur Frezier executed this plan to the King's entire approbation. He says, in the dedication to the Duke of Orleans, (for the King was dead before the book appeared) "it is a collection of the observations which he made in navigation, on the errors of the maps, and the situation of the harbours and roads he had been in; together with a description of the animals, plants, fruits, metals, and whatsoever the earth produces of curious in the richest colonies of the world; and lastly, a most exact account of the commerce, forces, government, and manners, as well of the Creolian Spaniards, as of the natives of the country, whom he treats with all the respect which is due to truth."

The author says his principal "business was to take plans, and to bring the navigators acquainted with the seasons, general winds, currents, rocks, shelves, anchorages, and landing-places, wherever he came." There are excellent plans of Callao, Lima, and most of

of the principal ports on the Continent of South-America. But no chart of the River La Plata, and its shores, which he never entered.

"One objection," says the translator, "does indeed lie against Monsieur Frezier, arising perhaps from his ambition to be thought to correct the General Sea-chart of our countryman, Dr. Halley; but besides that the reputation of this chart is established by the experience of our navigators in most voyages, beyond the powers of Monsieur Frezier to hurt it, we must remember that our author is a *Frenchman*; and therefore we need give no further account of their difference, than is contained in the letter, which Dr. Halley wrote to the publisher on the occasion."

*Letter of Dr. Halley.*

MR. BOWYER, April 6, 1717.

"I am glad to hear you have undertaken to print, in English, the voyage of Mr. Frezier to and from the Coasts of Peru and Chili. Our people are very much unacquainted with those seas; and those that are, commonly want either will or language to inform the world properly of what they find worth notice, and of what may be of use to those that shall hereafter make the like voyages. The French have the faculty of setting off their relations to the best advantage; and particularly your author has informed us, in a very instructive manner, of several things, that are not only very entertaining, but also what may be of eminent service to us, either in case of trade or war in the seas he describes. On this account, I cannot doubt but your design must answer your expectation, especially

since you bestow on the book so elegant an edition. But however it may have pleased me in other respects, I find myself obliged to desire of you the liberty to subjoin a small postscript in defence of my chart of the variation of the compass (whereby I hoped I had done service to the sailors of all nations) against the groundless exceptions of your author, who seems to seek all occasions to find fault, and is otherwise unjust to me. If you please to grant me this favour, you will, without any prejudice to yourself, very much oblige

"Your very humble servant,

EDM. HALLEY."

To Mr. Jonah Bowyer.
These.

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ART. XIV. *A Relation of a Journey begun An. Dom. 1610. Foure Bookes, containing a description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the remote parts of Italy, and Islands adjoyning. The Third Edition. London. Printed for Ro. Allot. 1627.*

The first edition was in 1615; others in 1621, 1632, 1652, 1658, 1670, 1673.

ART. XV. *A Relation of some years Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the territories of the Persian Monarchy, and some parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent. London. 1634, 1638, &c. 1677.*

Which

Which last is the fourth impression, wherein many things are added, which were not in the former. All the impressions are in folio, and adorned with cuts.

ART. XVI. *A Voyage into the Levant: or a brief relation of a Journey lately performed by Master Henry Blunt, Gent. from England by the way of Venice into Dalmatia, Sclavonia, Bosnah, Hungary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, and Egypt, unto Grand Cairo. With particular Observations concerning the moderne condition of the Turkes, and other people under that Empire. The Third Edition. London. Printed by J. L. for Andrew Crooke, and are to bee sold at the signe of the Beare in Paul's Churchyard.* 1638. 4*to. pp.* 126.

The second edition was in 1636. Other editions were in 12mo.

The first of these books of Travels is well known as the work of the celebrated George Sandys the poet, a younger son of Edwin, Archbishop of York, who, dying at the seat of his niece, Margaret, the widow of Sir Francis Wyat, Kt. at Boxley Abbey in Kent, in March 1643, was buried in the parish church there, and has the following entry in its Register of Burials: "Georgius Sandys, Poetarum Anglorum sui sæculi facile Princeps, sepultus fuit Martii VII Stylo Anglic. An. Dom. 1643."*

It is dedicated in the following energetic words,

"To the Prince.

"SIR,

"The eminence of the degree wherein God and Nature have placed you, doth allure the eyes; and the

* Wood's Ath. II. 46, 47.

hopefulness of your virtues, win the love of all men. For virtue being in a private person an exemplary ornament, advanceth itself in a prince to a publike blessing. And as the sunne to the world, so bringeth it both light and life to a kingdom: a light of direction, by glorious example; and a life of joy through a gracious government. From the just and serious consideration whereof, there springeth in minds not brutish, a thankfull correspondence of affection and duty; still pressing to express themselves in endeavours of service. Which also hath caused me (most noble Prince) not furnished of better means, to offer in humble zeal to your princely view these my doubled travels; once with some toil and danger performed, now recorded with sincerity and diligence. The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroicall actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderfull works; where arts and sciences have been invented, and perfited; where wisdom, virtue, policie, and civility, have been planted, have flourished: and lastly, where God himself did place his own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired his prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Sonne of God descended to become man; where he honoured the earth with his beautifull steps, wrought the worke of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now through vice and ingratitude become the most deplored spectacles

tacles of extreme miserie : the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civilitie, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who aiming only at the height of greatness and sensualitie, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world, to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which (to the astonishment of the understanding beholders) it now faints and groneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrowne with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of theeves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruines, glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impietie; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobilitie extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no securitie save to an abject mind, and unlookt on povertie; which calamities of theirs so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatning instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not onely related what I saw of their present condition; but so farre as convenience might permit, presented a briefe view of the former estates, and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailtie of man, the mutabilitie of what so ever is worldly; and assurance that as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by his grace and protection. Accept, Great Prince, these weak endeavours of a strong desire: which shall be always devoted to do your Highness all acceptable

service; and ever rejoice in your prosperity and happiness.

GEO. SANDYS."

The Second of these volumes of Travels was by Sir Thomas Herbert, who has already been mentioned in this work, Vol. III. p. 248.

Locke, in his Explanatory Catalogue of voyages, says of these travels, that "they have deservedly had a great reputation, being the best account of those parts written by any Englishman, and not inferior to the best of foreigners; what is peculiar in them is the excellent description of all antiquities, the curious remarks on them, and the extraordinary accidents, that often occur."

Sir Henry Blount was born at Tittenhanger, in Hertfordshire, in 1602, and educated at Oxford. On May the 7th, 1634, he embarked at Venice for Constantinople, in order to his voyage into the Levant, returned about two years after, became one of the Gentlemen Pensioners to Charles I. and was by him knighted 21 March, 1639. Anthony Wood says, "He was esteemed, by those who knew him, a gentleman of a very clear judgment, great experience, much contemplation though not of much reading, and of great foresight into governments; he was also a person of admirable conversation, and in his younger years a great banterer, which in his elder he disused." He died the 9th of October, 1682, ætatis 80.* His two sons, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, and Charles Blount, are well

* Wood's Ath. II. 712.

known:

known: the lineal representative of the former is the present Lord Hardwicke, through his mother.

Wood says these travels were so well esteemed abroad, that, as he was informed, they were translated into French and Dutch; but Locke observes, "they are very concise, and without any curious observations, or any notable descriptions; his account of the religions and customs of those people, only a brief collection of some other travellers, the language mean, and not all of it to be relied on, if we credit others, who have writ better."

Sir Henry Blount commences his work with the following explanation of his views: "Intellectual complexions have no desire so strong, as that of knowledge; nor is any knowledge unto man so certaine, and pertinent, as that of human affaires: this experience advances best, in observing of people, whose institutions much differ from ours; for customes conformable to our own, or to such wherewith we are already acquainted, doe but repeate our old observations, with little acquist of new. So my former time spent in viewing Italy, France, and some little of Spain, being countries of Christian institution, did but represent, in a severall dresse, the effect of what I knew before.

"Then seeing that the customes of men are much swayed by their naturall dispositions, which are originally inspired and composed by the climate, whose ayre and influence they receive, it seems naturall, that to our north-west parts of the world, no people should be more averse, and strange of behaviour, than those of the south-east: moreover, those parts being now possessed by the Turkes, who are the only moderne

people, great in action, and whose empire hath so suddenly invaded the world, and fixt itself such firm foundations as no other ever did; I was of opinion, that hee who would behold these times in their greatest glory, could not find a better scene than Turkey: these considerations sent mee thither; where my general purpose gave mee four particular cares: first, to observe the religion, manners, and policie of the Turks, not perfectly, (which were a taske for an inhabitant rather than a passenger,) but so farre forth, as might satisfie this scruple, (to wit) whether to an impartiall conceit, the Turkish waye appeare absolutely barbarous as we are given to understand, or rather another kind of civilitie, different from ours, but no lesse pretending: secondly, in some measure, to acquaint myself with those other sects which live under the Turks, as Greeks, Armenians, Freinks, and Zinganaes, but especially the Jews; a race from all others so averse both in nature and institution, as glorying to single itself out of the rest of mankind, remaines obstinate, contemptible, and famous: thirdly, to see the Turkish army then going against Poland, and therein to note, whether their discipline military encline to ours, or else bee of a new mould, though not without some touch, from the countries they have subdued; and whether it be of a frame apt to confront the Christians or not: the last and choice piece of my intent, was to view Gran Cairo, and that for two causes; first, it being clearely the greatest concourse of mankind in these times, and perhaps that ever was; there must needs be some proportionable spirit in the government: for such vast multitudes, and those of wits so deeply malicious, would soon breede confusion, famine, and

utter

utter desolation, if in the Turkish domination there were nothing but sottish sensualitie, as most Christians conceive: lastly, because Egypt is held to have been the fountaine of all science, and arts civill, therefore I did hope to find some sparke of those cinders not yet put out; or else in the extreme contrairietie, I should receive an impression as important, from the ocular view of so great a revolution; for above all other senses, the eye having the most immediate, and quicke commerce with the soul, gives it a more smart touch than the rest, leaving in the fancy somewhat unutterable; so that an eye witness of things conceives with an imagination more compleat, strong, and intuitive, than hee can either apprehend or deliver by way of relation; for relations are not only in great part false, out of the relater's misinformation, vanitie, or interest; but which is unavoydable, their choice, and frame agrees more naturally with his judgement, whose issue they are, then with his readers; so as the reader is like one feasted with dishes fitter for another man's stomacke than his owne: but a traveller takes with his eye, and ease, only such occurrencies into observation, as his own apprehension affects, and through that sympathy, can digest them into an experience more natural for himself, then he could have done the notes of another: wherefore I desiring somewhat to informe myself of the Turkish nation, would not sit downe with a booke knowledge thereof, but rather (through all the hazard and endurance of travel,) receive it from mine owne eye, not dazzled with any affection, prejudicacy, or mist of education, which preoccupate the mind, and delude it with partiall ideas,

as with a false glasse, representing the object in colours, and proportions untrue: for the just censure of things is to be drawn from their end whereto they are aimed, without requiring them to our customs and ordinances, or other impertinent respects, which they acknowledge not for their touch-stone: wherefore he who passes through the several educations of men, must not try them by his own, but weyning his mind from all former habit of opinion, should as it were, putting off the old man, come fresh and sincere to consider them: this preparation was the cause, why the superstition, policie, entertainments, diet, lodging, and other manners of the Turks, never provoked mee so farre, as usually they doe those who catechize the world according to their own home; and this also barres these observations from appearing beyond my own closet, for to a mind possest with any set doctrine, their unconformitie must needs make them seem unsound, and extravagant, nor can they comply to a rule, by which they were not made. Neverthelesse, considering that experience forgotten is as if it never had beene, and knowing how much I ventured for it, as little as it is, I could not but esteeme it worth retaining in my owne memory, though not transferring to others: hereupon I have in these lines registered to myself, whatsoever most tooke me in my journey from Venice into Turky."

ART. XVII. *The Historie of two the moste noble Capitaines of the worlde, Annibali and Scipio: of theyr dyvers battailes and victories: excedyng profitable to reade: gathered and translated into Englishe out of Titus Livius and other authores, by Antonye Cope, esquier. Anno* 1544. 4to. Colophon. *Londini. In ædibus Thomæ Bertheleti regii impressoris typis excusum. Anno verbi incarnati MDXLIIII.*

In the list of early English translations, which now makes a part of the prolegomena to Shakspeare,* Mr. Steevens has dated this version of Cope's Livy, 1545. I have therefore cited both title and colophon, to shew the real date. Herbert † speaks of the book as a rarity: as a specimen of typography it confers far more credit on the printer, than do his recommendatory lines in the character of a poet.

" *Tho. Berthelet on this Historie.*

" Who so ever desireth for to rede
Marciall prowesse, feactes of chivalrie,
That maie hym profite at tyme of nede;
Lette hym in hande take this historie,
That sheweth the sleyghtes and policie,
The wily traynes of wyttie Anniball,
The crafty disceites full ofte wherby
He gave his puissant ennemies a falle.

Of woorthie stomache and courage valyaunt,
Of noble herte and mannely enterprise,
Of jentlenesse of mynde, sure and constaunt,
Of governaunce prudent, ware, and wyse,

* See Reed's edition, II. p. 111. † Typogr. Antiq. I. 447.

Shall

Shall fynde accordynge unto his devise
This prince Scipio, this myghty Romayne,
Whiche all for pleasure ever dydde dispyse,
In continence a lorde and souveraigne.

Lo thus maie menne playnly here beholde,
That wyly wytte, powre, guyle, nor policie,
Coulde Anniball ever styll upholde,
But that by Scipio's woorthy chivalrie,
His manhode, vertue, and dedes knyghtly,
He was subdued—there is no more to sayne:
And yet, to speake as trouth wyll verifye,
There was never founde a better capitayne."

The translation extends to 74 chapters, and is dedicated "to his moste redoubted soveraigne lorde Henry the viii. by his right humble subjecte and servaunt Antony Cope," in seven pages. Any extract might be deemed superfluous. T. P.

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ART. XVIII. *This is the Myrrour or Glass of Healthe: necessary and nedefull for every person to loke in, that will kepe theyr bodye from the syckenesse of the pestylence. And it sheweth howe the planettes do reygne in every houre of the day and night: with the natures and exposicions of the xii sygnes: devyded by the xii monethes of the yeare, and shewed the remedyes for dyvers infyrmyties and diseases that hurtethe the bodye of man.* Colophon. *Imprinted at London in Fleete street, benethe the Conduite, &c. by Thomas Colwel.* 12mo. *sine anno.*

The prologue of the "auctour" (Tho. Moulton) declares, that this book profiteth greatly to surgeons, and

and also to physicians. It seems rather calculated to profit designing empirics and superstitious patients, who look to planetary influence, miraculous medicaments, or magical amulets, for the cure of disease. Two short recipes will suffice as specimens.

"*For biting of a mad dog.*

"Take the sede of box, and stampe it, and temper it with holye-water, and gyve it hym to drynke," &c.

"*For the fallynge evill.*

"Take the bloud of hys lytle fyngre that is sick, and write these iii verses folowing, and hange them about his necke.

"Jasper fert mirram, thus, mel, chia, Baltazarum,
Hæc quicunque secum portat, tria nomina regum,
Solvitur a morbo, Domini pietate caduce."

T. P. *York*

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ART. XIX. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 48.]

"And seems to pearce the cloudie skies:
Such poets Sidney likes,
Whose gentle wind makes dust arise
As hie as morice pikes;

That lifts aloft the soldier's hart,
Who doth advance the same;
And bends his bodie in each part,
Thereby to purchase fame.*

* Virgill entring the colledge of poets in Rome, the rest of the poets there did more reverence to him than to the emperor; and when he came into the senate the senators likewise did so.

The

The sword and lance of marshall men
Their lions courage showes;
The poets, with their wit and pen,
Tells where their furie flowes.

They both are knowne as soone as seene,
As things of great import;
The one may verie far oreweene,
The other in some sort;

Stands on his honor sundrie waies;
And offreth life, therefore;
The poet seekes no more but praise,
As poets did of yore:

Whose words strooke dead the stoutest groomes
That ever were in place;
And sweeped clean, like new-made broomes,
The foulest cause or case. *

As water washeth each thing white,
And sope might scour withall,
The canker of foule worlds delite,
More sharpe than bitter gall;

So poets, with plaine terms makes cleane
The foulest conshence lives;
And by good words from vice doth weane,
Through councell that it gives,

The childish wit and churlisht mind.
Lo, then, how poets may
Both alter manners, and bad kind,
To frame a better way. †

* David sung the liricke verses to his harp, and those Ebrue songs consisted of divers feet and unequal numbers, sometime in Iambikes running otherwhile.

† In Saphicks, swelling again in halfe a foote amiably halting.

Of

Of heavens, and the highest throne
Where God himselfe doth sit,
Good poets still should treat alone,
To shewe their flowing wit; *

As by their Muse they carried were,
Beyond our sight or view,
Into a fine and purer aire
Or speshall climate new: †

Where all things are as cleane as gold
From furnace to the stamp;
So poets should this world behold,
And shine as cleer as lamp.

That light doth give to evry eie
Which doth in darkness dwell;
And glorie show, of heavens hie,
To damned spreets of hell. ‡

Which darknes in a dungeon keeps
From sight of vertue's lore,
Where ignorance in slumber sleeps,
Like dunse, for evermore.

Sir Philip Sydney praiseth those
Whose waking wits doth see
The depth and ground of verse and prose,
And speakes with judgement free; §

* Saloman, in the gardens of Engadda, framed songs to his harpe, which then was a heavenly musicke.

† Jeremie wrate his funeral lamentations in Saphycks, long before Simonides, the Greeke poet.

‡ Isaias wrate sacred odes and holie verses; and for remembring the mysteries of God therein, a tyrant king caused him to be sawed asunder.

§ The song of Sydrack and his fellowes in the hot flame, was in verse.

Of

Of all the matters, under sun,
Both secrets, hie and low,
And over them with pen can run
As far as skill can goe. *

Sift evrie word and sentence well,
And cast away the bran,
To show the kernell, crack the shell
In pieces now and than;

That evrie one shall taste the nut,
Or see where worme hath fed;
And shoot an arrowe at the but,
And drawe it to the head.

Like archer, that can hit the white
And win the wager straight,
With cunning knowledge and delite,
And subtle sence and slaight: †

Which looks into the world so round,
And searcheth evry place,
To see what may be easlie found,
Or spoke of each man's case.

To rime and rove in retchles sort,
He counted revell rash,
As whip doth make a horse to snort,
When carter gives a lash."

[*To be continued.*]

T. P.

* Moses, by some men is thought the first deviser of verse, and his sister Marie [Miriam] devised the hexameter, and by it to have glorified Jehova.

† Ausonius, a Frenchman and poet, schoolmaster to Gracianus the emperor, was an orator and consul of Rome therefore.

ART. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N°. II.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(ABRIDGED FROM HIS LIFE BY LORD TEIGNMOUTH.)

Sir William Jones was the only son of William Jones, F.R.S. an eminent mathematician, who was a native of Wales, of humble origin, and born in Anglesey, in 1680. The account of this eminent person may be found in the Biographical Dictionary: he died in 1749, leaving by Mary, daughter of George Nix, a citizen of London, a daughter Mary, born 1736, afterwards married to Mr. Rainsford, a merchant,* and William the subject of this memoir, who was born in London, on the eve of the festival of St. Michael, 1746.

By his father's death the care of the education of this future prodigy devolved on his mother, when he was three years old. Mrs. Jones was a woman of uncommon energy, and uncommon talent for instruction; and she gave herself to the cultivation of her son's mind. Her success was adequate to her efforts; and at three years old, her pupil could read distinctly and rapidly any English book. Afterwards an accident to one of his eyes gave some check to his progress; but his appetite for books increased; and in his fifth year he was so much struck by the sublimity of the description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, as ever afterwards to remember it with emotions of rapture.

At Michaelmas, 1753, in his seventh year, he was sent to Harrow school, then under Dr. Thackeray,

* She died 1802.

where at first he was rather remarked for industry than talent; and after two years, having the misfortune to break his thigh-bone, was detained at home twelve months: a period not passed in indolence, but in familiarizing himself with the translations of Pope and Dryden, and in endeavours to imitate them.

This absence however operated to his disadvantage on his return to school, and most unjustly created prejudices against his capacity, or his application, which though punishment could not induce him to counteract by increased efforts, yet emulation soon excited him to overcome.

In his twelfth year, he arrived at the upper school, and now began to shew proofs of that extraordinary memory, which so distinguished him. At the same time he began to translate parts of Ovid and Virgil into English verse; and he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager. Hence his reputation rose in the school; and he particularly excelled in his acquaintance with Latin Prosody.

When Jones was fifteen, Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, who immediately took him under his patronage. From this time the following account of his character, habits, and acquirements, by his friend and schoolfellow, Sir John Parnell, stands on the best authority, and comprehends every thing necessary.

"The early period of life is not usually marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the first principles of virtue, and the first symptoms of those talents, which afterwards so eminently distinguished the character of Sir William Jones. He gave very early

early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to controul. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeable to the most strict classical authority. He imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness. His time being employed in study, prevented his joining in those plays and amusements which occupied the time of his other school-fellows; but it induced no other singularity in his manners: they were mild, conciliating and cheerful. When I first knew him, about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his youthful attention. The same disposition formed the most distinguished features at an early and at a late period of his life. A decision of mind, and a strict attachment to virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uniform spirit of philanthropy, were the characteristics of his youth, and of his manhood: he did no act, he used no expression, which did not justify these assertions."

The time now approached when Jones was to leave school, and his future destination became a subject of solicitude with his mother. Some of her friends advised the profession of the law, and an initiation into it by means of a special pleader's office, but the expense frightened her, and the barbarous language in which the

science was clothed prejudiced her son. These reasons, strengthened by the wishes of Dr. Sumner, prevailed in favour of an university: and Oxford was with some hesitation fixed upon. In 1764 therefore he was removed to University College.

At Oxford he immediately experienced that disappointment, which all boys who have enjoyed the fame of a great school, and who expect that that fame, and the same value for their acquirements which they have hitherto enjoyed, will follow them, are sure to encounter.

After a residence of a few months, he was elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet. He now began to indulge that passion for oriental literature, which he afterwards carried to so high a point; and by the help of a native of Aleppo acquired the pronunciation of Arabic. These occupations, with his Greek studies, which he continued to pursue with unabated application and ardour, soon reconciled him to his new station; and he received that countenance and respect from his tutors, which facilitated the advantageous employment of his time. He added the study of the Persic to that of the Arabic; and his progress in languages was already truly wonderful.

After a year, fearful of intrenching too far on the slender income of his mother, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, now Lord Spencer, then a child, when he spent part of the year at Wimbledon Park, and part in London, and was now first introduced among the great. Here he first formed an acquaintance with Miss Shipley, afterwards Lady Jones. Nor was he unambitious of fashionable accomplishments. He took

took the opportunity, while in the metropolis, of learning the arts of dancing and fencing. Lord Spencer's library afforded him inexhaustible entertainment and instruction; and here in his twenty-first year he began his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry. He was elected Fellow of his college, 7 Aug. 1766.

In 1767 he had an opportunity of seeing the Continent by attending the Spencer family in a journey to Spa. In the close of this year he is said to have conceived that resolution which afterwards fixed him to the profession of the bar, by reading Fortescue's Treatise De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.

In 1768, Mr. Sutton, Under Secretary of State, imposed upon him the task of translating the Life of Nadir Shah from an Eastern MS. at the desire of the King of Denmark. This was a tiresome task, which however he performed with credit to himself. It was published in 1770. To the History of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatise on oriental poetry in the language of the original, a work which no other person in England could then have performed.

In 1768 he formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial Minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count, an accomplished and learned nobleman, much addicted to oriental studies, and captivated by the splendid attainments of Jones. This intimacy produced a long, interesting, and learned correspondence.

Their correspondence was principally in Latin; in the first published letter of Jones are the following passages: "Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii, qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant.

Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consectamur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest: nempe tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego vero ut in iis doctus sim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibilitèr illis delector, nihil ut supra possit: equidem poesi Græcorum jam inde a puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cùm poesim Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illicò exarescere - - - - - "

Again he says, 1768. "Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorem habere notitiam, perlegas velim Smithi librum de Republicâ Anglorum, et Fortescuei dialogum de Laudibus Legum Angliæ Primum Latinè nec ineleganter scripsit Thomas Smithus, Legatus olim noster in Galliâ sub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus est, de quo dici potest id quod de fluvio Teleboa scripsit Xenophon Μεγας μεν ϑ, καλος δε. Auctor fuit Angliæ Cancellarius sub rege Henrico sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora cum alumno suo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, cum esset summâ senectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certe leges nostræ, ut in illo libro videbis, persapienter sunt compositæ, et ut ait Pindarus,

Νομος ὁ παντων βασιλευς
Θνατων τε και αθανατων
Ουτος δε δη αγει δικαιως
Το δικαιοτατον, ὑπερτατα
Χειρι.

Et reliqua, quæ citat in Georgiâ Plato."

In

In 1769 he writes to another correspondent, "I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing and elegant; but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius, that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impressions on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the turn of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected words."

In the summer of this year he accompanied Lord Althorpe as his tutor to Harrow, where he had an opportunity of drawing still closer the ties of intimacy with his old master Dr. Sumner.

Towards the end of this year he accompanied Lord Spencer's family to the Continent. In Feb. 1770 he writes from Nice to his friend Reviczki an account of himself; in which he says, "Si roges quomodo hic oblectem, haud multis respondeo. Quidquid habet musicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid mathesis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venustum vel poesis vel pictura, in eo omni sensus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus sine summo opprobrio carere neutiquam potest. Multa patriâ sermone scripsi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis institutione, more Aristoteleo, hoc est, αναλυτικῶ Præterea Tragœdiam contexere institui, quam inscripsi Soliman, cujus, ut scis, amabilissimus filius per novercæ insidias miserrime trucidatus est; plena est tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æschyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Asiaticis sit abundantissima Mitto tibi carmina duo, unum ex Hafizio depromptum, alterum e poetâ Arabo perantiquo sumptum, in hoc tamen

imagines ad Romanam consuetudinem aptavi. Mitto insuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, Epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam sum imitatus."

He writes from Spain, "næ ego levis homo sum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diu commoror; in Liguriâ hyemavi, in Galliâ verno tempore fruebar: Germaniæ finibus æstatem ago; si modo æstas vocari potest pluviosa hæcce et ingrata tempestas."

His correspondent Reviczki answers from Vienna on the 9th of August.

"En verité, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagè depuis un an entier. C'est le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puisse arriver à un homme qui d'ailleurs a toutes les dispositions pour voyager; vous avez passè les rigeurs de l'hyver, sous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre, il vous reste à passer l'étè aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui est le rendezvous général de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tantes de différentes nations assemblées; cela n'est il pas charmant? ou ne est ce pas là la partie essentielle des voyages πολλων ανθρωπων γναναι νοον."

It seems that in this autumn Mr. Jones returned to England: he now determined to enter upon a new plan of life; with a high spirit of independence, and a warm ambition, he was anxious to obtain both wealth and distinction; he therefore fixt upon the profession of the law, and was admitted of the Temple, 19th Sept. 1770.

On this subject he writes to Reviczki, "Jam inde a reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate

sum

sum quasi irretitus: circumstant amici, sodales, propinqui; hortantur ut poesin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatiar, ut uno verbo actor causarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi, etenim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est quam sim φιλοδοξος και φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικωτεραι; et si velit fortuna ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omnino mansuetiores literas negligere: poemata quædam patrio sermone scripta in lucem propediem edere statui; tragædiam, Soliman dictam, in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant: prætereà poema epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneis nomen) contexere institui; sed illud sanè ëousque differam donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intereà bellissimos lego poetas Persicos; habeo codicum manu scriptorum lautam copiam, partim a me coëmptam, partim mihi commodatam; inter eos complures sunt historici, philosophi, et poetæ magni apud Persas nominis."

Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

"I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,

'The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,'

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant;

pleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge."

"*To Robert Orme, Esq.*

April, 1772.

"It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those, who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucidides describes the Achelous, and Xenophon the Teliboos, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his usual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With

With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it; for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise which a composition can claim.

"The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and so earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those, whose opinions you respect; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world.*"

In 1772 he published a small volume of poems, chiefly consisting of translations from the Asiatic languages. On the 30th of April the same year, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1773 took the degree of A.M.

In 1774 he published his commentaries on Asiatic poetry, which he had begun in 1766, and finished 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year. This work was received with admiration and applause by the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country.

In January 1774 he was called to the bar, at which time he had remarked, that the law was a science, which would admit of no participation with the eastern muses, whom therefore he abstained from for some years with the most determined inflexibility.

In November 1774 he writes to G. S. Michaelis, "Quod quæris, seriòne Musas Asiaticas et politiores

literas

literas deseruerim, nihil scito esse verius, nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juris nostri studio Σπαρτων, σλεχον tua tamen opera teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam."

In 1776 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

In 1778 he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

In this year he was soliciting a judgeship in India, as appears by the following extract from a letter to Lord Althorpe, dated Oct. 3, 1778. "The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the Minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me, till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have 20,000l. in my pocket, before I am eight and thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some degree towards the service of my country in Parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the House of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age: whereas

whereas in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear Lord, that if the Minister be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt, or a care of any kind."

Lord Teignmouth says, that the year 1780 formed an interesting era in his life, in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded. His views were now more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench at Fort William in Bengal. "In this state of suspense, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not however enroll himself with any party; but looking up to the constitution and liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of 'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.' With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause, and this opinion once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity."

In this year he aspired to represent the University of Oxford, but was unsuccessful.

He

He published about this time a small pamphlet entitled "*An Enquiry into the legal method of suppressing Riots, and a Constitutional Plan of future Defence.*"

In the autumn of this year he was at Paris, to which he had also made a short excursion in the preceding summer. On his return he says, in a letter to Lord Althorpe, "after a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval I have seen not indeed so many men and so many cities, as the hero of the Odyssey, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more, but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I have invariably and deliberately condemned as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren and exhaust our own."

Soon after he lost his mother, an event which involved him in the deepest affliction.

He devoted the winter of this year to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest repute in Arabia; while the result of his professional studies was "*An Essay on the Law of Bailments.*"

In the summer of 1782 he again visited France with an intention of proceeding thence to America on a professional business: but this plan being soon given up he returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

"In his journey through life," says Lord Teignmouth, "Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities

tunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying, for the entertainment of his friends, the store which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye.

"Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure, which *prospects* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odor of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith † auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure, which *odours* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq. † The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.

How

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent, be just to his merit,
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran * o'erhangs the brown dale,
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Statham or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey bearded sages,
Be nature, and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labors were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor, † Slebeck, ‡ and Coidsmor § were ours;

* A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.
† Seat of Lord Dinevau's near Landilo, in Carmarthen.
‡ Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford-West.
§ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

Yet

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honors* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live."

In the beginning of 1783 Mr. Jones published his *Translation of the Seven Arabian Poems* which he had finished in 1781. The translator observes, "that these poems exhibit an exact picture of the virtues and vices of the Arabs in the age of the Seven Poets, their wisdom and their folly, and shew what may be constantly expected from men of open hearts, and boiling passions, with no law to controul, and little religion to restrain them."

"The period was now arrived," continues Lord Teignmouth, "when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, at Bengal, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph."

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton.

Sir William Jones embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate, and in April 1783 left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

[*To be continued.*]

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## Art. XXI. MAURICE MORGAN.

1802, March 28, died at Knightsbridge, aged 76, Maurice Morgan, Esq. Commissioner of the Hackney-Coach Office, formerly Private Secretary to Lord Shelburne, author of An Essay on the Character of Falstaff, and distinguished for his extensive knowledge. Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, lately published, has introduced the following eloquent memorial of this author. Having cited some passages from his Essay, which he says, "forms a more honourable monument to the memory of Shakspeare, than any, which has been reared to him by the united labours of his commentators, he goes on thus: "With the name of Maurice Morgan, who has fondled my infancy in his arms, who was the friend of my youth, who expanded the liberality of my opening heart, and first taught me to think, and to judge; with this interesting name, so many sadly-pleasing recollections are associated, that I cannot dismiss it without reluctance. He was my friend; but he was the friend also of his species. The embrace of his mind was ample; that of his benevolence was unbounded. With great rectitude of understanding he possessed a fancy that was always creative and playful. On every subject, for on every subject he thought acutely and deeply, his ideas were original and striking. Even

Even when he was in error, he continued to be specious and to please: and he never failed of your applause, though he might sometimes of your assent. When your judgment coyly held back, your imagination yielded to his seductive addresses; and you wished him to be right, when you were forced to pronounce that he was wrong. This is spoken only of those webs, which his fancy perpetually spun, and dipped in the rainbow: his heart was always in the right. With a mind of too fine a texture for business, too theoretical and abstract o be executive, he discharged with honour the office of Under Secretary of State, when the present Marquis of Lansdown was for the first time in power; and he was subsequently sent by that nobleman across the Atlantic, as the intended legislator of Canada. His public and his private life were impelled by the same principles to the same object;—by the love of liberty and virtue to the happiness of man. If his solicitous and enlightened representations had experienced attention, the temporary and the abiding evils of the American contest would not have existed; and the mother and her offspring would still have been supported and supporting with their mutual embrace. From a long intercourse with the world he acquired no suspicion, no narrowness, no hardness, no moroseness. With the simplicity and candour, he retained to the last the cheerfulness and the sensibility, of childhood. The tale of distress, which he never staid to investigate, passed immediately through his open ear into his responsive heart; and his fortune, small as his disinterestedness had suffered it to remain, was instantly communicated to relieve. His humanity comprehended the whole animated creation, and

nothing could break the tenor of his temper but the spectacle of oppression or cruelty. His failings (and the most favoured of our poor species are not without failings) were few, and untinctured with malignity. High as he was placed by Nature, he was not above the littleness of vanity; and kindly as were the elements blended in him, his manner would sometimes betray that contempt of others, which the wisest are, perhaps, the least prone to entertain, and which the best are the most studious to conceal. Though he courted praise, and was not nice respecting the hand, which tendered it, or the form in which it came, yet has he refused it in the most honourable shape, and when offered to him by the public. He has been importuned in vain to give a second edition of his Essay on Falstaff: and his repeated injunctions have impelled his executrix to an indiscriminate destruction of his papers, some of which, in the walks of politics, metaphysics, and criticism, would have planted a permanent laurel on his grave.

"Such were his frailties and inconsistencies, the objects only of a doubtful smile: but his virtues and his talents made him the delight of the social, the instruction or the comfort of the solitary hour.

"Though he had been accustomed to contemplate the awful crisis of death with more terror than belonged to his innocent life, or to his generally intrepid breast, he met the consummation without alarm, and expired with as much serenity as he had lived. This event happened at his house in Knightsbridge, in the 77th year of his age, on the 28th of March, 1802.

Χαιρε! Vale!

"I shall

"I shall never cease to think with a sigh of the grave in which I saw your body composed, till my own body shall require the same pious covering of dust, and shall solicit, with far inferior claims, yet haply not altogether in vain, for the same fond charity of a tear."

*From Dr. Symmons's Life of Milton.*

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ART. XXII. *Memoirs of Col. John Hutchinson.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 69.]

Colonel John Hutchinson was eldest son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe in Nottinghamshire, Kt. by Margaret daughter of Sir John Byron, of Newsted in the same county, and was born at Nottingham in 1616. He was educated at Nottingham school, and thence removed to the free school at Lincoln. Here, when not occupied in his studies, he was exercised in all military postures, assaults, and defences, by an old low-country soldier, who was employed to instruct the scholars in this way. Hence he was removed back to the free school at Nottingham, and on quitting it sent a Fellow Commoner to Peter-House, Cambridge, where he attained much credit for his learning, and took a degree with considerable reputation.

After five years stay at the University, being then twenty years old, he returned to his father's house, who had now settled his habitation at Nottingham; but a new brood of children, by a second marriage, having sprung up in the house, which made his abode there not entirely agreeable, he obtained leave to go to London, where he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn.

Here however he did not find society congenial to his taste, and thinking the study of the law unpleasant and contrary to his genius, and the plague, which broke out this spring, beginning to drive people out of the town, he retired to Richmond. At this place, he met his future wife and biographer, Lucy Apsley, as has been already mentioned.

In the two years, which followed, in the bosom of domestic privacy he took the greatest delight in the study of divinity. "It was a remarkable providence of God in his life," says his wife, "that must not be passed over without special notice, that he gave him these two years leisure, and a heart so to employ it, before the noise of war and tumult came upon him: yet about the year 1639 the thunder was heard afar off rattling in the troubled air, and even the most obscured woods were penetrated with some flashes, the forerunners of the dreadful storm, which the next year was more apparent."

He now being anxious to increase his income, was on the point of concluding a bargain, for the purchase of a place in the court of Star-chamber, which an accident put aside, and which Mrs. H. considers a providential interference. In October, 1641, therefore, he retired to the family house at Owthorpe. Here "he applied himself to understand the things then in dispute, and read all the public papers that came forth, between the King and Parliament, besides many other private treatises, both concerning the present and foregoing times. Hereby he became abundantly informed in his understanding, and convinced in conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause, in point of civil right, and though he was satisfied of the endeavours

deavours to restore Popery, and subvert the true Protestant religion, which indeed was apparent to every one that impartially considered it, yet he did not consider that so clear a ground for the war, as the defence of the just English liberties; and although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do any thing more, contented himself with praying for peace."

He was now by the influence of Henry Ireton, his relation, put by the Parliament into the Commission of the peace, and soon after presented a petition of the yeomanry and others of that stamp belonging to his own county to the King at York, requesting him to return to the Parliament, a circumstance, that gave much uneasiness to his loyal relations the Byrons. He was hence embarked in this cause, and other events immediately followed, which confirmed him in it.

Mrs. H. records that almost the whole county of Nottingham were for the King. "The greatest family," she says, "was the Earl of Newcastle's,* a lord so much beloved in his country, that when the first expedition was against the Scots, the gentlemen of the country set him forth two troops, one all of gentlemen, the other of their men, who waited on him into the north at their own charges. He had, indeed, through his great estate, his liberal hospitality, and constant residence in his country so endeared them to him, that no man was a greater prince than he in all that nor-

* William Cavendish, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Newcastle, who was seated at Welbeck Abbey, and whose landed rental in those days amounted to 22,000l. a year and upwards.

thern quarter, till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court, where he ran himself much in debt to purchase neglects of the King and Queen, and scorns of the proud courtiers."*

Mr. Hutchinson was not willing to quit his house, to which he had so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party. Nottingham now took up the sword, and it was not safe to lay it down again. Upon the Parliament's commission therefore for settling the militia, Mr. Hutchinson was chosen Lieut. Col. of Col. Pierrepoint's Regiment of Foot. He now resolved, if possible, to preserve the town of Nottingham to the Parliament; an important service, it being a considerable pass into the north, which, if the enemy had first possessed themselves of, the Parliament had been cut off from all intercourse between the north and south, especially in the winter time, when the river Trent is not fordable, and only to be passed over by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, and up higher at Wilden Ferry, where the enemy also had a garrison. He well knew the difficulty of what he undertook, and considered himself as the forlorn hope of those, who were engaged in it; but his invincible courage and passionate zeal for a cause, which he believed to be just, impelled him to persevere.

On the 29th of June, 1643, the castle of Nottingham was committed to Colonel Hutchinson's care.

* The strong coincidence of this portrait, with that given by Lord Clarendon, though written by one of the opposite party, is a clear presumption of the reliance that is to be put upon both.

This

This fortress was ill fortified and ill provided, all which he set himself as soon as possible to repair. Soon afterwards his father died, and did him much injustice by his will, but this he bore with his accustomed fortitude of mind, and did not suffer it to abate his energy in the cause which he had embraced. Attempts were made to shake his fidelity through the medium of his cousin Sir Richard Byron; he replied, "that except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider, there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; but the grounds he went on were such, that he very much despised such a thought, as to sell his faith for base rewards or fears, and therefore could not consider the loss of his estate, which his wife was as willing to part with, as himself, in this cause, wherein he was resolved to persist in the same place, in which it had pleased God to call him to the defence of it."

From hence Colonel H. continued the defence of his castle with much ability and courage, not only against the enemy but against many internal intrigues, till 1647, when the war being ended he thought the command no longer worthy himself or his brother, and gave it over to his kinsman Captain Poulton. He then removed his family back to his own house at Owthorpe, but found, that as it had stood uninhabited and been robbed of every thing which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelford and Wiverton could carry from it, it was so ruinated that it could not be repaired to make a convenient habitation, without as much charge as would almost build another. But he made a bad shift with it for that year.

Not

Not long afterwards followed the trial of the unhappy monarch. "After the purgation of the House," says his biographer, "upon new debate of the Treaty of the Isle of Wight, it was concluded dangerous to the realm, and destructive to the better interest, and the trial of the King was determined. He was sent for to Westminster, and a commission given forth to a court of high justice, whereof Bradshaw, Serjeant at Law, was President; and divers honourable persons of the Parliament, city, and army, nominated commissioners. Among them Colonel Hutchinson was one, who very much against his own will, was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God, and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he run, as the condition of things then was."

As he voted for the death of the King, Mrs. H. justifies it in the following words: "As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God, by prayer, desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion, in these great transactions, he would open his eyes and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience, that it was his duty to act as he did, he upon serious debate, both privately and in addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious upright unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against

against the King. Although he did not then believe, but it might one day come to be again disputed among men; yet both he and others thought, they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth, and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience, which he had sought the Lord to guide, and, accordingly, the Lord did signalize his favours to him."

He soon saw through Cromwell's designs of private ambition, and was treated by him accordingly. He still however attended his duty in Parliament. "The only recreation he had during his residence at London was in seeking out all the rare artists he could hear of, and in considering their works in paintings, sculptures, gravings, and all other such curiosities, insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity. Being loath that the land should be disfurnished of all the rarities that were in it, whereof many were set to sale in the King's and divers noblemen's collections, he laid out about two thousand pounds in the choicest pieces of painting, most of which were bought out of the King's goods, which were given to his servants to pay their wages: to them the Colonel gave ready money, and bought so good pennyworths, that they were valued much more worth than they cost. These he brought down into the country, intending a very neat cabinet for them; and these, with the surveying of his buildings, and improving by enclosure the place he lived in, employed him at home, and, for a little time, hawks abroad; but when a very sober fellow, that

that never was guilty of the usual vices of that generation of men, rage and swearing, died, he gave over his hawks, and pleased himself with music, and again fell to the practice of his viol, on which he played excellently well; and entertaining tutors for the diversion and education of his children in all sorts of music, he pleased himself in these innocent recreations during Oliver's mutable reign. As he had great delight, so he had great judgment, in music, and advanced his children's practice more than their tutors: he also was a great supervisor of their learning, and indeed himself a tutor to them all, besides all those tutors which he liberally entertained in his house for them. He spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, music, dancing, and all other qualities befitting their father's house. He was himself their instructor in humility, sobriety, and all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight, than by constraint. As other things were his delight, this only he made his business, to attend the education of his children, and the government of his own house and town. This he performed so well that never was any man more feared and loved than he, by all his domestics, tenants, and hired workmen. He was loved with such a fear and reverence, as restrained all rude familiarity and insolent presumptions in those who were under him, and he was feared with so much love, that they all delighted to do his pleasure."

"As for the public business of the country, he could not act in any office under the Protector's power, and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole

whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for council as a private neighbour, than to any of the men in power for greater help."

"In the interim Cromwell and his army grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of Government, which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day."

Mrs. Hutchinson observes of Richard Cromwell, that "he was so flexible to good councils, that there was nothing desirable in a Prince, which might not have been hoped in him, but a great spirit and a just title, the first of which sometimes doth more hurt than good in a Sovereign, the latter would have been supplied by the people's deserved approbation."

During the events that immediately preceded the Restoration, "the Colonel was by many of his friends attempted every way to fall in with the King's interest, and often offered both pardon and preferment, if he could be wrought off from his party, whose danger was now laid before him; but they could no way move him."

He was chosen in the new parliament to represent the town of Nottingham, and on the twenty-fifth of April, 1660, went up to attend his duty there. On the 29th of May Charles the Second again entered London. They, who had acted a principal part in the late times, and who now sat in the house, were expected to make some recantation of their conduct. When it came to Colonel H.'s turn, he said, "that for his acting in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country

country more than his own, and if the sacrifice of him could induce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent, that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he made shipwreck of all things, but a good conscience, and, as to that particular action of the King, he desired them to believe, that he had that sense of it, that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman."

The result of the house that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house. But he was not one of the seven, who were excepted from mercy.

Yet afterwards although he was "cleared both for life and estate in the House of Commons, not answering the court expectations in public recantations, and dissembled repentance, and applause of their cruelty to his fellows, the Chancellor was cruelly exasperated against him, and there were very high endeavours to have razed him out of the act of oblivion; but Sir Allen Apsley's interest, and most fervent endeavours for him turned the scales in his favour."

He now retired into the country, but, while he saw his old compatriots suffering, he was ill satisfied with himself for accepting mercy.

He continued retired, all that winter, and the next summer; but it seems that his enemies continued to cherish their malice against him, and only watched for

an

an opportunity to shew it. In autumn 1663 he had relieved with money one Palmer, a non-conforming minister, then in Nottingham jail, and on the 11th of October that year, a body of soldiers came to his house at Owthorpe, and conducted him a prisoner to Newark; and here he continued no man coming to him, or letting him know why he was brought there. On the 19th of October he was carried by a party of horse to the Marquis of Newcastle's, who treated him very honourably, and dismissed him without a guard to his own house. On the 23d of October another party of horse came and carried him back to Newark, from whence he was soon removed to London, where he was confined in the Tower, being committed by a warrant of Secretary Bennet for treasonable practises. On November the sixth he was carried to Whitehall and examined by Bennet himself; whose questions to him were answered in such a way, as to leave no impression of guilt. Soon after he was examined a second time with the hope of entrapping him, but with no effect. It seems the suspicion was founded on the idea of a northern plot: when Sir Allen Apsley appealed to the Chancellor, his answer was 'your brother is the most unchanged person of his party."

An order at length came to remove him to Sandown castle, on the sea side, close to Deal, in Kent. "When he came to the castle, he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town, the rooms all out of repair, not weather free, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life."

There being no room for his wife or family, Mrs. H. and her daughter were obliged to take lodgings

at

at Deal. Yet the Colonel did not lose his chearfulness. He entertained himself with sorting and shadowing cockle shells; but his business and continual study was the scripture. As it drew towards the close of the year, Mrs. H. was obliged to go to Owthorpe to fetch her children and other supplies to her husband. His daughter and brother staid at Deal, and coming to him every day, walked out with him to the sea-side, a liberty with which he was now indulged. When his wife went away, he was well and chearful, and confident of seeing Owthorpe again. On the third of September, after walking by the sea-side, he came home aguish, and went to bed. The disorder, with some variations, increased, and on the fourth day he rose to sleep no more until his last sleep came upon him, continuing the whole time in a feverish distemper. The day on which he died was the 11th of September, 1664. His body was conveyed to Owthorpe for burial. He died in the forty-ninth year of his age.

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ART. XXIII. *Three Brief Biographical Notices.*

## DR. GLO'STER RIDLEY.

Dr. Glo'ster Ridley was of the same family with Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who fell a martyr to the persecutions of Queen Mary. He was born 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, from whence he took his name; educated at Winchester; Fellow of New College, Oxford, LL.B. 29 April, 1729. Here he laid the foundation of those acquirements, which afterwards distinguished him as a poet, historian, and divine. For many years his only preferment

ferment was the small college living of Weston Longueville, in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex: to these the College afterwards added the donative of Rumford in Essex. In this seclusion he was content with domestic happiness; and the friendship of a select few, distinguished for learning and worth In 740 and 1742 he preached eight sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1763, he published "The Life of Bishop Ridley" in 4to. In 1765, he published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768 in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which the "Confessional" produced, was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden Prebend at Salisbury. He died Nov. 3, 1774, æt. 72, leaving a widow, and four daughters; of whom Mrs. Evans, the only married one, published several novels.

In the latter part of his life, he lost both his sons; each a youth of abilities. The elder, James Ridley, was author of, 1. The Tales of the Genii. 2. A humorous paper, called "The Schemer,' afterwards collected into a volume. 3. The History of James Lovegrove, Esq.; and some other literary works. Thomas, the younger, died of the small-pox, a writer at Madras.

Two poems by Dr Ridley, one styled "Jovi Eleutherio, or an offering to Liberty;" the other, called "Psyche," are in Dodsley's Collection. "Melampus," the sequel of the latter, has since been published by subscription. His Transcript of the Syriac Gospels has been published with a literal Latin translation by Professor White, in 2 vols. 4to. at Oxford.

*From a Note to Nichols's Collection of Poems, Vol. VIII. p. 74.*

## 2. MISS PENNINGTON.

This young poetess died in 1759, at the early age of 25. She was daughter of the Rev. Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. Mr. John Duncombe has celebrated her in his "Feminead," for her "Copper Farthing," printed in Dilly's "Repository," 1777, Vol. I. p. 131. Her "Ode to a Thrush" is in Dodsley's Collection; and her "Ode to Morning" and "a Riddle" in Nichols's Collection.

*From the same, Vol. VI. p. 27.*

## 3. MISS FARRER.

This lady was a cotemporary, and probably of the same neighbourhood, with Miss Pennington. Mr. Edwards, (in Richardson's Correspondence, edited by Mrs. Barbauld,) speaks of her "charming Ode on the Spring;" and in the same publication is inserted the following "Ode to Cynthia."

### ODE TO CYNTHIA,

BY MISS FARRER.

"Sister of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene;
Whose friendly beams by night appear
The lonely traveller to cheer!
Attractive Power, whose mighty sway
The Ocean's swelling waves obey;
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise!
Thee wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bower.

Bu

But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart,
To find the youth, who stole my heart;
And guide me, from thy silver throne,
To steal *his* heart, or *find* my own!"

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ART. XXIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

## N°. IV.

### *On the state best adapted to human happiness.*

*" Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,*
*Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt;*
*Res non parta labore, sed relicta;*
*Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;*
*Lis nunquam, toga rara; mens quieta;*
*Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus;*
*Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;*
*Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa:*
*Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;*
*Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus;*
*Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;*
*Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis;*
*Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes."*

MARTIAL X. 47.

### *Translation by Cowley.*

" Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;

These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great, nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call.
Let this estate from parent's care descend;
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industrie.
Let constant fires the Winter's fury tame;
And let thy kitchen be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
*Ana* of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good;
If any cares into the day time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed;
Be satisfied, and pleased, with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well the allotted part;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last."

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I have often and deeply reflected how far this state of existence is in right of itself capable of happiness; and what are the circumstances which afford the best chance of attaining it; and I am firmly convinced that the description given by Martial of the ingredients

most

most conducive to it, is founded not merely in the dreams of a poet's fancy, but in solid and unalterable truth.

The great difficulty is the concurrence of the ingredient, which is least likely to be combined with the rest, but without which all the rest are vain:

"Quod sis, esse velis; nihilque malis."

Unless a man knows how to value such a lot; unless he is thoroughly aware of the emptiness or the perplexities of wealth, and grandeur, and rank, and power; as long as he is dazzled by show, or sighs after distinction, the moderate pleasures within his reach will appear insipid and dull.

To see so large a portion of mankind pass by, unheeded, the very exquisite enjoyments, which offer themselves to their embrace, in pursuit of the most delusive phantoms, which they are seeking at the expense of ease, virtue, health, fortune, and reputation, is indeed amongst the most deplorable proofs of our fallen nature. To rise of a morning with a head unburthened with perplexing business, and a heart unclouded with care; to behold, as the sun pierces through the mistiness of the dawn, the scenes of nature opening before us in dewy brilliance; to be at liberty to wander uncontrouled amid this beautiful landscape, and, while exercise strengthens and braces the body, to inhale freshness and exquisite odours, and exhilarating spirits from the pure airs of heaven, is not mere negative happiness, but rapture and enchantment! From hence to return home, even to a straw-roofed cottage, where there is neatness, and competence, and peace; and a book, and a virtuous friend, of a cultivated mind, to

meet one, is only a variety, and not a diminution, of the day's pleasure. The sacred charm of innocence, instead of leaving the sting of regret in the recollection of the past, adds, on reflection, to the poignancy of the enjoyment; and the corporeal frame, healthy from its own habits, and untouched by mental uneasiness, becomes attuned to sensations of happiness, such as almost lift it above humanity!

I am as sure, as I am of any human truth, that grandeur and ambition, at the very moment of attaining their utmost wishes, never felt pleasures, which, even in a worldly point of view, could bear a comparison with these cheap and innocent occupations! Occupations, in the power of thousands, and tens of thousands, who desert them for the paths of bitterness, disappointment, disgrace, crime, and eternal misery!

But, alas! the rarest of all earthly attainments is content! It seems to be one of the most radical defects of our frail nature. We cannot bear to see our neighbours mounted over our heads; we cannot bear to see bloated greatness look down upon us with neglect and scorn; when we ought to consider the robe of office that covers the insignificant, and the coronet which encircles the brows of the weak, as nothing more than the fool's cloak and cap, which point him out more distinctly to the contempt of the world. It must be confessed, indeed, that there are times, when the best regulated minds cannot entirely restrain their indignation on this subject. Never perhaps did the period exist in this country, when these abuses were carried so far, as they have lately been. Upstarts of the most offensive sort have been obtruded into too many high offices, and decked out with too many unmerited distinctions,

tinctions, which have enabled them to insult men, their superiors as well in all the gifts of nature, as in all those artificial claims which have hitherto been recognized by the wisdom of human institutions. These men, even where they have been blessed with native genius have uniformly been inebriated with the fumes of sudden prosperity, and belied the honourable expectations, which they had raised. In truth, they are so engrossed with themselves, that they have no conception of any pretensions but their own. But these circumstances, though they may palliate, can by no means justify, the disturbance of that peace of mind, which becomes true wisdom, and true virtue!

There is, however, a species of celebrity, which it is not unbecoming a well-attempered disposition to seek. I mean the fame, which is merited by eminence in literature; more especially by the sublime efforts of poetry. This pursuit is not inconsistent with that station and those habits, which Martial describes as affording the best probability of happiness here; but, on the contrary, would be most cherished by them. Anxieties never cease to embitter the pillow of greatness; a large retinue, a crowd of dependents, surround it with intrigues and troubles; calumny, envy, and malice are constantly at work; luxury enfeebles the constitution; idleness weakens the mind; and while all in this world appears but the vanity of vanities, the hopes of the next grow fainter and fainter, for the sake of delusions, from which the unhappy victim is yet too feeble to extricate himself.

O how I sigh for the enviable state, so beautifully delineated by the poet; and in the first place

"Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta;"

that *toga*, from which I turn with such unfeigned abhorrence; which covers a heart, so restless, so feverish, so artificial; and is surmounted by a head so full of quips, and quirks, and sophistry; and so occupied in groveling labours, when it might aspire to speculations which would exalt it in the ranks of intellectual existence! To behold a crowd of lawyers, in a narrow and heated court, breathing pestilence and poison, with wan looks, sallow cheeks, and distracted countenances, insisting with artificial energy on some technical nonsense, subversive of wisdom, justice, and equity, is a spectacle, from which I early fled with unconquerable disgust. What wise man would for a moment exchange for it the lot of the poor and uncultivated ploughman, whom I have heard, in the exuberance of his heart felt joy, make the echoes rebound with his voice, as I have seen him, in a cold drizzling morning of December, striking his furrow in distant fields, far amid solitary woodlands, and remote from all that is deemed the gaiety of life!

The heart, that has lost its zest for the scenery of Nature, that is untouched by the simplest pleasures, however harsh the designation may seem, is depraved! A walk, a ride, in the open air, at a distance from towns, and a return to the most unostentatious cottage, where only competence, and cleanliness, and peace preside, offers to a virtuous bosom the utmost gratification, of which we are capable, except what may arise from the retrospect of a duty performed, or a benefit conferred.

If these sentiments are faintly, or imperfectly expressed, the reader is entreated to notice, that they have

have been dictated from the couch of debility and sickness.

Feb. 9, 1807.

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## N°. V.

*Literature the only permanent vehicle of Fame.*

Feb. 14, 1807.

I have often been struck at the extreme indifference and ignorance of men, who appear to be acting a conspicuous part in the world, in every thing except that which concerns their own immediate line of action. Men, of whom better things might have been expected, have been so engrossed with their own peculiar views of private ambition, that they have been found totally uninformed in matters, which it behoves every liberal mind to be in some degree acquainted with.

The late Mr. Pitt, whose exalted character I contemplate with due reverence, had defects of which his various splendid qualities ought not to obliterate the disapprobation. He seems to have imagined that the temper of the public mind might be, not only best, but exclusively, influenced through the channel of parliamentary oratory. A more narrow, and dangerous mistake has seldom been entertained. With all proper respect for the powers of oral eloquence, it is impossible to contemplate its deficiencies, compared with written compositions, (more especially as conveyed to the public by means of hired reporters of debates,) without astonishment at the error of such an opinion entertained by a strong understanding!

Alas! his own fame is now suffering through the consequences

consequences of this mistake! He did not know the value of literature; and he never drew its masters around him.* His reputation therefore begins to be eclipsed, in the eye of the nation, by that of the great rival, who soon followed him to the grave; and who, having adorned his brilliant talents with this kind of cultivation, now enjoys the effect of it in the adulation paid to his memory.

In truth, in what other way can the credit now given to Mr. Fox, for superiority in certain points, as a statesman, to which he has no fair pretension, be accounted for? The panegyrists of that illustrious senator seem to take for granted, that because the measures of Mr. Pitt failed to rescue the Continent of Europe from the grasp of France, the opinions and predictions of his opponent have been verified by time, and would have produced both the preservation of the nations which have fallen, and the peace and security and prosperity of Great Britain! An illegitimate inference, which were the friends of the departed premier as zealous, and as active, in the fair means of regulating the public sentiment, as they ought to be, would have been long ago exposed! I conceive, on the contrary, no mathematical demonstration more certain, than that, whatever may be the event of the present struggle, if we had merely stood upon the defensive, nursed our resources, cultivated our commerce, and hugged the blessings of peace in a delusive safety, till we were attacked, while France was cherishing her strength, her ferocity, and her skill in arms, by the difficulties and

* A sensible pamphlet on this subject was published about ten years ago by "A Near Observer."

dangers

dangers of warfare, our fate would have been, on the first onset, to have fallen, in all the debility of ease, wealth, and luxury, even without a blow. So much for the wise opinions, which have lately obtained uncontradicted applause for Mr. Fox, who, if he had put the principles, which he promulgated when in opposition, into execution on the attainment of power, (a folly of which I do not for a moment suspect him,) would have brought his country to irreparable ruin!

But such is the predominance, and in many respects the merited predominance, of him, who has courted the favour of the muses!

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus: non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones."*

That they, who adored the son of Chatham when living, would desert his memory when dead, ought to have been within his contemplation, if he had exercised his sagacity on the characters of those, whom for the most part he suffered to surround him.

———"He rests among the dead!
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn!"

* Hor. Od. 9. Lib. iv,

For

For me, who never received favour or notice from him, when alive, and who am precluded from any effectual co-operation in the principles by which he was actuated, from the coldness and strange indifference of those who have assumed the name of his surviving friends, I will not lightly be driven from the office of strewing his grave with flowers!

Yet how ungrateful a task I perform, how little I have been "fed with the fostering dew of praise," it would seem querulous to detail. But I will not be deterred from recording the following two sonnets, which a late occasion drew forth.

### SONNET I.

*Composed at midnight, Feb.* 11, 1807.

Amid these sylvan shades I live unknown
To the coarse spirit, who with public brawls
Shakes in false fury Senatorial walls;
And, vainly claiming to himself alone
All worth, importance, talent, and renown,
Deems him, who, list'ning to the Muse's calls,
Spends his calm life in distant rural halls,
A cypher, whom his rolls of Fame disown!
Poor, narrow-minded, groveling, base-soul'd knave!
When all the frothy torrents of thy tongue
Sink, like thyself, forgotten in the grave,
Still fresh shall flourish what the bard has sung;
And future Wisdom shall record his praise;
And unborn Beauty tremble o'er his lays!

SONNET II.

*Written Feb* 12, 1807.

Tho' in my veins the blood of monarchs flow,
Plantagenet and Tudor! * not for these
With empty boasts my lifted mind I please;
But rather that my heart's emotions glow
With the pure flame, the Muse's gifts bestow;
Nor would it my aspiring soul appease,
In rank, birth, wealth, to loll at sensual ease;
And none but Folly's stupid flattery know!
But yet when upstart Greatness turns an eye
Of scorn and insult on my modest fame,
And on descent's pretensions vain would try
To build the honours of a nobler name;
With pride defensive swelling, I exclaim,
"Base one, e'en there with *me* thou dar'st not vie!"

ART. XXV. *Literary Epitaphs.*

N°. I.

*Epitaph by Dr. Free, for himself.*

Hic sepultus est
Johannes Free,
In Academiâ Oxoniensi sacræ Theol. Doctor,
Et Civitatis ejusdem nominis civis natus,
Utriusque Pater;

* This is a fact, which may easily be ascertained by obvious authorities, of which it is unnecessary to mention any other than Sandford, or Stebbing. The sentiments are exactly those, which the author feels, and has ever felt, on the subject of descent. He would never oppose it but to those who assume airs on that pretence.

Quoniam

Quoniam non supererat in Civitate Civis senior,
Nec in Universitate Doctor.
Hic vir frustra vixit; nam laboravit frustra.
Nunquam enim quod Usus vitæ postulat,
Utcumque Moderatum, aut sibi assecutus est,
Aut suis
Concionator publicus per Annos LIII.
Et Doctor suæ facultatis XLIII.
Quinetiam, frustra:
Nam cum hæc scriberet, licet admodum senex,
Nunquam Ecclesiam obtinuisset,
Quæ redderet quotannis LXXX minas.
Mirum!
Sacerdos attamen fuit
Sub Imperio Georgii III. Magnæ Britanniæ
Regis,
Qui caput esse audit insuper Ecclesiæ.
At vero, quanquam Regis Familiæ fidus
Subditus,
Et suo damno fidus,
Nunquam tamen tulit, vel fidei politicæ
Vel operis Sacerdotalis præmium.
Adeo ut hujus hominis vita comparetur
Proventui arboris, naturâ fertilis
Sed quæ tempestatibus subinde agitata,
Cœlique inclementiâ oppressa, et tandem victa,
Fructum suum cum vitâ perdidit.
Quod perinde est, ac si a principio
facta fuisset sterilis.
Sic visum est Creatori
Opus texere, et retexere suum.
Sicciné, ait Psalmista, Deus,
Omnes homines in mendacium,
Aut deceptionem creâsti? *

* Psalm lxxxix. ver. 48. edit. Jun. et Tremell.

Si

Si hoc verum sit,
Tum præter inferna illa, ab antiquis temporibus
Credita et formidata,
Locus pænæ est etiam hæc Terra nostra,
Ubi sic decipimur; ubi
Per tramites perplexos iter, et ad quodvis
Divorticulum crebri laquei et insidiæ locantur,
Atque post infinitum molimen
Spei perpetua frustratio:
Qui cruciatus!
Patet, igitur, in hunc orbem eo fine inducimur,
Semper aliquid pati;
Et, quod maximum inter homines
Habitum est, et nominatum supplicium,
Patiendo mori.
Nonne hæc est pæna per totum,
Quando mors, cujus causâ nascimur,
Ut Supremum et grande officium ultionis
Coronat opus?
Cur ita comparatum est, aut quam ob causam
Huc venimus puniendi? An in hanc vitam
Ex aliâ vitâ profecti sumus? an-
sed melius est intactas relinquere
Quæstiones tam difficiles:—Deus noverit,
Hominem vero puto scire nullum.
Abi, Viator;
Nam adhuc calcanda tibi semita tortuosa vitæ:
Repone animo, et converte, si potes, in tuum
Usum
Arcanum Regis sapientissimi documentum,
'Vanitas Vanitatum,
'Universum hoc est Vanitas!' *
De usu aphorismi hujus

* Eccles. i. ver. 1.

Commentariolum

Commentariolum adjacet, infra; dicendo
Se observâsse in diebus suæ deceptionis,
Hoc est, vitæ suæ,
Est justus scilicet, periens in Justitiâ suâ;
Est sceleratus, qui promulgatur in suo scelere.
Ideo,
Pone modum justitiæ, et
Scientiæ pone modum;
Ulterius progredi periculosum:
Nam cur te ibis perditum * ? †

## N°. II.

*In the Chancel of St. James's Church, Westminster.*

Near this place lie the remains of
Mary Delany,
Daughter of Bernard Granville, Esq.
And niece of
George Granville Lord Lansdowne.
She was married first to
Alexander Pendarves of Roscrow
in the County of Cornwall, Esq.
And secondly, to Patrick Delany, D.D.
Dean of Down, in Ireland.
She was born the 14th of May, 1700;
And died the 15th of April, 1788.
She was a lady
Of singular ingenuity and politeness,
And unaffected piety:
Those qualities
Had endeared her thro' life
To many noble and excellent persons,
And made the close of it illustrious

* Eccles. vii. ver. 16. † Gent. Mag. Vol. lxi. p. 967.

By

By procuring for her
Many signal marks of grace and honour
From their Majesties. *

## N°. III.

*Intended† Epitaph at Kingston, near Canterbury.*

‡ H.S.E.
Rev. Gul. Dejovas Byrche, A.M.
Ævi, in quo vixit, decus et ornamentum; §
Suavitatis indolis, candoris, ac benevolentiæ,
omnibus exemplar.
Linguarum tam hodiernarum, quam anti-
quarum scientia,
paucis cessit,
rebus mathematicis, ac pietate non ficta,
nulli.
Corporis infirmi diu incola,
carceris tandem impatiens,
Cœlum versus avolavit
anima,
die Martis 7°, ætatis 62,
Salutis 1792.
Ad memoriam tam chari capitis conservandam,
Elizabetha—illius vidua mœrens,
H.M.P.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. lxvi. p. 807.

† This seems to me preferable to the epitaph which has since been placed on Mr. Byrche's monument in the above church.

‡ Gent. Mag. Vol. lxii. p. 411.

§ These words are a little extravagant; as Mr. Byrche, from diffidence, or some other cause, never exhibited either his learning or his talents to the public, which is much to be lamented, since they were undoubtedly of a very high kind: and nothing could exceed the goodness of his heart and disposition.

## N°. IV.

*From Winchester Cathedral.*

In memory of the Reverend
William Cawthorne Unwin, M.A.*
rector of Stock in Essex.
He was educated at the Charter-
house in London, under the Rev. Dr.
Crusius; and, having gone through the
education of that school, he was at
an early period admitted to
Christ's College, Cambridge.
He died, in this city, the 29th
Nov. 1786, aged 41 years, leaving
A widow and three young children. †

## N°. V.

*From Weston Favell Church, Northamptonshire.*

Here lie the remains
of the Rev. James Hervey, A. M.
late rector of this parish;
that very pious man,
and much-admired author! ‡
who died Dec. 25th, 1758,
in the 45th year of his age.
Reader, expect no more; to make him known
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone:
A name more lasting shall his writings give;
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and live. §

* The husband of Cowper's Mary, and father to his correspondent, the Rev. W. Unwin.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. lxiii. p. 217.

‡ Autbor of "Meditations among the Tombs," &c.

§ Gent. Mag. Vol. lxvi. p. 488.

ART. XXVI. *Bibliographical Catalogue. List of Authors on Gardening, &c. By the Rev. J. S. Clarke.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. III. P. 416.]

Art. 1. *The twelve Moneths, or, a pleasant and profitable discourse of every action, whether of labour or recreation, proper to each particular Moneth, branched into directions relating to Husbandry, as Plowing, Sowing, Gardening, Planting, Transplanting, Plashing of Fences, felling of Timber, ordering of Cattle and Bees, and of Malt, &c. As also of Recreations, as Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling, Coursing, Cockfighting. To which likewise is added a necessary advice touching Physick, when it may, and when not be taken. Lastly, every Moneth is shut up with an Epigrame. With the Fairs of every Month. By M. Stevenson. "Humidia solstitia, atque hiemes orate serenas." Virg. (With Plates to each Month; small quarto.) London. Printed by M. S. for Thomas Jenner, and are to be sold at his shop, at the south entrance of the Royal Exchange,* 1661.

Art. 2. *Systema Agriculturæ; the Mystery of Husbandry discovered. Treating of the several new and most advantageous Ways of Tilling, Planting, Sowing, Manuring, Ordering, Improving of all sorts of Gardens, Orchards, Meadows, Pastures, Corn Lands, Woods and Coppices. As also of Fruits, Corn, Grain, Pulse, New Hays, Cattle, Fowl, Beasts, Bees, Silk-Worms, Fish, &c. With an account of the several Instruments and Engines used in this Profession. To which is added Kalendarium Rusticum: or the Husbandman's Monthly Directions. Also the Prognosticks of Dearth, Scarcity, Plenty, Sickness, Heat, Cold, Frost, Snow, Rain, Hail, Thunder, &c. and Dictionarium Rusticum: or the Interpretation of Rustick Terms. The whole work being of*

*great use and advantage to all that delight in that most noble Practise. The fourth Edition carefully corrected and amended, with one whole section added, and many large and useful additions throughout the whole work. By J. W. Gent.*

" O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas." VIRGIL.

*London printed, and are to be sold by John Taylor, at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard,* 1698.

*(On the frontispiece,) Printed for Tho. Dring at the corner of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street, in* 1681, *folio.*

Art. 3. *An Appendix to the new Improvements of Planting and Gardening, illustrated with Copper Plates. By R. Bradley, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, and F.R.S. London. Printed for W. Mears, at the Lamb, without Temple Bar.* 1726. *Dedicated to Knox Ward, Esq. Clarencieux King at Arms.*

Art. 4. *The Riches of a Hop Garden explained, by the Same. London. Printed for Charles Davis in Paternoster-Row, and Thomas Green at Charing Cross.* 1729.

In this curious little pamphlet Mr. B. observes—" I am of the opinion with a curious Kentish Gentleman, that if we were to prepare and order the hop-binds as we do hemp, they would make excellent cordage." (Page 92.)

Art. 5. *The Compleat Seedsman's Monthly Calendar. Shewing the best and most easy method for raising and cultivating every sort of Seed belonging to a Kitchen and Flower Garden. With necessary Instructions for sowing of berries, mast, and seeds, of Evergreens, Forest-Trees, and such as are proper for improving of Land. Written at the command of a person of Honour. By the Same. London. Printed for W. Mears, at his Warehouse at the Lamb on Ludgate Hill.* 1738.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 6. *A Treasury of Ecclesiasticall Expositions, vpon the difficult and doubtfull places of the Scriptures, collected out of the best esteemed Interpreters, both auncient and moderne, together with the author's judgement, and various observations. Conteining 270 Texts, throughout the Gospels of Mathew, Marke, Luke, and John, and the Acts of the Apostles. The very pith, and choicest streines of many bookes in one, and a fully satisfying resolution of above a thousand Questions in solid Diuinitie. The next page sheweth the names of the Writers, whose expositions follow in this Booke. By John Mayer, B.D. London. Printed by J. D. for John Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop at the Two Greyhounds in Corne-hill, neere the Royall Exchange.* 1622.

Art. 7. ΔΕΝΔΡΟΛΟΓΙΑ. *Dodona's Grove, or the Vocall Forest. The third Edition more exact and perfect than the former; with the addition of two other Tracts; viz Parables reflecting upon the Times. And England's Tears for the present Warres.* * *By J. H.* † *Esquire. Printed in the Yeare* 1645.

Some of the reflections in this little volume have considerable merit. "For politicall bodies, as well as naturall, have their degrees of age, declinings, and periods; which I cannot so properly tearm periods, as successions, or vicissitudes. Commonweals have often turned to kingdomes, and realms have been cut out into republicks; the ruine of one, being still the raysing of the other; as one foot cannot be lifted up, till the other be down: witnesse those foure mighty monarchies, which were as spokes upon Fortune's

* See before Vol. III. p. 65. † viz. James Howell, Esq.

 wheel,

wheel, or as so many nails driving out one another. And so is it also in naturall bodies; the corruption of one, is still the generation of another: so that, it seems, Nature hath her wheel also, as well as Fortune; and these changes and chances, tend to preserve the whole from decaying. So, that the opinion of that *Adrianian*, since much enriched by a learned *Druinian*, is farre from deserving to be exploded for a paradox, viz. that the universe doth not decay or impair at all in the whole, but in its individuals and parts. For, as the preservation of the world is a continuall production; so in this production, as I said before, the corruption of one foreruns the generation of another: therefore to bear up the whole, if there be a decay in one place, it is recompensed in some other: so that one may say Nature danceth in a circle, and by this circulation, preserves the visible world."

Art. 5. *England's Improvement by Sea and Land: to outdo the Dutch without fighting, to pay debts without moneys, to set at work all the Poor of England with the growth of our own lands. To prevent unnecessary suits in law; with the benefit of a voluntary register. Directions where vast quantities of timber are to be had for the building of ships; with the advantage of making the Great Rivers of England navigable. Rules to prevent fires in London, and other great Cities; with directions how the several Companies of Handicraftsmen in London may always have cheap bread and drink. By Andrew Yarranton, Gent. London. Printed by R. Everingham for the author, and are to be sold by T. Parkhurst at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheap-Side, and N. Simmons at the Princes Arms in S. Paul's Church Yard,* 1677. *Dedicated to Arthur Earl of Anglesey, Lord Privy-Seal, and to the Worshipful Sir Thomas Player, Knight, Chamberlain of the City of London. 4to. Also to the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Windsor, and besides to Sir Walter Kirtham Blount, Bart. and Sir Samuel Baldwin.*

Art.

Art. 6. *England's Improvement by Sea and Land. The Second Part. Containing, I. An Account of its Situation, and the growths and manufactures thereof. II. The Benefit and Necessity of a Voluntary Register. III. A Method for improving the Royal Navy, lessening the growing Power of France, and obtaining the Fishery. IV. Proposals for fortifying and securing Tangier, so that no enemy shall be able to attaque it. V. Advantageous proposals for the City of London, for the preventing of Fires and Massacres therein; and for lessening the great charge occasioned by the keeping up of the Trained Bands. VI. The Way to make New-haven in Sussex, fit to receive Ships of Burthen.* (N. B. This last project is at present endeavoured to be accomplished by Government.) *VII. Seasonable Discourses of the Tinn, Iron, Linnen, and Woollen Trades; with Advantageous Proposals for improving them all. Illustrated with seven large copper plates. By Andrew Yarranton. London, &c.* 1681.

Art. 7. *Moral Essays on some of the most curious and significant English, Scotch and Foreign Proverbs. By Samuel Palmer, Presbyter of the Church of England. London. 8vo. Printed by Tho. Hodgkin, for R. Bonwicke, W. Freeman, &c. &c.* 1710.

This author, as appears from a MS. note, was once a Nonjuror; and afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England.

Art. 8. *Essays upon several Moral Subjects by Sir George Mackenzie, Knight. To which is prefixed some account of his Life and Writings. London. 8vo. Printed for D. Brown, G. Strahan, &c.* 1713.

Sir G. Mackenzie, of whom an account is given in *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*, was born at Dundee in the county of Angus, 1636. His father was Simon Mackenzie, brother

to the Earl of Seaforth, and his mother Elizabeth the daughter of Dr. Andrew Bruce, Rector of the University of St. Andrew He was such an early proficient in learning, that when he was about ten years old, he had read his grammar and the best classic authors, so that he was thought fit at that age to be sent to the University of Aberdeen. He died at his lodgings in St. James's Street, Westminster, May 8, 1691. Among various other works, he was the author of Aretina, a Romance, 8vo. and hath also, says Wood, left behind him about 14 MSS. of his own composition, which in good time may see the light.

Art. 9. *Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, M.A.* 3 *vols.* 8vo. *The Seventh Edition corrected. London, Printed for J. and J. Knapton, G. Strahan, &c.* 1732.

It is astonishing that this work has not been reprinted.

J.S.C.

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## Art. XXVII. *Further Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A Satyricall Dialogue, or a sharplye invective Conference betweene Alexander the Great and that trulye woman-hater Diogynes. 4to no date.*

Dedication, signed Wm. Goddard.

Art. 2. *A Mastif Whelp, with other ruff Island like Currs fetcht from amongst the Antipedes: which bite and barke at the fantasticall humorists and abusers of the time. 4to. no date.*

Dedicated to his loving friends, Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, by Wm. Goddard. The publication consists of 126 epigrams, entitled satires.

Art.

Art. 3. *A Neaste of Waspes lately found out and discovered in the Low Countreys, yealding as swete hony as some of our English bees. By Will. Goddard. Dort.* 1615. *4to.*

In consequence of this production the following quaint lines were addressed by Henry Fitz-Geffrey "to his ingenious friend, Will Goddard, of his booke entituled Waspes."

"True epigrams most fitly likened are
To Waspes, that in their taile a sting must beare:
Thine being Waspes I say, who'st will repine,
They are not epigrams are not like thine."

Art 4. *Pax Vobis, or Wits Changes: tuned in a Latine hexameter of Peace, whereof the numeral letters present the yeare of our Lord: and the verse it selfe (consisting only of nine words) admitted* 1623 *several changes or transpositions, remaineth still a true verse, to the great wonder of common understanding. With a congratulatorie Poem thereupon, and some other chronograms, of the like numeral nature, expressing both the yeare of our Lord, and the yeare of the King's reigne. Composed in celebration of this yeares entrance of his Majestie into the xxi yeare of his blessed raigne over Great Britaine: and of the hopefull Journall of the thrice illustrious Prince Charles into Spaine. By Ro*t. *Tisdale of Graies Inne, Gent.* 1623. *4to.*

The title of this chronogrammic poem will afford a sufficient exposition of its contents.

Art. 5. *The Arbor of Amitie; wherein is composed plesaunt poems and pretie posies: set forth by Thomas Howell.* 1568. *8vo.*

Art. 6. *Thomas Howell's Devises for his owne exercise and his friends pleasure. Imprinted by H. Jackson.* 1581. *4to.*

The

The former of these two titles occurs in the Bodleian Catalogue, and the latter in Major Pearson's, but the purchaser of the volume is unknown, and the author seems to be unnoticed in poetical biography. Ritson positively ascribes to him a translation from one of the Metamorphoses entitled

Art. 7. *The Fable of Ovid, treting of Narcissus; translated out of Latin into English mytre: with a moral thereunto, very plesaute to rede. By T. H.* 1560.

See Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 417, where Mr. Warton remarks, that the moralization added in the octave stanza, is twice the length of the fable.

Art 8. *A remembraunce of the wel-imployed Life and godly end of George Gaskoigne, Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincolneshire, the 7th of October,* 1577: *the reporte of Geor. Whetstone, Gent. an eye witnes of his godly and charitable end in this world. Famæ nulla fides. Imprinted at London for Edward Aggas, dwelling in Paul's Churchyard, and are there to be solde. 4to.*

This interesting memorial of two contemporary poets, appears to have been in the hand of Bishop Tanner, by whom it is slightly mentioned in his Bibliotheca, (art. Geo. Gascoign.) But no extant copy had been traced by modern collectors: and the tract was supposed to have perished.* Recently, however, in the curious library of Mr. Voigt, a copy made its appearance, and has been added to what it most suitably appertained, the very choice poetical collection of Mr. Malone. A sight of the tract has served to ascertain, what Tanner left doubtful,† that Gascoigne the *poet*, was the person commemorated, and that he was the author of the book of Hunting, commonly ascribed to Turbervile. T. P.

* See Censura, I. 114.

† The words of Tanner are "Vita an *nostri* an *alius* Georgii Gascoignii descripta est per Geo. Whetstone."

ART.

## Art. XXVIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. Dec. 8. Anthony Dalzell, M.A. F.R.S. Edinb. Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, &c. born 1750. He published a series of Collections from Greek authors, entitled "Collectanea Minora," and "Collectanea Majora;" and edited the posthumous Sermons of his father-in-law, Dr. John Drysdale.

Dec. 9. John Cade, Esq. aged 72, at Gainford, Co. Durham, Antiquary. See Archæologia, VII. p. 74. IX. 276.

1807. Jan. 15. Lady Hesketh, widow of Sir Thos. Hesketh, Bart. daughter of Ashley Cowper, and first cousin, and correspondent, of William Cowper, the poet.

Feb. 20. In London, Mrs. Douglas, of Ednam House, near Kelso, translator of Gellert's Works; widow of the late Dr. Douglas, and formerly of Osmund Beauvoir, D.D. She was daughter and heir of the late Fane William Sharpe, M. P.

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### WILLIAM STEVENS, ESQ. F.S.A.

1807 Feb 7.

Died on the 6th inst. after a few hours illness, with which he was seized, as he was stepping into his carriage, William Stevens, Esq. F.S.A. and Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty. He was a man of singular excellence of character, and of the soundest learning, particularly, in Divinity, which was his favourite study, and in which he was as deeply, if not more

more deeply read, than any layman of his time. In him religion and virtue have lost one of their brightest ornaments, and the Church of England one of her most firm and stedfast friends. Possessed of a liberal income, he employed the greatest part of it, in acts of charity, which were regulated with a degree of system and judiciousness, that were truly admirable; and were performed in that quiet and unostentatious manner, which clearly evinced that he sought for no other reward than the approbation of his own conscience. It may be truly said of him, that "*he did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.*" As a friend he was kind and sincere; and as a companion he was sought after by both old and young, on account of the amiableness of his disposition, the engaging simplicity and chearfulness of his manners, and the amusement and instructiveness of his conversation.

The following is a list of the literary performances, which have, at different times, issued from his pen.

I. "*A Treatise on the Nature and Constitution of the Christian Church, wherein are set forth the Form of its Government, the Extent of its Powers, and the Limits of our Obedience,*" &c. *By a Layman. Anno* 1773.

II. "*Cursory Observations on the Pamphlet of the Rev. Fras. Wollaston, on the subject of Subscription to the* 39 *Articles.*"

III. "*Strictures on a Sermon entitled the Principles of the Revolution vindicated, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Wednesday,* 19 *May,* 1776, *by Rd. Watson, D.D. and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University. In a Letter to a Friend.*" 1777.

"IV. *The*

IV. "*The Revolution vindicated and Constitutional Liberty asserted; in answer to the Rev. Dr. Watson's Accession-Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, on 25 Oct. 1776. In a Letter to a Friend.* 1777.

V. "*A New and faithful Translation of Letters from M. L'Abbé ***, Hebrew Professor in the University of *** to Dr. Benjn. Kennicott, with an Introductory Preface, in answer to a late Pamphlet published with a view to vindicate Dr. Kennicott from the arguments and facts alledged against him in the French Letters.*" 1775.

VI. "*A Discourse on the English Constitution, extracted from a late eminent Writer, and applicable to the present Times.*"

VII. "*A Review of a Review of a new Preface to the Second Edition of Mr. Jones's Life of Bishop Horne, in the British Critic for Feb.* 1800. *In a Letter to a Friend. By AIN.*"

The above mentioned works have been some time out of print, except the Treatise on the Church, which has been republished by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, with the author's name.

*The Life of the Rev. Wm. Jones of Nayland,* prefixed to the works of that learned divine, was also the production of Mr. Stevens; who besides edited the *Third and Fourth Volumes of Bishop Horne's Sermons,* and *a Volume of Occasional Discourses* by the same able and learned hand.

It was to Mr. Stevens, Bishop Horne, the Rev. Dr. Glasse,

Glasse, and the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, that the learned John Parkhurst inscribed his fourth edition of the *Hebrew Lexicon*, as "*the Favourers and Promoters*" of the work.

Between Bishop Horne and Mr. Stevens (who were cousins) a very close and tender friendship existed, which commenced in their youth, and continued, uninterrupted and undiminished, to the decease of the excellent prelate. His Lordship's celebrated "*Letters on Infidelity*," are, in an introductory epistle, dedicated to Mr. Stevens, under the initials W. S. Esq.: and from that epistle, it appears, that the design of the work was suggested to the good bishop's mind by Mr. Stevens. The prefatory epistle to Mr. Jones's Life of Bishop Horne is likewise dedicated to Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was an excellent Hebraist, and a considerable Grecian. He was bred to the business of a wholesale hosier, and continued to carry on that business until within a very few years of his death, which took place in the very house, in which he had served his apprenticeship, and had pursued his trade.

A considerable resemblance of character is observable between the subject of these notices, and old Isaak Walton, the author of the well-known and much admired Lives of Donne, Hooker, Bishop Sanderson, and Herbert. They were both tradesmen, and scholars; both eminent for sound religious learning; and they both enjoyed the friendship, society, and correspondence of the most distinguished characters of the ages in which they respectively lived; they were also both of them men of the greatest and most active Christian virtues.

Mr. Stevens was in possession of a large collection of

of letters, on literary and other interesting subjects, received by him from the venerable prelate above-mentioned, during the course of their long and intimate connection. There can be no doubt, that a judicious selection from those letters, would prove a most valuable present to the literary public. Mr. Jones of Nayland was also in possession of several hundreds of his friend the bishop's letters, which, from the interesting matter with which they abounded, he had some intention of publishing, as appears from a passage in his Life of Dr. Horne. But he died without carrying this design into effect. These letters, and all the MSS. of Mr. Jones came into the hands of his son, the Rev. W. Jones of Clare, who died in 1804 or 1805.

About ten years ago, Mr. Stevens was prevailed upon by some of his friends to collect his writings together in a volume, which he did; and entitled it ΟΥΔΕΝΟΣ ΕΡΓΑ, *the works of* NOBODY. From this time he went by the name of NOBODY among his friends, who, about that period, to the number of thirty, formed themselves into a dinner society, called "*Nobody's Club*," in honour of Mr. S. which met several times in the year. In this select club, there were several members of both Houses of Parliament, and some of the most distinguished characters in the church, the law, in medicine, and in other respectable walks of life.* C.

* The Editor is indebted for this memoir to a very valuable Correspondent, to whom he returns his warm thanks.

ART.

## ART. XXIX. *Literary Intelligence.*

The enlarged edition of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, which was announced in the CENSURA LITERARIA, Number XI. has been delayed, I understand, for the insertion of some additional portraits. These being completed, the work will be published immediately, in five octavo volumes.

The Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, by her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, A.M. with her Notes on the Bible, &c. are far advanced in the press, and will appear in about six weeks, in one vol. 4to.

Memoirs and Letters of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, are preparing for publication by her family.

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## *To Correspondents.*

The very learned and ingenious Letter from Norwich, regarding an ancient Medal, shall appear next month: it was too late for the present Number; which was also the case with an excellent paper for the Ruminator, containing a criticism on a celebrated modern poem. This also, with many other favours, shall have insertion in the succeeding Number.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

# CENSURA LITERARIA.

## NUMBER XV.

[Being the Third Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroicall verse by Richard Stanyhurst: with other poeticall devises thereto annexed. At London: Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Streate, neare unto Baynardes Castell, Anno Dom.* 1583. *8vo. pp.* 106.*

"After the associated labours of Phaier and Twyne,† says Warton,‡ it is hard to say what could *induce* Robert [Richard] Stanyhurst, a native of Dublin, to translate the first four books of the Eneid into English hexameters, which he printed at London in 1583, and dedicated to his brother, || Peter Plunket, the learned baron of Dusanay in Ireland." This dedication is dated from Leyden in Holland, the last of June 1582: and as it may serve to explain a point which seems to

* From an entry in the Stationers' books, this work seems to have been first printed at Leyden; an edition unknown to Ames, or Herbert. See Ritson's Bibl. Poetica, p. 351.

† Twyne's continuation did not appear till after this version of Stanyhurst. See Steevens's List of Ancient Translations.

‡ Hist. of Eng. Poetry iii. 399. || Qu. Patrick?

have cramped our poetical historian, while it affords a curious memorial of the writer's pedantical conceit and quaint vulgarity, much of it is here extracted.

"To the right hon. my very loving brother, the lorde baron of Dunsanye. *

"Having (my good lord) taken upon mee to execute some parte of Maister Askam's will, who in his golden pamphlet, intituled the Schoolemaister, doth wish the universitie students to applie their wittes in beautifying our Englishe language with heroicall verses;† I held no Latinist so fit to give the onset on as Virgil, who for his perelesse stile and matchlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane poets. Howbeit, I have here halfe a gesse, that two sorts of carpers wil seeme to spurne at this mine enterprise: the one utterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant wil imagine, that the passage was nothing craggy, in as much as M. Phaer hath broken the ice before mee: the meaner clearkes wil suppose my travaile in these heroicall verses to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice to make what word I woulde short or long, having no English writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whose squire I shoulde leavel my syllables. ‡

"To

* P. Plunket Lord Dunsany, and Stanyhurst, seem to have married two sisters, and thence probably it was, that the latter styles him *brother*.

† Ascham, in 1564, had strongly protested against *ryme*, as a gothic usage; yet he rather objected to the nature of *carmen heroicum*, because dactylus, the aptest foot for that verse, is so seldom found in English: but "although *carmen hexametrum* (he adds) doth rather trotte and hoble, than runne smoothly, yet I am sure our English tong will receive *carmen iambicum* as naturallie as either Greke or Latin." Scholemaster, fol. 60.

‡ This slur oblique would seem to be directed against Gab. Harvey, who before

"To shape therefore an aunsweare to the first; I say—they are altogither in a wrong boxe: considering that such wordes as fit M. Phaer may be very unapt for me, which they would confesse, if their skil were so much as spare, in these verses. Furthermore, I stand so nicely on my pantofles that way, as if I coulde, yet I would not run on the score with M. Phaer or any other, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language as oure English tongue is. And, in good sooth, althoughe the gentleman hath translated Virgil into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bourd him; none, I am wel assured, overgoe him: yet he hath rather doubled than defalckt ought of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with mine, I was forced to weede out from my verses such choise wordes as were forestalled by him; unlesse they were so feeling, as others coulde not countervaile theyr signification. In which case it were no reason to sequester my pen from their acquaintance; considering, that as M. Phaer was not the firste founder, so he may not be accounted the only owner of such termes. Truly, I am so farre from embeazling his travailes, as that for the honour of the Englishe I durst

before 1580 had composed, and in that year published, English verses in Latin measures, of which he was proud to be considered as the *primus artifex*. Hence the following egotistic boast in one of his wordy contests with Nash: "If I never deserve anye better remembraunce, let me be epitaphed *the Inventour of the English hexameter*, whome learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia and elsewhere." Foure Letters, &c. 1592. I suspect that Drant had opposed this fashionable novelty in principle as well as practice, since Harvey speaks of rules for the *Dranting* of verses in Pierce's Supererogation, 1593; and had done so before, in his correspondence with Spenser.

undertake to run over these bookes againe, and to give them a new liverie in such different wise, as they should not jet with M. Phaer's badges; ne yet bee clad with this apparaile, wherewyth at this present they come foorth attyred: which I speake not of vanitie, to enhaunce my cunning; but of meere veritie, to advance the riches of our speech. Moreover, in some points of greatest price, where the matter, as it were, doth bleede; I was mooved to shunne M. Phaer's interpretation, and cling more neere to the meaning of mine authour, in slicing the huske and cracking the shell, to bestowe the kernell upon the wittie and inquisitive reader. I coulde lay down sundrie examples, were it not I shoulde be thought over curious, by prying out a pimple in a bent: but a few shall suffice. In the fourth booke, Virgil, disciphring the force of Mercurie, among other propertie, wryteth thus:

*Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat;*

M. Phaer doth English in this wise:

And sleepes therewith he gives and takes, and men from death defendes.

Mine interpretation is this:

He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd uphasping.

"This is cleane contrarie to M. Phaer. He wryteth, that Mercurie defendeth from death: I write, that it procureth death; which (under his correction) doth more annere to the authour his minde, and to nature's working.* For, if Mercurie didde not slea before it

* Servius and Turnebus differ just as much in their acceptation of this passage, as Messieurs Phaer and Stanyhurst.

did

did save, and procured sleeping eare it caused waking, Nature, in hir operations, woulde bee founderd; the fat were in the fire; the market were marred. To like effecte Chaucer bringeth, in the fift booke, Troilus thus mourning:

"Thee owle eeke, which that hight, Ascaphylo, *
Hath after mee shright al these nightes two:
And god Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, it feche."

"Againe, Virgil in diverse places investeth Juno with this epitheton, *Saturnia*; M Phaer overpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the authour, to damme up the chappes of yawning verses. I never to my remembrance omitted it, as indeede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as the overslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the poet's discourse, in such hauking wise, as if he were throtled with the chincoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth boke betwene Dido and Aeneas, I adde, in my verse, *watry Juno:* although mine author used not the epitheton *watrye*, but onelye made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fier*. Yet I am well assured, that word throughly conceived of an hedeful student may give him such light as may ease him of sixe moneths travaile; whyche were well spent, if that *wedlocke* were wel understoode. Thus Virgil in hys Aeneis, and Ovid in his Metamorphosis, are so tickle in some places, as they rather crave a construction than a translation.

* Or rather *Ascalapho*.

But it may be hereafter (if God wil grace my proceedings) I shall be occasioned, in my FIN COULEIDOS, to unlace more of these mysteries: whiche booke I muste be many yeares breeding; but if it be throughly effected, I stande in hope it wil fall out to be *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

"Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will discover. The thre firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serve me. In the fourth booke I did taske my selfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. M. Phaer tooke to the making of that boke fifteene dayes; I hudled up mine in ten: wherein I covet no praise, but rather doe crave pardon. For like as forelitttering bitches whelp blinde puppies, so I may be perhaps intwighted of more haste than good speede, as Sir Thomas Moore in like case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verses clouted up *extrumpere:*

*Hos quid te scripsisse mones ex tempore versus?*
*Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.*

"But to leave that to the verdict of others (wherein I crave the good liking of the curteous, and scorne the controlment of the currish, as those that usually reprehend most and yet can amend least) the oddes betweene *verse* and *rythme* is very greate. For in the one, everie foote, everie worde, everie syllable, yea everie letter is to be observed: in the other, the last worde is onelye to be heeded; as is very lively expressed by the lawyer, in empaneling a jurie:

Johannes Doa.
Richardus Roa.

Johannes

Johannes Myles.
Thomas Giles.
Johannes Den.
Willielmus Fen.
Willielmus Neile.
Johannes Sneile.
Johannes Hye.
Thomas Pye.
Richardus Leake.
Johannes Peake.

"Happly, suche curious markers, as your Lordshippe is, wil accompt this but *rythme dogrel:* but we may sute it with a more civil word by terming it *rythme peale meale*; it rolleth so roundly in the hearers eares. And are there not diverse skavingers of draftie poetrie in this oure age, that baste their papers wyth smearie larde, favoring altogether of the frying pan? What Tom Towly is so simple that wil not attempt to be a rythmoure? If your lordship stand in doubt thereof, what thinke you of the thicke-skinne that made this for a farewel for his mistresse, upon his departure from Abingtowne?

"Abingtowne, Abingtowne, God be with thee;
For thou haste a steeple like a dagger sheathe."

And another in the praise, not of a steeple, but of a dagger:

"When all is gone but the black scabbard,
Wel fare the haft with the duggeon dagger."

"The third (for I will present your lordship wyth a leshe) in the commendation of bacon:

"Hee is not a king that weareth satten,
But hee is a king that eateth bacon."

"Have not these men made a faire speake? If they hadde putte in *mightie Jove* and *Gods* in the plurall number, and *Venus* wyth *Cupyde the blinde boye*, al had bene in the nicke, the rythme had bin of a right stamp. For a few such stitches botch up our new fashion makers.* Provided notwithstanding alwayes, that Artaxerxes, albeit he be spur gallde, being so much galloped, bee placed in the dedicatorie epistle, receiving a cuppe of water of a swaine, or else all is not worth a beane. Good God, what a frie of such wooden rythmours doth swarme in stacioners shops, who never instructed in anie grammar schoole, not attayning to the parings of the Latine or Greeke tongue, yet (lyke blinde Bayards) rushe on forwarde, fostring their vaine conceits with such overweening sillie follies, as they recke not to be condemned of the learned for ignorant, so they bee commended of the ignorant for learned. The readiest way therefore to flap these droanes from the sweet scenting hives of poetrye, is for the learned to applie them selves wholly (if they bee delighted with that vaine) to the true meaning of verses in suche wise as the Greekes and Latines, the fathers of knowledge, have done, and to leave to these doltishe coistrels their rude rythming and balducketome ballads. To the stirring therefore of the ryper, and the incouraging of the yonger gentlemenne of our universities, I have taken some paines that waye; which I thought good to be-

* In the infancy of Greece (says Meres) they that handled, in the audience of the people, grave and necessary matters, were called wise men or eloquent men, which they meant by *Vates*; so the rest which sang of love matters or other lighter devises, alluring unto pleasure and delight, were called *poetæ* or *makers*. Palladis Tamia. 1598.

take

take to your Lordship's patronage, being of it selfe otherwise so tender as happly it might scant endure the tippe of a frumping fillip."

Thus much has been selected from the "Dedication" of Stanyhurst, because it may be considered as one of our earliest essays on English metrification, and is of such rarity as to have escaped the notice of Dr. Warton and Mr. Malone, in their retrospects of our critical literature.* A preface of five pages "to the learned reader," proceeds in a still more minute manner to lay down rules for the adjustment of English prosody, when applied to what Mr. Warton has termed an "unnatural and impracticable mode of versification."† From this preface a short extract only shall be adduced, which relates to syllabic quantities:— "The Latines prescribe that the primative and derivative, the simple and compound, be of one quantitie; but that rule, of al others, must be abandoned from the English; otherwise, all wordes in effect should be abridged. *Moother* I make long; yet *grandmother* must be short. *Buckler* is long; yet *swashbuckler* is short. And albeit, that worde be long by position, yet doubtlesse the naturall dialect of English will not allowe of that rule in middle syllables, but it must be of force with us excepted, where the natural pronuntiation wil so have it. For otherwise we should banish a number of good and necessary words from our verses, as M. G. Harvey (if I mistake not the gentleman's

* See Warton's Pope, I. 175; and Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 59.

† Hist. of E. P. III. 405. A later attempt was made to revive this obsolete whimsey by an anonymous writer in 1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a Vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronunciation.

name)

name) hath very wel observed in one of his familiar letters:* where he layeth down divers words straying from the Latine precepts, as *majestie, royaltie, &c.*"

Stanyhurst was so far from banishing any of our words, that he is rather to be blamed for introducing a number of new combinations, too uninviting for poetical adoption, and too repulsive even for prose composition. His endeavour indeed seems to have been, to render the sound an imitation of the sense; but he wanted taste and skill to accomplish his purpose with agreeableness. The pure and exquisite style of Virgil, which a modern critic† has pronounced to be his only "preserving pickle," is therefore perverted by Stanyhurst into a species of travestie, which has grossly libelled his original. To the golden car of Phœbus he has yoked the team of a mud-cart, and is more adroit in using the language of a carman than the rein of a charioteer. But it may not be undesirable to exhibit a few samples from this singular version. The opening of the first book furnishes not the least favourable citation, though it contains some expressions which were justly carped at even by contemporaries. The four introductory lines seem to be gathered from the Bucolics.

"I, that in old season wyth reeds oten harmonye whistled
My rural sonnet; from forrest flitted (I) forced

* These letters passed between Spenser and Harvey in 1579, and were published by the latter in 1580. Hughes republished them, in a garbled state, at the end of his edition of Spenser's works. Mr. Todd has inserted an accurate reprint of those written by Spenser, in his biographical account of that poet. The letters of Harvey gave such offence to Ld. Oxford and the university of Cambridge, that he was induced to tender a large Apology. See his Four Letters, &c. touching Robert Greene, 1592.

† See Letters of Literature, p. 150.

Thee,

Thee, sulcking swincker, thee soile, though craggie, to
sunder:
A labor and a travaile too plowswains hartily welcoom.
Now manhod and garboils I chaunt and martial horror;
I blaze thee, captayne, first from Troy cittie repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim to famosed Italie trudging,
And coast of Lavyn: soust wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,
On land and sayling, by gods' predestinate order:
But chiefe through Junoe's long fostred deadlye revengment
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could stately be buylded,
Or gods there setled: thence flitted thee Latine offspring,
The roote of old Alban; thence was Rome peereles in-
haunced."

The preceding passage is thus pointedly referred to, in the satires of bishop Hall. "Manhood and garboils I chaunt," is Stanyhurst's imitation of "*Arma virumque cano.*"

"Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
*Manhood and garboiles* shall he chaunt with chaunged
feet,
And head-strong dactyles making musick meet."

Puttenham thus points to another phrase in the above extract: "*One*, translating certaine bookes of Virgil's Æneidos into English meetre, said—that Æneas was fayne to *trudge* out of Troy; which terme became better to be spoken of a beggar, or of a rogue, or a lackey." It was further observed by Nash, in his Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, that "Stanyhurst, though otherwise learned, trod a foule, lumbring, boystrous, wallowing measure in his translation of Virgil." The propriety of this observation may be shewn

shewn by the following excerpts, which display much of the rude barbarism and coarse clownery complained of by Nash. *

"The sea salte foaming wyth brave flantadoe dyd harrow,"

is his rendering of "*Spumas salis ære ruebant.*" What *flantadoe* adumbrates, our glossarists have not revealed. It may be one of the many uncouth terms manufactured by the translator.

In the following passage he depicts the wrath of Juno, and Æolia, the land of storms:

"Thus she frying fretted, thus deepely plunged in anger,
Æolian kingdoom she raught; where blusterus huzzing
Of wynds in prison, thee great king Æolus hampreth:
Theese flaws theyr cabbans wyth stur snar iarrye doe ransack."

Neptune being roused from his pallet, by the storm which Æolus had raised at the instigation of Juno, beholds with commotion the "touz'd tost navie" of Æneas, and thus utters his rebuke to the astounded Winds:

"What, sirs? your boldnesse dooth your gentilitie warrant?
Dare ye, loe, curst baretours,† in this my seignorie regal
Too raise such raks jacks on seas, and danger unorderd?
Wel, sirs:—but tempest I wil first pacifie raging.
Bee sure this practise wil I nick in a friendly memento.
Pack hence, doggie rakhels, tel your king, from me, this errand:

* In his epistle prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1589.

† Wranglers. See Minsheu.

Of

Of seas thee managing was neaver allotted his empire.
That charge mee toucheth; but he maystreth, monsterus hildens. *
Your kennels, good syrs: let your king Æolus hautye,
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardly."

A little further on he describes the gates of Rome

"With steele bunch, chaine knob, cling'd, knur'd, and narroly lincked."

Well might Puttenham † declare, that his stomach could hardly digest the hexameters of Stanyhurst, or the ill-shapen sound of many of his polysyllabic words and his copulation of monosyllables, to supply the quantity of a trisyllable. Nash has aptly characterized the tenor of this translation by the term "Thrasonical huffe snuffe," ‡ in a passage before cited, and given at length in the CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 241. Some of the following lines will probably bring to the recollection of Shaksperian readers, the rant of ancient Pistol. The downfal of a Trojan tower is thus depicted—"with an horribil hurring

"Pat fals the turret, the Greeks with crash swash it heapeth."

And thus he announces an ominous tempest of hail and rain:

"Thee whilst in the skie-seat great bouncing rumbelo thundring
Rattleth; downe pouring, to sleete thicke haile knob is added."

* Hilding is a word used by Shakspeare for hireling or lacquey.

† Arte of English Poesie, lib. II. ch. xii.

‡ This term however was derived from Stanyhurst himself.

The

The well-known picture of Polypheme is rendered—

"A fowle fog monster, great swad, deprived of eye-sight."

In another place Duke Æneas is said to have "gogled his eyesight, wayting for Dido;" while

"Groane sighs deepe reaching, with tears his leers ful he blubbred:"

And *exoritur clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum* is interpreted—"the towns-men roared, the trump tara-tantara ratled:"

Charles Cotton could not carry his professed burlesque further than this. Yet Mr. Warton has remarked, in the way of critical set-off, that "with all his foolish pedantry, Stanyhurst was certainly a scholar." He might rather like Lingo, his ludicrous counterpart, have been supposed "a master of scholars;" and at the same time "an Ebrew jew," for he calls *custos templi Hesperidum*, the "sexton of Hesperides' sinagog." Could even the foolery of O'Keefe reach such an apex of absurdity? Had Dryden or Trapp popt on such an hemistic, it must have been taken for a vile banter on their Virgilian master: yet Stanyhurst was always in earnest.

On account of the very rare occurrence of this translation, I am still induced to offer two more extracts, taken from the first and third books. The former is perhaps the most poetical effort of the translator's pen. It begins at v. 421. *Miratur molem Æneas, &c.*

"Aneas woondreth where dorps * and cottages earst stood
For to se such sturring, such stuffe, such gorgeous hand-woorck.

* *Dorp* is explained by Bailey to be a country town or village.

The

The moors* drudge roundly: soom wals are loftelye raysing,
Soom mount high castels; soom stoans downe tumble al headlong:
Soom meare† foorth platfoormes, for buylding curious houses;
Soom doe choose the senat, sound laws and order enacting;
Soom frame play theaters; soom deepelye dig harborus havens:
Soom for great palaces doo slise from quarrye the chapters:‡
Lyke bees in summer season, through rustical hamlets,
That flirt in sunbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling,
When they do foorth carry theyr yoong swarme fledgy to gathring,
Or cels ar farcing§ with dulce and delicat hoonye,
Or porters burdens unloads, or clustred in heerdswarme,
Feaze|| away thee droane bees, with sting from maunger or hivecot;
Thee labor hoat sweltreth, thee combs tyme flowrie besprinckleth."

In the ensuing lines, designed to emulate an eructation of Mount Ætna, he summons up that asinine dissonance or hexametrical fury which, (as Nash tells us) was so terrible to all mild ears, that it affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with such a quarrelling kind of verse.

* *Alias* Tyrians.

† To *mear* is to mark or limit. See Minsheu, & Mason's Supp. to Johnson's Dict.

‡ Probably *divisions*.

§ i. e. *filling*, a word used by many of our early writers.

|| Beat away. *Faisez*. Fr.

"Neere joynctlye brayeth with ruffierye* rumboled Ætna:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh † from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed,
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
Ragd rocks up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: stoans hudge slag ‡ molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling.
Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haulf blasted, here harbrought,
Ding'd|| with this squising§ and massive burthen of Ætna,
Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil heateth;
As oft as the giant his brold ** syds croompeled altreth,
So oft Sicil†† al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled."

The remaining contents of this extraordinary volume will furnish matter for a future article.

T. P.

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ART. II. *The Italian Schoole-Maister, contayning Rules for the perfect pronouncing of th'Italian tongue, with familiar speeches, and certaine phrases, taken out of the best Italian Authors. And a fine Tuscan historie called Arnault and Lucenda. A verie easie way to learn th'Italian tongue. Set*

* *Ruffling* seems to be turbulent noise. A ruffler was formerly a boisterous bully.

† To bolck, or boke, is *ructare*.

‡ *Slag* is the dross of iron. || *Dash'd* down. § *Squeezing*.

** i. e. Broiled sides crumpled. †† Trinacria.

*forth*

*forth by Clau. Holliband, Gentl. of Bourbonnois. Dum spiro, spero. At London: Printed by Thomas Purfoot.* 1597. 12*mo.* *

This is another edition of the work already noticed (Vol. III. p. 68,) in which Holliband's and Elderton's verses are omitted; the dedication is prose, "To the most vertuous and well giuen Gentleman Maister Ihon Smith," and dated "London this 15 of September 1597:" then, "M. N. to the Booke," is prefixed to 8 lines. This edition Ritson appears to have seen, having noticed the verses at the beginning, but certainly did not examine the work; there being several couplets and quatrains, and one piece of seventeen lines, scattered in the history, which is unnoticed by him in the article of Holliband.

*Conduit street.* J. H. Eglinton

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ART. III. *A Dyall of dayly Contemplacion, or devine Exercise of the Mind: instructing vs to liue vnto God, and to dye unto the World. First colected and published in Latin, at the request of a godly Bishop, and Reuerent Father, Richard, some time Byshop of Dirham,* † *and Lorde Priuie seale: novv nevvely translated into Englishe, by Richard Robinson, Citizen of London. Seene and allowed. Matt.* 24. *Estote, &c. Anno* 1578.

* A later edition, printed by Purfoot in 1608, announces itself, in the title, to have been "revised and corrected by F. P. an Italian, professor and teacher of the Italian tongue."

† Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, 1494—1502, when he was translated to Winchester.

(At the end)

*Here endeth this worke of Contemplacion; fyrst printed in Latine at Westminster, the yeere of our Lord God,* 1499; *and nowe newly Englished and printed at London, by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane, at the sygne of the gylden Tunne, neare vnto Ludgate. Anno* 1578.

This work appears to have been published by the same author as is mentioned at p. 36 of the present volume. It contains about 240 pages, foolscap octavo, and consists of a collection of prayers, religious sentences, proverbs, and sacred poetry, apparently mingled in the most promiscuous manner, and then apportioned to the several days in the week, which are all similarly introduced.

"*The aucthor's commemoration for Munday.*

"Behold this worldly wretchednesse
Of euils which euer us possesse."

"*The translator's application.*

"First when Thalmighty prouidence, dyd heauen and earth create,
An universall darknesse dyd them both obtenebrate;
Then likte the Lorde to make a light, deuided from darknesse,
The darknesse should night signifie, the light should day expresse."

"This day therfore darkness mundane
Eschevve, and vvalke in light, oh man."

Then

Then follow prose extracts from Romans vi. 15. Bernard, Hugo, and Proverbs.

"This volume breefe of sclender quantitie,
Called, of Sinners the Contemplation,
Accordeth well for eche state and degree,
Guiding, by grace and due direction,
Our soule to sease in sure saluation;
Therefore, this tytle profoundly knowyng,
Which of thy conscience may cause correction,
In hart emprint, with matter folowyng."

Sentences in prose follow, with other eight-line pieces of poetry alternately, without title or other division than a printer's line. The proportion of poetry is, to Monday about 200 lines, Tues. 160, Wed. 80, Thur. 136, Fri. 120, Sat. 112, and Sunday 72; yet the book is not noticed in Ritson's Bibliographia.

*Conduit street.* J. H.

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ART. IV. *Fortunes Fashion, Pourtrayed in the troubles of the Ladie Elizabeth Gray, wife to Edward the Fourth. Written by Tho. Sampson. London: Printed for William Iones, and are to be sold at his shop at White-crosse streete end by the Church.* 1613. 4*to. containing pp.* 45, *with the device of an anchor, sprigs of laurel, &c. round which is "Anchora Spei."*

The author of this historical poem, (evidently written after the manner of "The Myrroure for Magistrates;") is supposed by Wood to be a descendant from the noted Thomas Sampson, dean of Christ-Church, Oxford.

Of his life and situation I have been unable to collect any particulars; yet so far as relates to his literary labours, I conceive this to be his only production.

"Fortune's Fashion" is dedicated to Mr. Henry Pilkington, of Gadsby in the county of Leicester, gentleman: it is preceded by "an argument for the better understanding of the readers," and consists of stanzas of six lines each. Although its poetical merit will not, the rarity of this book may in some measure excuse a few extracts: according to the argument we see the unhappy sufferer "newly risen out of her grave, and in the extremity of her grief, speaking as followeth:"

"Some time I was, unhappy was that time,
Wherein I liv'd, and never tasted joys,
That did not wither, ere they were in prime:
Honours are such uncertain, fading toys.
I was King Edward's wife, a wofull queen,
As in this history may plain be seen.

O had my love in my first choice remain'd,
How happy had I been, from grief how free?
Of wofull haps I never had complain'd:
But that must needs be that the fates decree.
The cottage seated in the dale below
Stands safe, when highest tow'rs do overthrow.

My youth was bless'd in love with equal choice,
The matter fit prepared for love's fire;
In which while I consum'd ne'er did my voice
Nor thoughts consent to wish my fortunes higher.
Thus in the valley whilst my love did rest,
My love, though lowly, none more highly blest.

But

But fatal powers with unreserv'd decree,
Whom hecatombs of pray'rs may not persuade
To add one minute to the bliss they see,
Or spare one day, what but a day was made:
Their course is fix'd, and cannot be prevented,
They best abide their might that are contented.

Whose pow'r in me distressed erst was known,
When Edward fourth of name obtain'd the crown;
And put sixth Henry from his regal throne,
Raising himself by casting others down.
Greedy Ambition, endless in desiring,
On others ruin foundeth her aspiring.

Then first began the ground-work of my woe;
Then lost I him that had my prime of love;
And then the prime of sorrows I did know,
In prime of joy, that did more sorrows move.
The daintiest palate with exactest skill,
Distastes the relish of the bitter pill.

Then was my husband slain on Henry's part,
Then was I left a widow desolate:
Yet once again love chose another dart,
Whose golden head I thought would raise my fate:—
King Edward's love I mean; but what ensu'd?—
The crown I gain'd I ever after ru'd."

Having continued her sad tale even to the time of her interment,

———" this queen return'd unto her rest,
And vanish'd."

The author, then, in a few more stanzas takes leave of his readers, and concludes.

"Thus have you heard, although abruptly pen'd,
The fortunes of this queen, and of her friends:
Princes as well as beggars do depend
On the Almighty's will: whate'er he sends,
None can prevent, or alter his decree,
So firm, so sure, his secret judgments be."

P. B.

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ART. V. *Original Poems and Translations. By James Beattie, A.M. London: Printed and sold by A. Millar in the Strand.* 1760. 8*vo. pp.* 188.

In Vol. II. p. 229, of the CENSURA, some account has been given of the *second* edition of Dr. Beattie's poems. The above title belongs to the *first* edition, which has now become scarce. The contents are as follow: 1. Ode to Peace. 2. Retirement, an ode. 3. Ode to Hope. 4. The Triumph of Melancholy. 5. An Elegy occasioned by the death of a Lady. 6. The Hares, a Fable. 7.* Epitaph. 8.* Epitaph on two Brothers. 9. Elegy. 10.* Song, in imitation of Shakespear. 11. *Anacreon, Ode xxii. translated. 12. *Invocation to Venus, from Lucretius, translated. 13.* Horace, Book II. Ode x. translated. 14.* Horace, Book III. Ode xiii. translated. 15. *The Ten Pastorals of Virgil translated.

This edition, like that which followed, is inscribed to James Earl of Erroll, whom Boswell has applauded for agreeable manners and softness of address:† but it

* Those marked with an asterisk were omitted in subsequent editions.

† Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 108.

contains

contains a preface which was not reprinted; and, being characteristic of the amiable and admirable author, cannot therefore be unacceptable to general readers.

"The Preface.

"Few writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this subject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the most part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the sentiments of the public with regard to their own compositions, they must be such as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propensity and the force of their own genius. But it is impossible that one who has not experimentally proved

*Quid ferre recusent,*
*Quid valeant humeri,*

should be able to judge for himself, either in the choice or the execution of his subject. If he wishes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he must appeal to the public suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at last determine his real character.

"The author of the following little poems hopes that this to the good-natured reader will apologize for his rashness (if it shall be deemed rashness) in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wish to labour in an hopeless pursuit; nor is he one of those who have determined (as Butler says)

*In spite*
*Of nature and their stars to write;*

the sentiments of the public he will regard, whether they suggest hints for writing better, or cautions against writing at all.

"Each of the pieces that compose this small miscellany has been read and approved by several persons of unquestionable taste, whose judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendship. This the author chooses to mention; because he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the suggestions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge *the request of friends* as an excuse for his appearing in his present character; this plea having been so often abused, that it is become even ridiculous.

"The public is already acquainted with several translations of Virgil's pastorals. Mr. Dryden's translations will be admired, as long as the English language is understood, for that fluent and graceful energy of expression, which distinguishes all the writings of that great poet. In his compositions, even in those which have been censured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

*Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:*

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taste, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

"The translation of Virgil, published some years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the public was finished. That it was well received, even after Mr. Dryden's, is a sufficient proof of its merit.

"The

"The perusal of these two masterly versions might have effectually discouraged the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble copier of Virgil, I hope the present translation will be pardoned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by the great masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of Raphael, an engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even Strange himself. A minute observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination, capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea, may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station it enjoys the satisfaction, not only of viewing the same attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expression of some particular muscle, or feature, not discernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps some such consideration as this, that hath induced those, who are indulgent to my performances, to advise the publishing of this translation;* which was written at a very early time of life, when solitude left the mind at liberty to pursue, with-

* N. B. The versions of the fourth, fifth, and tenth Pastorals, had been printed in former miscellaneous collections; but were copied from unfinished draughts, and swarmed with typographical errors.

out

out any fixed design, such amusements as gratified the present hour.

"The version from Lucretius was written at the particular desire of a friend, whose commands the translator hath reason to honour."

The following original pieces are of too interesting a character for consignment to "cold oblivion," though they breathe not that *ardor æthereus animi* which glows throughout the Minstrel.

SONG

*In imitation of Shakspeare's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."*

"Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smoothe,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest:

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream;
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe,

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft controul
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!
Be hush'd, each vernal strain!
Since nought can soothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride."

EPITAPH ON TWO BROTHERS.

*Engraven on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Lethnet in the shire of Angus.*

To this grave is committed all that the grave can claim
of two Brothers ***** and **** ******
whoon the vii of October MDCCLVII,
both unfortunately perished in the *** water:
the one in his xxii, the other in his xviii year.
Their disconsolate Father erects this monument
to the memory of these amiable youths;
whose early virtues promised
uncommon comfort to his declining years,
and singular emolument to society.

O thou! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress;

Heaven's

Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a pollnted age,
In early bloom of life, *they* left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of death:
They liv'd united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom death cannot divide!"

EPITAPH

*On* ***** *******

"Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst passion's threatful blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmov'd my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all!"

This epitaph is said, by Sir William Forbes, to have been designed for its *author*, and to have been printed in the Scots Magazine for 1757. The tone of it seems to have vibrated from the lyre of Gray. Dr. Beattie addressed

addressed a humorous poem, in the broad Scotish dialect, to Alex. Ross, of Lochlee, which is prefixed to an edition of The Fortunate Shepherdess, printed at Edinburgh, 1804.

T. P.

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ART. VI. *The Epistle exhortatorye of an Englyshe Christiane unto his derelye beloved Contrye of Englande, against the pompouse popyshe Byshoppes therof; as yet the true membres of theyr fylthye father, the great Antichrist of Rome. By Henry Stalbrydge.* Colophon. *Written from Basyle, a cyte of the Helvetyanes, in the yeare from Christes incarnacyon MDXLIIII. and the fyrst daye of August.*

"As I have compyled this treatise, (says the author in his title-page) in the zele of God and my prince, agaynst the tyraunt of Rome and his secret maynteners; so is yt my desyre that his grace [Hen 8.] maye have yt as a frute of my Christen obedience. And I doubt yt not, but some godlye manne lovynge his grace better then that wycked pope, will faythfullye delyver yt unto hym, the slayghtes of their false generation consydered. Praye (gentyll reader) that yt maye fynde grace in his syght."

This appears from Ames and Herbert to have been the only printed production of Henry Stalbridge, who writes with inveterate personality against Bonner and Gardiner, the bishops of London and Winchester, and might possibly have felt the effects of their bigotry and persecution. The style of the epistle is very coarse, and

and the epithets employed are very abusive; but much of it is philologically curious, and much of it historically illustrative.

The following extract refers to the priesthood of the Romish church; and exhibits a specimen of alliterative prose.

"Not only the bloudy bearwolfe of Rome, [the pope] but also the most part of the other bysshoppes and stoute sturdye canons of cathedrall churches, with other petie prowlers and prestigiouse prestes of Baal, his malignant members in all realmes of Christendome, specially here in Englande, doth yet rore abrode lyke hongrie lyons, frett inwardlye lyke angrie beares, and byte as they dare, lyke cruel wolves; cloisteringe togyther in corners, lyke a swarme of adders in a dongehyll, or most wylye subtile serpentes, to upholde and preserve theyr fylthy father of Rome, the head of theyr bawdye brode."

The following refers to a barbaric outrage against that birthright of Britons, an unsuborned trial by jury.

"Bonner, the blodye bysshop of Londen, abashed nothyng at all extremelye to rebuke, menace, and thretten a quest of honest citezens and menne of good conscience in the Yeldehall at Londen, in the yeare of our lorde a M.D. and XLI, for quytynge of a poore innocent ladde called Rycharde Mekyns. Like a ferce, furyouse, ravenynge wolfe, insacyably desyrous of murther, and cruellye gredye upon his praye, refusynge the seyd quest, chose out an other false quest to his purpose, of soche as he and his fylthye generacyon had afore perverted, and never ceased tyll he brought him to a consuminge fyer in Smithfelde, so makynge him a sacrifice to theyr great god Mulciber."

The

The names of many protestant sufferers are afterwards enumerated: and the causes of offence briefly stated.

"Some burned ye in Johan Wycleves tyme and after, for not allowynge your pilgrimages, some for not belevynge your pardons, some for not fastynge the Frydaye, some for not prayinge to dead sainctes of your makinge, some for youre howsell* at Easter, some for not crepinge to the crosse, some for not goynge processyon, and some for holy water, and for other vayne tryfels of your owne inventinge. And now in oure tyme ye hyng† Richard Honne in the Lollards towre at midnyght, for denienge a chyldes mortuarie; and the thre yonge menne in Sothfolke, for destroynge the fowle ydoll of Dovercourt. Whye, Whynchestre, hynge Thomas Saxye, a man lerned, in his porter's lodge at the stewes: the cause is not yet knowen. Ye brent‡ Thomas Hytton at Maydston, for not allowynge the pope; Thomas Bylney at Norwych, onelye for preachynge the gospell; Rychard Bayfelde at London, for sellynge Newe Testamentes in Englishe, with Teukesbury and Collyns; Willyam Leton, a monke of Eye, for admittinge both kyndes in the sacrament, and for not gevynge reverence to the rotten roode there; George Baynham, for purgatorie, and for not allowynge Thomas Becket for a saynct; Johan Frith and Johan Lambert, for not admittynge youre purgatorye, also with your saynctes prayinge to, and youre pylde popyshe masse; Willyam Tyndale at Vilforde in Braband, for translatynge the scriptures and disclosynge the slayghtes of your false generacyon; Robert Barnes,

* The Eucharist. † Hung. ‡ Burnt.

with

with Gararde and Hierome, for reprovynge youre pestilent papistrye, &c.

" Ye caused one Somers, with certein other, openlye to burne New Testamentes in the myddes of Chepe at London. And as ye perceyved that it * styll increased, magrye † your hartes, under the auctorite of oure most worthye kynge; then rored you lyke rude rampyon ravenours, then raged also youre ranke rable of Romishe ruffelers ‡ in theyr syde swepynge gownes, their shaven crownes, cappes, and typettes, lyke the charminge chaunters of Bell: specially, wode § Wynchestre, lewde London, lurkynge Lyncolne, dreamynge Durham, York without wytt, chatteringe Chychestre, smylynge Salisburye, fleryng fryer Wattes, and that double-faced trayter Wilson, namyng it full of errours and verye yll translated.

" You, mastre Wyncharde of Wynchestre, broyled in Sainct George's felde, beyonde Sothwarke, one Gyles a joynar, with one of the Quene's servauntes, and a paynter, before fyve a'clocke in the morninge, least the common people should have knowen your lewde legerdemayne, by theyr last confessions. And you, blodye bisshop Boner, did murther a godlye yonge manne in Newgate, onlye for reading the Bible in Paules, whose lyfe was well knowen to be unrebukeable amonge menne. You two blinde Babilon braggers, with youre oyled adherentes, made Alexandre Seton, a notable lerned manne, most miserably to recant foryour false fre will: Willyam Tolwyn, for your holy water making; Thomas Becon, for your images, your chastite, and your satisfactions; Robert Wisdom, for your

* Verbum Dei. † Maugre. ‡ Swaggerers. § Mad.

saintes

saintes veneration, youre ceremonies, and the pope's olde religion, with soche other.

"None leave ye unvexed and untroubled: no, not so much as the poore mynstrels and players of interludes. So long as they played lyes, and sange bawdye songes, blaspheminge God, and corruptinge mennes consciences, ye never blamed them, but were verye well contented; but sins they perswaded the people to worshyp their Lorde aryght, accordinge to his holye lawes, and not yours, ye never were pleased with them. Ye playe altogether Hyck* Scorner, under the fygure of Ironia. That ye saye ye hate, ye love; and that ye saye ye love, ye hate."

"An Appendice, joyned to the foresayd Epistle," thus vents the writer's rage against bishop Gardiner:

"Be it knowen unto you, braggynge Wynchester, that the daye after I had fynyshed my epistle, there came unto my handes an answere of youre makynge agaynst the lyberall huntynge of youre Romyshe father, the foxe of all falshode, wherin ye shewe youre selfe nether lerned nor yet wyse. In dede, ye apere there a verye shamelesse gentylmanne; for whereas nether Scriptures, nor good naturall reasons will serve you, ye fall to playne scoldynge, like an whore of the stewes. Ye stampe and ye stare, ye face, fret, and fare, as it were great Nemroth of Babylon. Nothynge els fynde we in youre wrytynge but boystuouse boastes, bragges, and brawlynges, lordelye checkes, rebukynges, and tyrannycall threttenynges, all after the fashyon of youre cruell kyngedome. They that were blynded

* Hycke-Scorner has been reprinted in Hawkins's old plays.

afore, are lyke to be so styll, for ought they shall lerne of you. It is not your offyce to make them to see, but to kepe them ignoraunt styll. You bysshoppes cannot chose but shewe youreselves styll as ye be, even the naturall lovynge chyldren of youre father"

Though this tract assumes to have been written at Basil in Switzerland, it possibly was penned in London, and secretly printed there for confidential circulation: since its acrimonious invectives must have subjected author, printer, and publisher to the inquisitorial tyranny of Gardiner, or his sanguinary agent Bonner, and might have added another triad of victims to this compend of martyrology. T. P.

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ART. VII. *A Briefe of the Bible's History; Drawne first into English po.sy, and then illustrated by apt Annotations: whereto is now added a Synopsis of the Bible's doctrine. The third Æditiou: in sundry things amended and enlarged. By Henoch Clapham Imprinted at London by R. B. for Nathaniell Butter* 1608. 16*mo*.

Henoch Clapham was the publisher of other performances. The present diminutive work is inscribed to Henry, Prince of Wales. An Address follows, "to all young one's in Christ's schoole." The second part is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Annotations display much biblical knowledge, but the metre is so contracted as almost to threaten annihilation to the sense and meaning of scripture; while it possesses not the rhythm of verse. The New Testament is thus commenced, in what this Lilliputian poet calls "the first staffe."

"Idumean

" Idumean Herod
King in Judea,
What time hee raignd
our Jacob's star appeares:
Jesus is borne,
Immanuel, Messiah,
Shiloh, the seed
of woman, in full yeares;
A virgin brings
him forth; even Mary, who
Betrothed was
to Joseph, all should know."

The prose commentary on this metrical brief extends to eight pages. T. P. *cash*

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ART. VIII. *Europæ Speculum: or a View or Survey of the State of Religion in the Westerne part of the World. Wherein the Romane Religion, and the pregnant policies of the church of Rome to support the same, are notably displayed: with some other memorable discoveries and commemorations. Published according to the Authour's original copy, and acknowledged by him for a true copy.*

"Multum diuque desideratum."

*London: Printed by T. Cotes for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold by George Hutton, at the Turning Stile in Holborne.* 1637. 4*to. pp.* 248.

This book is dated "from Paris 9th April, 1599; and copied out by the authour's originall, and finished 2d Oct. 1613."

*"The well-meaning Publisher hereof to the understanding Reader of what rancke or degree soever."*

"Whereas not many yeares past, there was published in print, a Treatise entituled "A Relation of Religion of the Westerne parts of the World," printed for one Simon Waterson, 1605: without name of author, yet generally and currently passing under the name of the learned and worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys, Knt. Know all men by these presents, that the same booke was but a spurious stolne copy, in part epitomized, in part amplified, and throughout most shamefully falsified and false printed from the author's originall; in so much that the same Knight was infinitely wronged thereby; and as soone as it came to his knowlege, that such a thing was printed and passed under his name, he caused it, though somewhat late, when, it seems, two impressions were for the most part vented, to be prohibited by authority; and, as I have heard, as many as could be recovered, to be deservedly burnt, with power also to punish the printers. And yet, nevertheless, since that time there hath beene another impression of the same stolen into the world. Now those so adulterate copies being scattered abroad, and in the hands of some men, I, yet studious of the truth and a lover of my country, and having obtained by a direct means, of a dear friend, a perfect copy, verbatim, transcribed from the author's original, and legitimate one, of his own hand-writing, have thought good to publish it unto the world; first, for the good of the church; secondly, the glory of our English nation; thirdly, for the fame of the ingenuous, and ingenious, and acute author, a gentleman, who deserved right

right well of his country And lastly, that the world may be no longer deprived of so rare a jewell, in its own lustre, nor abused by the other counterfeit one before named.

"I cannot see how any should be offended hereat, but such as are sworne slaves to their Lord God the Pope, whose Romane kingdome, and Babylonian tottering tower, hath such a blow given it hereby, as I know but few of such force; and not many such blowes more will make the same kingdome and tower fall downe to the ground, with utter desolation.

"Vale in Christo,
Et Fruere."

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Sir Edwin Sandys was second son of Edwin Archbishop of York, younger brother of Samuel ancestor of the late Lord Sandys, and elder brother of George the poet, already mentioned. He was educated at Oxford 1577, and had for his tutor the celebrated Richard Hooker, the author of "Ecclesiastical Polity." On May the 11th, 1603, he was knighted by King James, and afterwards made a considerable figure in parliament, being a staunch patriot; on which account exposing himself to the resentment of the court, he was with the famous Selden, in 1621, committed to the custody of the sheriff of London; which being considered as a breach of privilege by the House of Commons, was much resented by them. He was treasurer to the Undertakers for the Western Plantations, which he effectually advanced, and was considered as a solid statesman, a man of great judgment, and of a commanding pen.

He died in 1629, and was buried at Northborne in Kent, where he had a seat and estate granted him by James I. soon after his accession. His monument of marble, with two recumbent figures, but without any inscription, still remains in the south transept of Northborne church, where the present editor surveyed it in a somewhat mutilated state, on the first day of the present year He had seven sons, * of whom Henry the eldest, died without issue. Edwin, the second, was the well known parliamentary colonel, of whom much may be read in Mercurius Rusticus, and other tracts of those days; and who, receiving a mortal wound at the battle of Worcester in 1642, retired to Northborne to die, leaving the estate to his son Sir Richard, who was killed by the accidental explosion of his fowling piece in 166[illegible]. His son, Sir Richard, was created a baronet 1684, and dying 1726, without male issue, was the last of the family who lived at Northborne; where the mansion remained many years deserted, and at length within the memory of old people, was pulled down. The editor has lately seen a very interesting letter of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, describing it as she could just remember it in her childhood, and as she had heard old people represent it, contrasted with its present state, and accompanied with many touching reflections on the instability of human affairs. This will soon appear, with several others, in the Life of that very excellent and justly celebrated Woman, which is now in the press.

* Richard, third son of Sir Edwin, was also a parliamentary colonel, and was the ancestor of the present Admiral Charles Sandys, &c. &c.

ART.

ART. IX. *A New Survey of the West Indies. By Thomas Gage. London.* 1648. 8vo.

This is a book, with which I am unacquainted myself, but presuming it to be the same as Mr Southey, in the notes to his beautiful poem of Madoc, calls Gage's account of Mexico; I learn from him, that, though the author pretends to have collected his materials on the spot, the account of that place is copied verbatim from Nicholas's Conquest of Weast-India, already mentioned, Vol. III. p 351, whence I also learn a confirmation of my supposition, that Nicholas's book is a translation from Gomara, (ut sup. p. 398.) It is much to the credit of this volume, that Mr. Southey's notes contain large and frequent citations from it.

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ART. X. *Pharonnida, an heroic Poem. By William Chamberlaine. London: Printed &c.* 1659. 8vo.

This person was of Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire, and also wrote "Love's Victory, a tragi-comedy. London. 1658." 4to.

Mr. Southey, in a note to his "Joan of Arc," calls him 'a poet, who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingles sublimity of thought, and beauty of expression, with the quaintest conceits and most awkward inversions." Mr. Southey goes on to cite the following passage:

——— ——— "On a rock more high
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds

Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
A quadrate placed, both these encompast in
A perfect circle was its form; but what
Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
Is undiscover'd left. A tower there stands
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands
The impartial Parcæ dwell; i' the first she sees
Clotho, the kindest of the destinies,
From immaterial essences to cull
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
For Lachesis to spin; about her flie
Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie
Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
That power by which man ripe for misery grows.
Her next of objects was that glorious tower,
Where that swift-finger'd nymph, that spares no hour
From mortals' service, draws the various threads
Of life in several lengths; to weary beds
Of age extending some, whilst others in
Their infancy are broke: some blackt in sin,
Others, the favorites of heaven, from whence
Their origin, canded with innocence;
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures; some in glittering pride
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
Rags of deformity; but knots of care
No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss
Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
Of death and horrour; in each room replete
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
Of pale grim ghosts, those terrors of the night.
To this, the last stage that the winding clew
Of life can lead mortality unto,

Fear

Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in
All guests sent thither by destructive sin."

"It is possible," adds Mr. Southey, "that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a poet, to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight, and whom I one day hope to rescue from undeserved oblivion." *

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ART. XI. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 160.]

"So ballet makers doth with wind
Stir up a hive of bees,
And of the abundance of vaine mind
With words in aire he flees: †

As though it were a thunder crack,
That never brings forth raine,
But dailie threatens ruine and wrack
With ratling rumors vaine.

Vaine commedies, that stirs up vice,
He did condemne and hate;
He holds that babble of no price
That doth infect a state:

* There was at this time also a poet of the name of Robert Chamberlayne, son of Richard Chamberlayne, of Standish, in Lancashire, Gent. He was of Exeter college, Oxford, 1637, being then aged thirty. He wrote *Nocturnal Lucubrations, or Meditations divine and moral. London:* 1638. 12*mo:* to which are added *Epigrams and Epitaphs.* Also *the Swaggering Damsel a comedy. London.* 1640. 4*to.* Also *Sicelides, a Pastoral.* See Wood's Ath. I. 639.

† Homer writes, that Achilles, sonne of Peleus, was a singular lilicke poet, singing and playing the noble deeds of cheeftaines.

Corrupts

Corrupts with words good maners still,
Offends both eie and eare,
Brings in loose life by custom's ill,
And takes away true feare *

Of God and men, such poets leud
Were banisht and exilde,
Because with foule condishons shreud
Their country they defilde.

Good poets were in evry age
Made of, and nourisht well;
They were the flowres of gardens gaie,
That gave the goodly smell. †

The true forewarners of great things,
That after did befall,
The joy of godly vertuous kings,
And honest subjects all.

Our age and former fathers' daies
(Leave Goore and Chauser out)
Hath brought foorth here but few to praise,
Search all our soyle about.

Yet of all those that newly wrate
In prose or verse of late,
Let Sydney weare (for stile of state)
The garland lawreate. ‡

* Linus of Thebes, a most ancient poet: he was the sonne of Mercury, and wrate the course of the sun, moone, and spheres, in excellent verse.

† Tiberius Nero, the emperor, a poet; and Lucan, his tresorer, a poet; on a publike theater they shewed the tragedie Orpheus.

‡ Adrianus Augustus, Emperor, a poet and preferrer of poetrie.

His bookes makes many bookes to blush,
They shew such sence and wit,
Our dribbers shoots not woorth a rush,
When he the marke doth hit. *

His phrase is sifted like fine flowre,
That maketh manchet bread,
Sweet evry where and nothing soure
That flowes from Sydneyes head. †

Swecte dewe dropt out of Sydneyes quill,
As raine great moysture shows,
And from his muse there did distill
A liquor sweete as rose. ‡

A quintesence, a spirit of wine,
Naie nectar better namde,
A bevrage for the gods devine
Of compounds made and famde. §

That whosoever drinks thereon
Immortall shall be made,
His books he left to looke upon,
When we in worldly shade ||

Sits mumping evry houre of daie,
And scarce knows where we are;
Our braines, like bucke, doth stande at baie,
Beset about with care. **

* Julianus, emperor, and Caius Julius Cæsar.
† Oppianus, of great nobilitie.
‡ Sextus Aurelius Propertius, one of the Dedicie.
§ Scenica, a Spanish knight, Nero's schoolemaster.
|| Sophocles and Pericles.
** Æmilius Scaurus, a man of noble parentage.

Of this or that, when Sydneyes books
Cals up a drowping ghost;
For whosoever thereon looks,
With worldly troubles tost,*

He shall finde quietness thereby,
And Christian comfort great,
Woorth all the treasure under skie
It climes to Jove's hie seat:

And sits among the angels sweet
Where psalmes and himnes are sung,
And all base humors under feet
Are out of favor flung. †

The poets that can clime the cloudes,
Like ship boy, to the top,
When sharpest stormes do shake the shroudes,
Sets ware to sale, in shop. ‡

Of heavenly things, that earthly men
Can scarcely understand,
Did not our Chauser's golden pen,
That beautifide this land, ||

Reach to the sunne and highest star,
And toucht the heavens all:
A poets' knowledge goes so far,
That it to mind can call §

* Anacreon of Teios, with Policrates, king of the Samians.

† Aratus, all his life-time lived with Antigonus.

‡ Lucius Cecilius, Cæsar's playfelowe.

|| Cirus, the poet, treasurer of the emperor Theodosius, and a patrician.

§ Publius and Laberius, companions with Julius Cæsar.

Each

Each wonder since the world began,
And what was seene in skies:
A poet is no common man,
He lookes with Argoes' eyes. *

Like linx, throw steele or stonie wals,
No secret 'scapes his sight,
Of future time, and what befals
In world, by day or night: †

He sees and sometimes writes thereof,
When scornfull people scowle;
And makes of earnest words a scoffe,
Or cals faire speches fowle." ‡

[*To be continued.*]

T. Park

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ART. XII. *The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra: devided into two commicall discourses. In the fyrste parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate: the vertuous behaviours of a chaste Ladye: the uncontrowled leawdenes of a favoured Curtisan: and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasyte. In the second parte is discoursed, the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking vice and favouringe vertue: wherein is showne, the ruyne and overthrowe of dishonest practises; with the advauncement of upright dealing. The worke of George Whetstone, Gent. Famæ nulla fides.*

* Arian, the poet of Periander, king of Corinth.

† Radullides, with Julianus, the emperor.

‡ Claudianus his tombe honoured by Honorius and Arcadius, emperors.

Colophon.

Colophon. *Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, Aug.* 20, 1578. *4to.*

This dramatic history seems to have been the earliest of Whetstone's publications. In the copy, whence the above title is taken, it is spoken of by the printer as having appeared before, and was left in his hands (according to the author's dedication to his kinsman, Wm. Fleetwoode, Esq. Recorder of London), when Whetstone resolved to accompany the adventurous captain, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, in a naval expedition, and dispersed his writings among his learned friends, for their revision. The play has been reprinted in the dramatic selections of Dodsley, and Nichols; and is only noticed here as the earliest publication of Whetstone, respecting whom the following particulars were mostly drawn together by the late intelligent Mr. Reed,* whose loss to English literature and to those who studied in the same track will not soon be repaired.

Of George Whetstone very little is known. From being kinsman to the Recorder of London, it is presumed that he was of a reputable family. From his own works it is further supposed that he first tried his fortune at court, where he consumed his patrimony in fruitless expectation of preferment. He therefore, like Churchyard and Gascoigne, commenced soldier, and served abroad; though in what capacity is not told. Such however was his gallant behaviour, that he was rewarded with additional pay: but he returned

* Biog. Dram. I. 468. Respecting which work such preparations had been made by Mr. Reed for a new edition, that he computed its extent would reach to four octavo volumes.

home

home with more reputation than fortune, and his prospects of advancement were so unpromising, that he determined to convert his sword into a ploughshare. Yet here proving unsuccessful, like many needy gentlemen who become speculating farmers, he was compelled to resort to the generosity of his friends. This having proved to be a broken reed, he had recourse to the navy for support, and embarked on an expedition to Newfoundland, which was rendered abortive by an accidental rencontre with a Spanish fleet. From this period he is thought to have depended upon his pen for subsistence; and, if we may judge from the mediocrity of talent shewn in his writings, this must have been a very precarious support. Yet Webbe spoke of him, in 1586, as a man singularly well skilled in the faculty of poetry; and Meres placed him, in his little calendar of contemporary authorship, between the names of Shakspeare and Gascoigne, as one of the most passionate poets of that age, to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love. These partial panegyrics, resulting perhaps from personal acquaintance, refer to some amatory trifles in his Heptameron and Garden of Unthriftiness, which in truth are little deserving of such praise. T. P.

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ART. XIII. *A Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties. Representing the ordinances, policies, and diligence of the noble Emperour Alexander, surnamed Severus: to suppresse and chastise the notorious vices nourished in Rome, by the superfluous nomber of dicing-houses, taverns, and common stewes: Suffred*

*fred and cheerished by his beastlye predecessor Helyogabalus: with sundrie grave orations, by the said noble emperor, concerning reformation. And hereunto is added, a Touchstone for the time: containyng many perillous mischeifes, bred in the bowels of the citie of London, by the infection of some of thease sanctuaries of Iniquitie. By George Whetstones, Gent. Virtute non vi. Printed at London, by Richarde Jones.* 1584. *4to.*

The second part, or addition, is the interesting portion of this book, and seems to have been designed, like Mr. Colquhoun's disquisitions on the police, to expose the frauds, impositions, and vices, which disgraced our English metropolis. The work is inscribed to "Sir Edward Osburne, Knt. then Lord Mayor, and to the Aldermen, City-Recorder, &c." An Address follows, "to the Young Gentlemen of the Inns of Court," for whose benefit the author professes to have chiefly undertaken the composition of this treatise. By them however, or by the public at large, he would seem to have been little regarded; for in two years afterward he prefixed a new dedication to Woolstone Dixie, then Lord Mayor, and thus drew up a second title to the same impression of the book:

*The Enemie to Unthryftinesse. Publishing by lawes, documents, and disciplines, a right rule for reformation of pride, and other prodigall and riotous disorders in a common-wealth. For the worthines of directions, a perfect Mirour for all Magistrates: especially of Cities: and for sound counsels and admonitions, a Card or Compase, for every yong gentleman,*

*gentleman, honorablie and profitably to governe his actions. Partely drawne out of the sage government of the most worthie Emperour Alexander Severus, and generallye discoveringe the unsufferable abuses now raigning in our happie English commonwealth. By George Whetstone, Gent. Malgre de Fortunes. Printed at London by Rd. Jones.* 1586. *4to.*

On the back of this title, which, with the dedication, are the only visible variations, there appears the following curious notice of Whetstone's productions.

"The Printer to the Reader.

"To the intent, that the variable humors of men, (which delight as much in chaynge as they differ in opinion) may be satisfied with the varitie of M. Whetston's workes and writinge: I have therefore not (here) thought it amisse to set downe the severall tytles of his severall workes alredy printed and compiled, viz.

1. The Enemy to Unthryftinesse.
2. The Rocke of Regarde.
3. The honorble reputation and morall vertues of a Souldier.
4. The Heptamoron of Cyvill Discourses.
5. The tragicall Comedie of Promos and Cassandra
6. The lyfe and death of M. G. Gascoyne. *
7. The lyfe and death of the great and honorble Majestrat Sir Nycholas Bacon, late L. Keeper.
8. The lyfe and death of the good L. Dyer.
9. The lyfe and death of the noble Earle of Sussex.

* See Censura, IV. p. 218.

10. A Mirrour of true honor, shewing the lyfe, death, and vertues of Frauncis, Earle of Bedforde. *

Books redy to be printed.

11. A panoplie of Devices.

12. The English Mirour. †

13. The Image of Christian Justice."

T. P.

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## Art. XIV. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

### No. III.

### THOMAS WARTON.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 93.]

I have given a sketch of the life of this author, and am now called upon to enter into some criticism on his writings.

The Suicide is a noble poem: and of an higher tone than most of the compositions of this author. There is indeed an occasional quaintness of language, an alliteration better avoided, and a roughness arising from a crowd of consonants, which Dr Johnson would have severely censured. There are few finer stanzas in the body of English poetry than the following:

"Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone
Amid the autumnal wood;

* This occurs in the valuable library of Mr. Bindley, from whose copy the title was given at length in Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica.

† Qu. whether this English Mirour was not the Mirour noticed above?

Oft

Oft was he wont in hasty fit
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair for ever in his view,
A spectre pale appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd."

It has been said, that all this writer's poems are cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor. No remark can have less foundation. I cannot recollect the previous existence of the mould, in which the Suicide was formed. But what model have the Ode on Leaving a Favourite Village, the First of April, the Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur followed? In the Hamlet, every image is drawn directly from actual observation; and at once combines the charms of poetry with the accuracy of a naturalist. It possesses also a simplicity and harmony of diction at once original and appropriate, which adds to its uncommon excellence. The favourite village was Wynslade, at the back of Hackwood Park, in Hants, where the poet's brother Joseph Warton then resided. Of that country the scenery introduced in this ode is an exact description:

"The bard who rapture found
From every rural sight and sound;
Whose genius warm and judgment chaste
No charm of genuine nature past;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires;"

was his brother, who well deserved the character, and who was at that time travelling with Charles Duke of Bolton.

Nearly similar praise is deserved by the First of April. It opens indeed with some awkwardness of expression, but it deals in no common-place description and trite hereditary imagery. The season of the year, and the appearances in vegetation which it produces, are delineated with the most exquisite exactness, and with the happiest selection of circumstances. But perhaps as it has less intermixture of a moral cast than the former ode, its attraction is both less striking, and less permanent.

The Hamlet also is a poem of the same stamp, containing a diminutive picture of rural happiness, finished with inimitable beauty, and without a rival among the various attempts which our poets have made upon congenial subjects. It is worth remarking, that the charming paragraph of ten lines beginning "Their little sons," was first introduced in the second of the two editions of 1777.

The Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur, breathe a spirit of chivalry, and a splendour of romantic fancy, well adapted to their subjects.

But the verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window, were the latest voluntary offering which Warton made to the Muse. They exhibit, in an uncommon degree, the variety of his powers. They have all the harmony and polish of Pope, with infinitely more ease, energy, command of language, and brilliance of imagination.

He begins with a most happy description of his own propensities:

> "Ah, stay thy treacherous hand; forbear to trace
> Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
>
> Ah,

Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass:
Nor steal, by strokes of art, with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For, long enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With gothic manners, gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore."

He proceeds to assert his attachment to gothic architecture, which he describes, in eighteen lines, with wonderful beauty and force. The whole concludes with the following vigorous paragraph:

" Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine;
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing graces to the gothic pile!"

Perhaps Warton has not displayed what may properly be called invention in his poetry. But invention is a term so indefinitely used, that till we agree on some precise ideas regarding it, it seems hardly fair to admit such an assertion. In one sense he certainly possesses this power: the images of his descriptive poetry are either new in themselves, or in their combination. Dr. Aikin has long ago remarked, that many of his de-

scriptions possess all the accuracy of the naturalist. The circumstances in vernal scenery, which he has delineated with so vivid a pencil, are not the result of a memory stored with poetical phrases derived from his predecessors, but of a minute and most attentive observer of nature.

I shall insert one of his poems entire, though well known, as it is short; it is perhaps a specimen of his best manner, and is indeed a very beautiful and finished composition.

*Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall in Warwickshire.*

1.

"Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

2

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies
To lurk with innocence she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

3.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;

And

And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
And o'er the sculptures quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

4.

At eve, within yon studious nook
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

5.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away
To take my staff and amice gray?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?"

---

But Warton could write in the familiar style, as well as in that, which Mr. Southey, I think, calls "the Ornate." The "Progress of Discontent," is an exquisite poem; and very truly pronounced by his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, to be the best imitation of Swift that has appeared. It ends with a touching moral, very happily expressed:

"Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;

A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases." *

"The Pleasures of Melancholy," written as it was in 1745, in his seventeenth year, is a very extraordinary performance; and exhibits a command of language, and copiousness of phraseology, which prove both wonderful attainments, and great power of mind. It was at this time that the school of Pope † was giving way: addresses to the head rather than to the heart, or the fancy; moral axioms, and witty observations, expressed in harmonious numbers, and with epigrammatic terseness; the *limæ labor*, all the artifices of a highly polished style, and the graces of finished composition, which had long usurped the place of the more sterling beauties of imagination and sentiment, began first to be lessened in the public estimation by the appearance of "Thomson's Seasons," a work which constituted a new era in our poetry. Then arose a constellation of youths of genius, of a more wild and picturesque school—Gray, and Collins, and Joseph Warton, and Akenside. In this school grew up Thomas Warton. He says himself in this very poem,

"Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;

* This poem was expanded out of a Latin epigram of ten lines, which he wrote as a college exercise, and which ends with the following;

"O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet."

† Pope died in 1744.

Yet

Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss."

Joseph Warton, in the Advertisement to his own Odes, 1746, says, "The public has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished, or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon imagination and invention to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy, if the following Odes may be looked upon, as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel."*

It may be curious to compare the coincidence of opinion on this subject between Thomas Warton, and a celebrated predecessor, and celebrated successor.

In the preface of Edw. Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum," supposed to be written by Milton, is the following passage:

"Wit, ingenuity, and learning in verse, even ele-

* Collins's Odes were published the same year.

gancy

gancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing: true native poetry is another; in which there is a certain spirit and air, which perhaps the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly comprehend."

In the preface to *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, 1785, T. Warton says, "Wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods, having kept undisturbed possession of our poetry, till late in the eighteenth century, would not easily give way to fiction and fancy, to picturesque description, and romantic imagery."

Mr. Southey, in the preface to his *Specimens of Later English Poets*, just published, says, speaking of the time of Dryden, "The writers of this and the succeeding generation, understood their own character better than it has been understood by their successors; they called themselves wits instead of poets, and wits they were; the difference is not in degree, but in kind. They succeeded in what they aimed at; in satire and in panegyric, in ridiculing an enemy, and in flattering a friend; in turning a song, and in complimenting a lady; in pointing an epigram, and in telling a lewd tale: in these branches of literary art, the Birmingham trade of verse, they have rarely been surpassed. Give them what praise you will, as versifiers, as wits, as reasoners, I wish not to detract a point from it; but versification, and wit, and reason, do not constitute poetry. The time, which is elapsed from the days of Dryden to those of Pope, is the dark age of English poetry."

It now became the fashion to furnish food for the fancy,

fancy, and pile images upon images, without perhaps, at all times, sufficiently attending to the construction of the language, or the harmony of the rhythm. An instance of this occurs in the very opening of Warton's poem on "Melancholy," already cited: for the sentences are involved, and the meaning at first obscured by this defect, though the images are striking and highly picturesque. The following descriptive passage, commencing at the 42d verse, deserves high praise:

——————"When the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps, while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen invites, with beckoning hand,
My lonesome steps thro' the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead thro' flowery paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led

Th'

Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold."

But if Warton thought less highly of "sentiment and satire, of polished numbers, and sparkling couplets," it was not from inability to excel in that style. His "Newmarket" a satire, published in 1751, is a decisive proof of his talent in that sort of composition, and forms a complete contrast to most of his other poems. The description of the old family seat, a prey "to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms," is highly beautiful.

In short, if we consider the genius and learning of Thomas Warton; if we contemplate him as a poet, a scholar, a critic, an antiquary, and a writer of prose, ages may pass away before his equal shall arise.

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## Art. XV. MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

[see p. 84.]

Since I wrote the memoirs of Mrs. Smith, for which I have had the delight of receiving the approbation of those who knew her best, as to the accuracy of the character I ventured, however weakly, to draw of her, a posthumous volume of her poems has appeared, in which she herself has expressed some of the very sentiments, which I supposed her to have experienced; I cannot therefore refrain from extracting these passages. They are from the principal poem, in blank verse, entitled,

titled BEACHY HEAD, consisting of 731 lines, but, alas! unfinished.

" I once was happy, when, while yet a child,
I learn'd to love these upland solitudes,
And when, elastic as the mountain air,
To my light spirit care was yet unknown
And evil unforeseen: early it came,
And, childhood scarcely pass'd, I was condemn'd,
A guiltless exile, silently to sigh,
While memory, with faithful pencil, drew
The contrast: and regretting, I compar'd
With the polluted smoky atmosphere
And dark and stifling streets, the southern hills,
That, to the setting sun their graceful heads
Rearing, o'erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks
With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,
When western winds the vast Atlantic urge
To thunder on the coast. Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scatter'd thorns: whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb.
There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun,
And pleasant seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way
While heavily upward mov'd the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little, o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry, and its simple vane;

Those

Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring,
When on each bough, the rosy-tinctur'd bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promis'd fruit,
Console them for the vineyards of the south,
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash, and beech,
And partial copses, fringe the green-hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream,
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course,
The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And panzies rayed, and freak'd and mottled pinks
Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue:
There honey'suckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultur'd: some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others, like velvet robes of regal state,
Of richest crimson, while in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely, wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In Spring and Summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleas'd.

An

An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I lov'd her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedge rows, bordering unfrequented lanes
Bowered with wild roses, and the clasping woodbine,
Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch
With bitter-sweet, and bryony inweave,
And the dew fills the silver bindweed's cups—
I lov'd to trace the brooks whose humid banks
Nourish the harebell, and the freckled pagil;
And stroll among o'ershadowing woods of beech,
Lending in Summer, from the heats of noon,
A whispering shade; while haply there reclines
Some pensive lover of uncultur'd flowers,
Who, from the tumps with bright green mosses clad,
Plucks the wood sorrel, with its light thin leaves,
Heart-shaped, and triply folded: and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; or who there
Gathers, the copse's pride, Anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touch'd with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.
Ah! hills so early lov'd! in fancy still
I breathe your pure keen air; and still behold
Those widely spreading views, mocking alike
The poet and the painter's utmost art.
And still, observing objects more minute,
Wondering remark the strange and foreign forms
Of sea-shells; with the pale calcareous soil
Mingled, and seeming of resembling substance;
Tho' surely the blue ocean (from the heights
Where the downs westward trend, but dimly seen)
Here never roll'd its surge."

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The public will look with impatience to the memoirs of her, and a collection of her letters, which are now preparing for the press by her family In the variety of her talents it seems difficult to decide what she could do best; but those talents appear to have been peculiarly fitted for excellence in epistolary composition. I am informed that the fertility of her mind, and the rapidity with which she wrote, astonished even men of the most quick and copious powers, who had opportunities of observing her, when thus occupied.

I will transcribe, from these posthumous poems, one entire little piece, in that style of exquisite delicacy and pathos, in which Mrs. Smith stands unrivalled.

EVENING.

"Oh soothing hour, when glowing day
Low in the western wave declines,
And village murmurs die away,
And bright the vesper planet shines!

I love to hear the gale of Even
Breathing along the dew-leaf'd copse,
And feel the freshening dew of heaven,
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For like a friend's consoling sighs,
That breeze of night to me appears;
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas! for those, who long have borne,
Like me, a heart by sorrow riven,
Who, but the plaintive winds will mourn?
What tears will fall, but those of heaven?"

## Art. XVI. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 178.]

During his voyage to India, Sir William Jones sketched out a plan of studies and productions, recorded by Lord Teignmouth, which must appear extravagant even for his stupendous talents and industry.

In his Letter to Lord Ashburton, dated on board the Crocodile, 27 April, 1783, he says, "It is possible that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship could I have gratified my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and enjoyed at the same time the comforts of domestic life."

He landed at Calcutta in Sept. 1783, where his fame had preceded him, and he was received with general satisfaction. In December following he entered upon his judicial functions. Finding that the field of scientific research in India was too extensive for any individual, he immediately devised the plan of the Asiatic Literary Institution, in imitation of the Royal Society of London, which first assembled in January, 1804.

He now divided the whole of his time between the laborious duties of his office, and the extension of his oriental knowledge, which he pursued with such unabated zeal and application as continually to injure his health, but with a progress so rapid and wonderful, as nothing but the most decisive proofs of it could render credible.

"Various causes," he says in a letter, 1786, "contribute to render me a bad correspondent, particularly the discharge of my public duty, and the studies, which are connected with that duty, such as the Indian and Arabic laws in their several difficult languages, one of which has occupied most of my leisure for this last twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to Islamabad, for the benefit of the sea air and verdant hillocks during the hot season. It is only in such a retirement as the cottage, where I am passing a short vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary subjects."

Again he says, Oct. 5, 1786. "Various are the causes, which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent; first, illness, which had confined me three months to my couch; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country, where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult study of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to establish by degrees, among ten millions of our black subjects, that security of descendable property, a want of which has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and improvable arts; lastly, I may add, though rather an amusement than a duty, my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain-head; an opportunity which, if once lost, may never be recovered."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "the uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence,

existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the consequence of intense application; and others were embittered by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections."

June 24, 1787. "I am well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles before sun-rise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our flocks and herds, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The business of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation as usual, with the Hindu bards."

Aug. 16, 1787. "I thank you heartily for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte,* which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable part of his works, and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes, which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence."

Sept. 27, 1787. "I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cot-

* Sonnets by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

tage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmins, with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service than the introduction of arts, (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require they should be governed."

Oct. 3, 1787. "Of English politics I say nothing; because I doubt whether you and I should agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending parties, but the great principles of government and legislation, the majesty of the whole nation collectively, and the consistency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be supported,* to suppress the oligarchical power."

Sir W. Jones at this time meditated an epic poem, on the same subject as that which he had designed in his twenty-second year; *the Discovery of England by Brutus*. I confess I do not believe that his powers and habits were adapted to it; nor that he could ever have executed it with success.

But he now also meditated and arranged the scheme of a great national work, more within the compass of his immediate pursuits and qualifications, *A Complete Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws*, after the model of Justinian's Pandects, compiled by the most

* If this was just, when Sir W. Jones wrote, as I believe it to have been, how much more applicable is it to the present moment! *Editor.*

learned

learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation of it into English. A prospectus of this he laid before Lord Cornwallis; on whose warm approval, Sir William undertook the amazing labour of superintendence and translation.

Sept. 27, 1788. "My own health, by God's blessing, is firm, but my eyes are weak; and I am so intent upon seeing the Digest of Indian Laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object: the Natives are much pleased with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the security which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects."

Oct. 15, 1790. "If the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that, which I now fill, I should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge, is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every judge, as well as every bishop, should remain for life in the place, which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man, who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four and forty years, and has learned to be contented. My private life is similar to that which you remember; seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate; and one hour to the new Indian Digest; for one hour in the evening I read aloud to Lady Jones."

Lady Jones, finding her constitution no longer able to endure the climate of India, embarked for England in Dec. 1793.

In the beginning of 1794 Sir William published a

work in which he had been long engaged, *A Translation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of Duties religious and civil.*

Oct. 1793. "I will follow Lady Jones as soon as I can; possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that; for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the system of Indian laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work doubts might arise, which the Pundits alone could remove."

As to Sir William Jones's religious opinions, the following testimony, copied from his own manuscript in his Bible, though frequently published, cannot be too often repeated:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

At length we arrive at the close of this most extraordinary man's life; and I shall give it in the words of his noble biographer.

"The few months allotted to his existence, after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India, the completion

pletion of the Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Law. But neither the consciousness of acquitting himself of an obligation, which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had sweetened the toil of application, and cheared his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors, in the different langnages of Europe. After her departure he mixed more in promiscuous society; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

"On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "An ague in the Spring is a medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved, in fact, to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was un-

commonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."

It often happens that, in the delineation of the characters of men of genius, the difficulty is increased by the paucity of materials; in the present case it is augmented by their multiplicity. The almost incredible extent of Sir William Jones's acquirements requires a stretch of thought to comprehend, much more to describe them. By a paper of his own writing, it appears that he understood something of eight-and-twenty languages; "eight, critically; eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve, least perfectly, but all attainable."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "in the eleven discourses, which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects,

subjects, which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound oriental learning in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure."

"There were few sciences, in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency; in most his knowledge was profound."—"His last and favourite pursuit was the study of botany."

"It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous to inquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by constant exercise: and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been impressed upon it. In his early years, he seems to have entered upon his career of study with this maxim strongly impressed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and it has been remarked, that he never neglected, nor overlooked, any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

"To an unextinguished ardour for universal knowledge he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day: reflection

reflection and meditation strengthened and confirmed what industry and investigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken "

Sir William entertained a strange opinion, (which was certainly a proof of his humility) that all men are born with equal mental capacities. Having supported this opinion in a conversation with Thomas Law, Esq. that gentleman sent him the following lines:

"Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind.*
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone."

*To which Sir William Jones wrote the following answer:*

"Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's, or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil;

And

And say (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task.
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most."

It has been observed, that this eminent man rather employed his mind in acquiring and arranging his materials, than in building structures of his own with them. I doubt whether his faculties, wonderful as they were, were not best adapted to that purpose. But be that as it may, we ought not to regret the mode in which he applied those astonishing intellectual powers; he now stands the first of his order, and that a very high order, and on this account deserves one of the most conspicuous places in the Temple of Fame.

As a poet, he is rather to be considered for his translations, than for original composition; but the tasks he undertook, he executed with uncommon spirit and splendour; and they were such as would have confounded one of less brilliant endowments by their "excess of light."

I will give a short song, as a specimen of his manner.

SONG.

"Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye idlers sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not that winter drear
Still delays your promised tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale;

Tell

Tell me not the woods are bare,
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads;
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow,
Where she treads fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom."

---

I shall close this account with some lines on his death by the Duchess of Devonshire, of whose talents I am glad to have opportunity of giving a specimen:

*On the death of Sir William Jones.*

"Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
'The most enlightened of the sons of men.'*

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends revered him, and his country blest.

* Dr. Johnson.

Admired

Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend."

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## ART. XVII. JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

Of this very ingenious, but unfortunate, man, who, as I now learn from Mr. Southey's "Specimens," died as long ago as 1796, very little is known to the public. I have always understood he was younger brother to the present Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart. If so, he was born 27 Aug. 1754. He was educated at Cambridge, where I became acquainted with his Sonnets, two years after their publication. They appeared with the following title:

"*Sixteen Sonnets. London: Printed by J. Millidge; and sold by D. Prince, of Oxford; Messrs. Merrill and Co. Cambridge; and D. Browne, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, in the Strand.* 1778. *Sm. 4to.*

The following is the dedication:

"To Miss Palmer,* these Sonnets, which have been honoured with her approbation, are dedicated by her very sincere and devoted humble servant, John Bampfylde."

* Niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds, now Marchioness of Thomond.

Soon

Soon after the publication of these Sonnets, from what unfortunate cause I am ignorant, he began to exhibit symptoms of mental derangement; and is said to have passed the last years of his life in confinement.

These Sonnets, little known, which always appeared to me to possess great and original merit, have now received the sanction of Mr. Southey's praise, with which I am much gratified. But as I am anxious to extend his fame by additional channels, I shall, while a friend of mine is preparing a new edition of the whole, in conjunction with the neglected relics of two or three other deserving young men of genius, insert two specimens here.

### SONNET III.

" As when, to one, who long hath watch'd, the Morn
Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day,
(What time the young and flowry-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn;)
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have wak'd to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!"

SONNET XI.

*To Mr. Jackson of Exeter.*

"Tho' Winter's storms embrown the dusky vale,
And dark and wistful wanes the low'ring year;
Tho' bleak the moor, forlorn the cots, appear,
And thro' the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;
Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays, ne'er fail
Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to chear;
Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
Whether thou lov'st in mournful mood to wail
Lycid 'bright genius of the sounding shore,'
Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
But chiefest when, (if Delia grace the measure,)
Thy lyre o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
Rolls the soft song of joy, and endless love."

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Mr. Jackson intended to have published an edition of Bampfylde's poems, with some account of the author, with whom he had a personal acquaintance; but he died without accomplishing his design.

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## ART. XVIII. MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

I take this opportunity of giving a short account of this author.

William Jackson of Exeter was son of a tradesman of that city, where he was born about 1730. As he early discovered a great genius for music, he was educated to that profession under the organist of the cathedral

thedral there. He afterwards went to London, where he improved himself under eminent masters, and returned to teach music at the place of his nativity. At length, in 1777, he was appointed organist of Exeter cathedral.

In 1782 he rose at once into literary fame by the publication of "*Thirty Letters on various Subjects*," 2 vols. 12mo. These principally consisted of Essays on the Belles Lettres, and evinced taste, learning, vivacity, originality, and even genius.

His celebrity in musical composition had already been widely extended, and he now held a considerable rank amongst authors.

In 1798 he published "*The Four Ages; together with Essays on various subjects. By William Jackson, of Exeter.*" 8vo. pp. 454. Printed for Cadell and Davies.

This work consisted of so much instructive, original, and entertaining matter, that it added much to the author's well-earned fame. It contained however some opinions on religion not sufficiently considered, and which gave offence to serious readers.

His account of Gainsborough the painter, will exhibit a characteristic and interesting specimen.

*Gainsborough, the painter.*

"In the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was perhaps better known to me, than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him, as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him

him and his works given by people, who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

" Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement; yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

" When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure; but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

" He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from 'morn to dewy eve!' many an Adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed. This was wonderful, as it was Abel's own instrument, and therefore ought to have produced Abel's own music!

" Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to

bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private, not on the hautboy but the violin; but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten; there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

"He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away. If you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians.

"This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill luck would have it, he heard Crossdill; but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree." *

* P. 147. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 533.

In

"In this way he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step; the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable."*

Mr. Jackson died at Exeter, 12 July, 1803. Thomas Jackson, Esq. now or lately Minister Plenipotentiary to Sardinia, is, I believe, one of his sons.

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## Art. XIX. CAPT. EDWARD THOMPSON.

Edward Thompson was son of a merchant at Hull, in Yorkshire, where he was born about 1738. He was educated at Beverley, under the Rev Mr. Clarke, and thence removed to Hampstead, under the care of Dr. Cox. He early embraced a maritime life, and in 1750 sailed on a voyage to Greenland. In 1754 he was engaged on board an Indiaman, and became what is called "*a Guinea Pig*:" though other accounts say, that he went to the East Indies with Sir Peter Dennis, on board the Dorsetshire, and was in the memorable action off Quiberon Bay. By his "Sailor's Letters," it appears he was at Madras, Ceylon, and Bengal, of which he has given descriptions, that shew the accuracy of his observation, and the cultivation of his talents.

In 1755 he returned to England; where in November we find him on board the Sterling-Castle in the Downs. In 1756 he sailed from Portsmouth to New York, and thence to Antigua; and arriving the following year in

* P. 154. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 533.

England, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and appointed to the Jason, which was sent over to Embden with Brudenell's Regiment to reinforce the garrison. In 1758 he sailed in the Dorsetshire to Lisbon, and in 1759, cruising between the Bay of Biscay and the chops of the channel, was engaged in Hawke's celebrated battle with Conflans. In 1761 he sailed in the Bellona.

The peace, that ensued, left his active mind at leisure to cultivate literature. A poem of a temporary nature procured him the acquaintance of Churchill, whose whig principles he strenuously cherished. At this time he lived in a small house in Kew-lane; whence in 1764 he produced a poem called "*The Soldier,*" which was well received. He then retired for some time to Scotland, where he meditated a professional work, which he never executed.

In 1765, he published "*The Courtezan,*" a poem, 4to. and "*The Demirep,*" a poem, 4to. In 1767, he produced his "*Sailor's Letters, written during his Voyages in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1754 to 1759.*" In 1769, he commanded the Tartuffe cutter, off the coast of Scotland.

He had during this period written many political and dramatic pieces, which recommended him to the notice of Garrick; and Garrick, through his intimacy with Sir Edward Hawke, procured him a master and commander's warrant in 1771; and in the following year, Sir Peter Denis, commanding in the Mediterranean, made him post into the Niger.

But before this he had edited "*The Works of Oldham,*" 3 vols. 1771; a collection of fugitive pieces called

called "*The Court of Cupid*," and a collection of Bon Mots, under the title of "*Aristophanes*."

In 1773, he brought forth "*The Fair Quaker, or The Humours of the Navy, a Comedy*," 8vo. and in 1776 and in 1777 fitted for the stage two other pieces, not published.

In 1773 he began in concert with Mr. John Mac millan,* the Westminster Magazine. In 1777, he edited "*The Works of Paul Whitehead*;" and the same year "*The Works of Andrew Marvel*." In 1778 he edited a collection of fugitive poetical pieces, called "*The Muse's Mirror*."

But as soon as the war broke out with France, he was called away from these peaceful occupations, being appointed in 1778 to the command of the Hyæna. He was in Rodney's famous action off Cape St. Vincent; of which he brought home the intelligence; and was soon afterwards appointed commodore of an expedition against Demerara, which, with Berbice and Essequibo,

* This young man died Feb. 11, 1774, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a native of Invernesshire. He is said to have been "an accurate critic, an elegant poet, and an agreeable novelist." Thomson wrote the following lines to his memory.

"If modest worth, truth, honour, and good sense,
To public favour ever made pretence,
Surely none bade, in these degenerate days,
At once so fair for universal praise:
Reserv'd, though wise; though gentle, most severe;
Firm, though eccentric; various, though sincere.
Farewell, my friend; and at thy honour'd shrine,
My soul, I own, was near allied to thine:
The Muses taught us one poetic strain,
And in their favourite cradle nurs'd the twain."

surrendered without opposition. He afterwards conveyed home a fleet of merchantmen from St. Eustathius. At the end of the war he was stationed on the coast of Africa.

In 1785 he was appointed commander of the Grampus, and sent again to the coast of Africa; where he caught a fever, and died aboard that ship, Jan. 1[illegible], 1786. An event, which filled his crew with universal lamentation, as they considered him a brave and skilful commander, a friend, and a father.

Many young men, since distinguished for naval enterprise, were brought up under his tuition, among which were his nephew Sir Boulden Thompson, and Sir Home Popham.

But the merits, by which Captain Thompson will be best known to posterity, are his Sea Songs; which are still on every one's lips; more especially those three beautiful and affecting compositions, beginning "*Loose every sail to the breeze*," "*The Topsail shivers in the wind*," "*Behold upon the gallant wave.*"

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## Art. XX. GREGORY LEWIS WAY, ESQ.

Having by some accident omitted in my various Literary Obituaries the death of this ingenious man, I am anxious to make slight amends to his memory by an account of him in this place, more especially as I have an opportunity of borrowing a sketch of his character by a writer, whose peculiarly simple and elegant style deserves every praise, which a critic can bestow on it.

Mr.

Mr. Way was scarcely known in the literary world before he died. He published

"*Fabliaux, or Tales, abridged from French Manuscripts of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, by M. Le Grand, selected and translated into English Verse. With a preface and notes. Vol. I.*" 8vo. *pp.* 280. *Faulder.* 1796.

In this work he was assisted by his friend, Mr. George Ellis; who after his death published "*The Second Volume. With a preface, notes, and appendix.*" 8vo. *pp.* 340. *Faulder.* 1800.

Mr. Ellis has here completed some of the Tales, which his friend had left unfinished, and added the short memoir which I am about to copy.

*Memoir of Mr. Way, by Mr. G. Ellis.*

"It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is seldom capable of affording much amusement to the reader; and that of Mr. Way was particularly barren of incident: for his biographer would have little to relate, except that he was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards to the Temple; and that having married early in life, he retired almost immediately to a small country seat in Essex, where he died on the 26th of April, 1799, after a very short illness, in the forty-third year of his age. Finding himself possessed of a fortune, which seemed to remove the absolute necessity of addicting himself to any profession, though insufficient without strict economy to meet the wants of a growing family, he voluntarily devoted himself to retirement, which was

not much interrupted by an annual visit of a month to some near relations in the country, and by a fortnight usually allotted to an old friend in London. Under such circumstances, it was scarcely possible that he should fail to contract some peculiarities; because, being neither solicitous for wealth, nor power, and having no habitual occupations or amusements, which required the assistance of society, he was not likely to imitate, or even to notice the vicissitudes, which fashion is daily producing in the dress, and gestures, and manners, and language, and opinions of what is called the world. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry: and from this choice of occupations and amusements, a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of chearfulness, as a life of more activity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce.

"It has been remarked, that he had some peculiarities; but they were such as it is not easy to describe, because they were not the result of eccentricity, or of any marked deviation from general habits. There was nothing in them on which ridicule could fasten. His manners were easy and unembarrassed, and his address particularly attractive, from being marked with

with that best sort of politeness, which is the expression of benevolence. But that perfect simplicity of demeanour which borrows nothing from imitation, has certainly a singular appearance in the eyes of those who are only conversant with artificial society: perhaps, indeed, few peculiarities are more striking than a total absence of all affectation.

"His conversation was very characteristic, and extremely amusing; particularly on those topics which seemed most remote from his usual pursuits, and in which he was led to take an interest only by that kindness of disposition which prevented him from viewing with indifference any amusement of his friends. There are probably few subjects less propitious to the display of literary acquirements than the discussion of a fox-chace, yet I have seen him voluntarily engage even with this untoward argument: and he applied with such taste and sagacity the learning he had acquired from Master Turberville and the book of St. Albans; his language was so picturesque; and he drew so comical a parallel between the opinions of practitioners in the science in different ages, that the effect was scarcely less striking than if Sir Tristram, or King Arthur, had unexpectedly descended among a company of modern sportsmen. On all occasions the Cervantic turn of his humour was singularly heightened by his researches in antiquarian knowledge.

"It is impossible to consider such a simple and amiable character without lamenting that he neglected to become his own biographer; because no species of writing, perhaps, is more capable of uniting amusement with utility than the genuine unvarnished picture of private life; and certainly no species of writing is

is so uncommon. Many, indeed, have professed to lay the whole contents of their memory before the public, and to expose all their thoughts and actions to their inspection: but in these reports of their conscience, whether under the humble name of 'confessions,' or the more sincere title of 'appeals to posterity,' we generally find modes of acting and feeling more remote from common nature, than those of an Amadis or a Cassandra; and are unable to draw any practical lesson from such a delineation, unless it be that much real vice and folly may result from a sickly sensibility and an over-delicate organization.

"An eminent French writer has observed, that even in novels, and other fictitious descriptions of human nature, where the hero and heroine are rewarded by the completion of all their wishes, their happiness is announced, indeed, but never particularized: and that no writer has yet been found, whose confidence in his imagination and powers of amusement was so sturdy as to cope with the monotony of domestic felicity. If this sarcastic remark be at all just, it must be because the painter of ideal life is in want of real models from which he may copy his delineations. In every other science we find authentic records of experiments, which have been made with caution, and described with minute and circumstantial accuracy; but in the great art of being happy, the experience of every man becomes useless to the rest of the world. Those who are most attached to life, and most desirous of protracting its duration, have probably passed some hours which they would willingly have retrenched from the sum of existence, and have endeavoured, with more or less success, to quicken their passage. It may be presumed,

sumed, therefore, that the history of a practical moralist, who was forced to construct his scheme of happiness with common materials, and to fight the tediousness of life with weapons which are within every man's reach, would prove neither useless, nor unentertaining. Such a moralist was Mr. Way. He was not, like the imaginary Rasselas, a prince, or a traveller; but he found, in the affection of his wife, in the duty of his children, and the hopes afforded by religion, a compensation for all the disappointments and miseries to which life is subject."

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ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 205.]

## No. VI.

### *Scott's Lay.*

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Upon reading the poem called "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a few observations have suggested themselves to me, which, if they fall within the compass of your plan, are at your service.

Although this delightful work does not rise to the sublime heights of epic poetry, yet it is never disgraced by the absurdities which are to be met with in most of those which affect that name. Even Homer himself, to whom nothing has appeared as yet aut simile aut secundum, has puerilities which are only to be excused, as Horace says, by supposing him sometimes to nod. Virgil, more equal throughout, is less sublime; but

but was so blind an idolater of his great master that, notwithstanding the judgment for which all ages have given him credit, he even copied some of his most glaring faults. Every schoolboy can point out the bombast and feeblenesses of Lucan, Statius, and Silius Italicus, notwithstanding the fine and even sublime passages which are to be found in them all, especially in the first.

Of the modern Italian poets, Boiardo and Ariosto were writers of romance in verse, and as such, however engaging, are hardly subject to the rules of criticism. Tasso's Gierusalemme Liberata is more regular, and has many beautiful and affecting passages, but seldom rises to sublimity. The same may be said of the Portuguese Camoens, whose subject indeed is less generally interesting than the others'. Voltaire's Henriade is more approved by the judgment than the fancy. It is coldly correct, and though it cannot be denied to have beauties, few persons are tempted to search for them a second time.

In our own country the attempts in this difficult line of writing have not been fortunate, always excepted the noble poem of Milton, which shines, among all which have appeared since Homer, velut inter ignes Luna Minores. Yet it is far from being free from defects, both in the design and execution of it; and like Homer, aliquando domitat. Cowley failed both in his choice of a subject, and in his manner of treating it. * To have read Blackmore requires more patience and

* Subjects taken from Scripture have always failed in the execution; witness the Davideis, Mrs. Rowe's Joseph, Duck's Shunammite, Cumberland's Calvary, and many others. The venerable and interesting simplicity

and perseverance than I am master of. Spenser's justly celebrated Fairy Queen, with infinite detached beauties, is merely an allegorical romance, and can hardly be considered as a whole. Leonidas, and the Epigoniad, proximus sed longo proximus intervallo, are now but little known and seldom read: a sure proof of want of interest and merit.* So that a perfect epic poem is still, and probably always will be, a desideratum in that fascinating art.

Now the work which gave rise to these desultory observations, though it does not arrogate to itself that lofty name, has perhaps as good a claim to it as many that have had more presumption. As the author however has not thought proper so to call it, I have no right to name it for him, but shall proceed to point out some of its most striking beauties and defects.

Nothing can be more engaging than the introduction and close of every book; and no reader, I believe, would wish these to be either shortened or altered. Both the thoughts and the versification are equally fine; and the art of the old bard in his applications of the narrative to his hearers is very pleasing and well imagined. The hero of the story itself appears to be Sir William of Deloraine, though he acts only a subor-

plicity of the narrative must be lost. Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the Scriptures, they are superfluous; if what is not in them, they are false.

* The epic poems of Southey, Pye, Hole, and others, are purposely omitted, as they are fresh in the minds of the public, which has properly appreciated their merit. Oh that poets would recollect that not to excel is to fail! This does not apply to Joan of Arc, or to Madoc.

dinate part in the conduct of it; and this perhaps may be deemed a fault, * but some amends for it are made by the exquisite delineation of his character, and the admirable manner in which it is supported throughout. He is precisely the Ferrau of Italian and French romance, excepting in the brutality of that giant; for the Scotch marauder could mourn over a fallen enemy; and though he

> "Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
> And slew his brother by dint of glaive,"

he lamented the death of an honourable foe, and would have given his lands to have redeemed his life. The whole of his character is pourtrayed with a masterly hand, and the contrast between him and Cranstoun, the exact counterpart of the gallant and courtly Knight of Charlemagne, or the Round Table, is drawn with great skill. When they engage, the one thinks of his mistress, and ejaculates a prayer; the other has no mistress, and knows no prayer; † but,

> "He stoop'd his head and he couch'd his lance,"

as the only preparations necessary for the combat.

The most interesting and highly-wrought passage of the whole poem is Deloraine's journey to Melross Abbey and the visit to Michael Scott's tomb there. The whole description of the abbey, of the wizard

* It is however such a fault as is imputed to Milton, who in the opinion of many able critics has erred in making Satan his hero, instead of Adam.

† His ignorance, who could not read, and knew no prayer

> "Save to patter an Ave Mary,"

reminds me of one of the Montmorenci's (I think Anne the Constable) who used to make his mark only; "attendu," says Brantomé, "quil ne scavoit ni lire ni ecrire."

himself,

himself, (who seems to exist in a state somewhat similar to that of the Vampyres in Hungary,) and of Deloraine's aged conductor, is superior to any thing of the kind that has appeared in modern poems, and perhaps would not lose by a comparison with many of those which are most esteemed among the ancients. It forms several separate pictures adorned with the most vivid and brilliant colouring; and they are so put together as to form a well-blended whole, in which all the parts unite, and without any one of which it would be incomplete.

Thus, for instance, their progress through the cloisters, where

> "The pillar'd arches were over his head,
> And under his feet were the bones of the dead,"

however common the fact may be to every ancient church, shews the author to have possessed a truly poetic genius; of which one great part is the being enabled to seize upon striking and affecting images, drawn from common occurrences or objects that may be seen every day, and yet are passed unnoticed by vulgar minds.

The beauties of this poem are to be seen in almost every page, while its faults, (for it is not wholly exempt from defects,) are thinly scattered over the surface, rari nantes in gurgite vasto, neither glaring nor offensive. It is the part of just criticism however, though its least pleasing office, to notice them as well as its excellencies. The most important of them relates to the machinery; and here a violation of the well-known rule of Horace, Nec Deus intersit, &c. is but too apparent. The dialogue

dialogue overheard by the *Grammered* Countess between the two river sprites, concerning Margaret's marriage, is needless, because the information might have been conveyed both to her and the reader by more obvious means; and it is unpoetical, because it is a violent use of supernatural assistance (not to be resorted to without necessity,) and even such as, I believe, forms no part of the local superstition of the Lowlands.

In the tragedy of Douglas, Home, in his fine description of the storm, introduces a similar supernatural being to heighten the horrors of it.

"And loud and shrill
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd."

But I doubt whether there be any authority for supposing that the river spirits meddle in the domestic concerns of the mansions on their banks, or meet to gossip about the intermarriages of the families which inhabit them. And the same learning that enabled the Countess to interpret their conversation, would have assisted her also to gain the requisite information without their help.

But the machinery of the greatest length, as well as consequence, is that of the magic book. This is so well described; its consequences are so striking and wonderful; the purport of it is concealed beneath a veil so thick, and its mystic contents are so darkly alluded to, and still left in that state of unexplained horror which so powerfully affects the mind, that few readers of taste will be inclined to object to the introduction of it. Yet it has been observed that it is not of use towards the conduct of the story, adequate to the eagerness

ness of the Countess to possess it. And so far as to the furtherance of her schemes only, this is true; for the effect it produces is directly contrary to what she wished. But that magic art should deceive its votaries is very consonant to poetical justice; and it was only by the agency of the book that the catastrophe of the narrative, viz. the marriage of Cranstoun and Margaret is produced. For it was through the power of the book that the "young Heir of Branksome" was stolen, and that Cranstoun was enabled to personate Deloraine, conquer Musgrave, and redeem the boy; which was the only way of inducing the Countess to consent to the marriage.

And here it ought to be pointed out, with respect to the moral conduct of the piece, how ingeniously it is contrived that the violent passions of the Countess, which led her to have recourse to those dark arts, which must not even be named, and for which the monk was to do a treble penance for having only "thought them his heart within," had the unlooked-for effect of completely defeating her own purposes.

In this respect therefore here was dignus vindice nodus for the use of machinery; no common means, no human persuasions could have induced her to consent to resign her hatred to the family of Cranstoun. The end of the drama could not have been attained but by the aid of magic.

The conduct of the dwarf, which has also been objected to, is to be defended upon the same principle. The *book* without him would have been useless; and he, though far from intending it, was a principal agent in conducting the poem to its destined conclusion.

The dark obscurity in which his story is involved, both when he was *lost* and *found*, is highly poetical, and affords a delightful scope for the imagination.

As a minor blemish it may be observed, that the character of Margaret is not sufficiently prominent to excite much interest. There is nothing to distinguish it from any other; and therefore to most readers the recovery of the "young Heir" will seem an event of more consequence than her marriage.

It has also been mentioned as a fault, that there are no similies throughout the poem; but whether that can be so deemed, in a work which lays claim to no higher rank than that of a Minstrel's Song is, I think, at least doubtful. If the objection be well founded, it is one which only the judgment makes on reflection; and which the imagination, warmed with the beauty of the piece, and deeply engaged by the attention which it excites, can hardly stop to discover.

But there is another light in which this work has a claim to be considered, which is that of a narrative, meant to exemplify the curious system of Border manners. In this respect it is unrivalled: no history has yet appeared which gives so just an account, so interesting a picture of the lawless ravages of the Borders, which were equally a disgrace to both nations. With regard to these the romance has the singular advantage of being a true history as to the general facts, and the usual conduct of the Moss Troopers; and the characters of the two English leaders, Howard* and Dacre,

* Of the singular character of Lord William Howard there are some curious traits recorded by Gilpin, in his Tour to the Lakes. There is a history

Dacre, are admirably discriminated, and evidently drawn from the most authentic sources of information.

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## N°. VII.

### *On the proper objects of Biography.*

It is a palpable, but a very common, error, that lives of activity and adventure only can afford proper materials for biography. "What interest," it is asked, "can the Memoirs of ** **** exhibit? That person passed through the world, in peace, leisure, and retirement, without encountering any extraordinary events!" "Is it possible," I answer, "that this remark can be made on a character of transcendent talent, erudition, and virtue; whose writings have illuminated more than half a century, and whose labours in the closet were calculated to produce effects a thousand times more extensive, than all the busy results of the most practical industry?"

Pictures of the mind, delineations of the movements of the heart, the records of the private and undisguised opinions of those, who have been distinguished for their intellectual endowments, are the ingredients which a cultivated reader most values in personal history. "Hair-breadth escapes, and perilous accidents by sea and land," are calculated principally to interest

history of the Borders, by Ridpath, in 4to. and an account of the "Ancient State of the Borders" in Burn and Nicolson's Hist. of Westmorland and Cumberland; but a more complete account of them would be very acceptable to the lovers of history, and there are abundant materials for that purpose.

a vulgar curiosity. The relation of the ramble of a man of genius in a field of daisies, or along banks scented with the early primrose, if it describes his sensations, or any of the visions that floated across his fancy, is more affecting and more instructive, than the account of the most surprising actions, in which a man of a common understanding has been engaged.

If these observations are just, the memoir of one, whose life has been employed in exercising and improving the best faculties of the soul, is of all others, when properly executed, the most attractive, and the most important; even though it should have been spent in the most unvaried solitude, or the most equable course of outward circumstances. We are anxious to know the confidential thoughts of those, on whom Nature has bestowed the power of deeper insight into human affairs, on those points of our existence which come most home to our bosoms, and on which every reflecting mind must occasionally ruminate. Sometimes perhaps we are pleased to find in them weaknesses congenial with our own; and we are consoled with this sympathy, which makes us appear less despicable to ourselves.

The great characteristic of persons of genius seems to be, not that they feel differently from others, but that they feel more acutely, and with more distinctness, and are capable therefore of clearly and forcibly delineating what they feel. Thus the sentiments contained in Gray's Elegy, "find," as Johnson says, "an echo in every bosom;" they are instantly acknowledged to be such, as its readers have continually experienced; but which they could not before analyse, or perceive with sufficient vividness to be expressed by them.

them. When the picture is thus brought before them, they are surprised that they never produced such an one themselves; and, while they admit its truth, think they hereafter could paint like it with the greatest facility. We hear much, among the critics, about INVENTION as the first characteristic of poetry: but is not this INVENTION?

Endued as they are with powers of this kind, we peruse with eagerness all the private letters, the careless sketches, and retired and unambitious memorials of those, who have been thus distinguished for mental superiority. We delight to see the fleeting visions of the head, or the heart, embodied in language; and fixed before us for leisurely contemplation. What avails the opportunity of having seen "many men and many cities," unless the traveller, like Ulysses, has the talent to make observations and profit by the experience! What signifies, to have beheld all the sublime scenery of Salvator Rosa, unless he, who has viewed it, has the pencil able to paint, or the pen to describe it! Bloomfield, in the early confinement to a poor village in the most flat and unpicturesque part of Suffolk,* could produce descriptions full of a combination of images so brilliant, and so touching, as he, who has been all his life familiar with the richest scenes of Nature, can never, with inferior gifts, produce by any effort!

The mind is surely the scene of action, which we are most interested in studying. When we compare its capacities with those of material power; when we

* See a most interesting volume of Scenery, illustrative of Bloomfield's poems, published by Mr. Brayley.

know that in one minute it can perform journies and gain victories, which it would consume the whole lives of the most active travellers, and the most able generals to execute, what more copious, what more important theme for delineation can we require? It is this consideration which elevates the study of ethics among the first in the scale of human knowledge; and as long as intellect is superior to matter, it must be classed in the highest rank of philosophy. Its nice and evanescent colours, which, seeming to leave much to conjecture, give to dull faculties an opportunity to call it shadowy and unsubstantial, are the very characteristics, which stamp its value.

Never then let it be said, that the life of a person of genius affords no materials for biography, because it was passed in retirement and inaction. If there remain records of his mental occupations, if his opinions, his feelings, and the rainbow-like colours of his fancy can be remembered, and properly told, they will contribute essentially to the best and most interesting department of human intelligence.

March 21, 1807.

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## Art. XXII. *Literary Antiquities.*

### EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT MEDAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I have often wondered, why a work of a superior kind to the common monthly publications has never subsisted in this country: whether it be from a want of purchasers

purchasers or of sufficient materials, I am ignorant; but being desirous to contribute in both cases to the continuance of yours, I have committed to paper some thoughts which lately occurred to me in reading relative to an unexplained medal of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, a type of which is given in the fifth tom. of the *Histoire de l'Academie* of the 12mo. edition, at p. 256; having on the obverse the head of M. Anthony, with this legend, M. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ ΟΙΩΝΙΣΤΗΣ ΤΡΙΩΝ ΑΝΔΡΩΝ, and on the reverse the head of Cleopatra with this legend, ΚΛΕΟΠΑΤΡΑΣ ΟΣΣΑΝ ΣΩΤΗΡΑΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ. The authors of that article, in 1731, M. Bonhier and De Boze, seem to be quite at a loss for the meaning of ΟΣΣΑΝ on the reverse; and by their account it should seem, that no satisfactory explanation had been given of it by any former antiquaries, although it had been published by Goltzius, Tristan, Occo, Nonnius, Spanheim, and Vaillant; for Bonhier says, "that certainly it is not easy to explain;" and De Boze adds, "that every thing which has been urged to justify the epithet Οσσαν has so little foundation, that it can be only ascribed to an error in the artist." They contend indeed further, that there is a doubt of its being genuine, or else if it be genuine, whether it has been rightly read: but against both these suppositions they themselves urge, that Occo has published a second medal likewise, with a similar legend, except that Βασιλισσα occurs at the beginning of it instead of the end, and is in the nominative, not the genitive case. I shall not enter further into their account, nor do I know whether any later writers have given any more satisfactory explanation

of the legends on this medal, or attempted it; therefore shall confine myself to my own opinion concerning it. It seems then to me to have been struck in some city of Persia, or some city in Asia, where an oriental language was chiefly in use, and but little knowledge of Greek; apparently soon after Anthony's expedition against Parthia, in which Cleopatra accompanied him part of the way; for ΟΣΣΑΝ, or as it may be better divided, Ὀ. Σ. ΣΑΝ, seems to be an abbreviation of the common Persian title *Schah-Schahin, the king of kings*; which although here applied to a female, yet as it is the title of males, therefore the masculine article ὁ has been prefixed to it, as the rest of the legend is in Greek: that Greek was not perfectly understood where it was struck seems confirmed by the word σωτηρα, which should rather be σωτειρα; and so Bouhier says, that Scaliger has writ the legend in his notes on Eusebius; another similar erroneous use of a vowel occurs, I conceive, on the obverse. As to *Schah-Schahin*, Hyde, I believe, was the first author who has explained it, where it occurs in Manellinus 19. 2. "Amici Saporem appellabant *Achæmenem:*" vera autem lectio in ultima editione jam restituta est Σααν Σααν, nempe Schahan Schâh est *regum-rex.*" *Rel. Pers. p.* 416. This was thirty years before the abovementioned dissertation. By this it appears, that even the Romans were no strangers to the title. Reland also, in 1706, had observed "*H* in pronuntiatione persarum vix auditur ut in *Saan saa* pro Schahan Schah." *Diss. de ling. Pers. p.* 227. Bayer, in his *Histor. Bactr.* says "ΣΑ in nummo Phraartis meo judicio neque urbem neque monitarium significat sed

ΣΑΝΣΑ:

ΣΑΝΣΑ: similiter in nummo Pharnacis Βασιλεως μεγαλον Φαρνακου ΣΣΑΝ, malo legere ΣΑΝΣΑΝ quam cum Patino ΟΣΣΑΝ vel cum Spanheimo *refingere* Βασιλεως Βασιλεων, *in tom* 1. 487 *de usu numism.*" *p.* 102. By this it appears that the word occurs also on a Parthian coin, where Bayer has given us its true meaning. While by the word *refingere* Spanheim seems to have thought ΟΣΣΑΝ an erroneous reading by Patin for Βασιλεων. I am not able to refer to the very words of Spanheim, but here we find both the right reading and meaning of the title, with the article ὁ in like manner prefixed, clearly ascertained by Patin and Bayer, which seem to have perplexed all the other antiquaries. Bayer adds, in p. 105, that Plutarch mentions Anthony's giving to Cleopatra and her sons, after the conquest of Parthia, the title of Βασιλεις Βασιλεων, *in Antonio*; moreover that in Vaillant another coin has the legend *Cleopatræ reginæ regum.* Bayer does not however appear to have known of the medal in question with the oriental title ΟΣΣΑΝ applied to Cleopatra, otherwise he would not have thought that Patin had read the word erroneously with an ὁ prefixed on the Parthian coin; which however proves, that it was no unusual thing to abbreviate the title in this manner, even among orientals themselves, although the examples of it may now be scarce. The Greek *a* had the sound if not of *aw* yet at least of *ar*; and Reland has accounted for the omission of the aspirates when expressed in Greek letters, since they were but little heard even in Persian itself. This abbreviation may account likewise for what we read in Hesychius, who says, that Ζαν means Ζευς, and Ζανιδες means ἡγεμονιδες. Here an annotator on Hesychius conjectures,

conjectures, that it is formed from Ζαων, Ζην, Ζαν; but the sense of ἡγεμονιδες leads us to a better derivation; for what connection in sense is there between *vivens* and *Jupiter?* but *gubernator* has a near connection with the *God of gods*; the name was therefore rather an imitation of the foreign word *Zaan*. That it had been naturalized as well as understood in some Greek cities is further confirmed by Pausanias: for he says, that at Elis "Sunt aliquot ænea Jovis simulachra; appellantur ea *patria voce* Zanes." Lib. 5. Now if the name had been formed from ζαων so universal among the Greeks, it would have scarcely been so peculiar to the natives of Elis as to deserve being stigmatized as a provincial word in that city *(patria voce)*; it was therefore rather the oriental word *Zaan*, which had by accident been naturalized there, though not universally in Greece. Neither is there any thing extraordinary in the oriental word *Schahan Schah* being thus abbreviated and disguised when pronounced or written in Greek letters, if we attend to similar adulterations of oriental words in modern languages, and even relative to the word in question. Thus Bayer says, in the same page above, "Persarum reges dicti sunt, sicut nunc *Padi-Schah*, ab Indis *Pad scha*, ita olim *Schahin Schah*." This, I presume, is the same name which the English now give to the chief minister of the Marattas in India, and generally spelt *Peshwa*, while the French write it *Pecheva:* the origin also apparently of the Turkish word *Pacha* and *Bashaw*, thus otherwise distinguished by foreigners, seems to be the same.

As to the legend on the obverse of the medal in question, the French dissertation says nothing of its explication, nor have I myself any opportunity to consult concerning

concerning it the other antiquaries, above mentioned, who published the medal; but there must evidently be some difficulty concerning the word or words ΟΙΩΝΙΣΤΗΣ, &c. Now as the horizontal line on the top of the third letter of ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ is worn out so that T is changed into I, I suppose that the case has been the same with the second letter above, which should be a T; and thus those letters form ὁ των ιστης τριων ανδρων, which I presume mean, that Anthony was *the staff of the triumvirate*, the artist having writ ιστης for ιστος, just as on the reverse we found an η formed instead of ει, which becomes another proof of a foreign artist. Ιστος means a *mast* of a ship, also a *distaff*, or the rod on which wool or hemp is hung, in order for the spinner to draw out threads from it, *stamina*; it therefore naturally coincides in sense here with our own use of the word *staff* in such a case. Any further information from others on these subjects would be very acceptable, as books are so numerous and so expensive that few can obtain them. S.

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## Art. XXIII. *Literary Intelligence.*

I am induced by the desire of some friends to enlarge the article of Literary Intelligence, which I have hitherto given occasionally. As my work is principally addressed to readers, whose love of bibliography must necessarily make such information grateful to them, I readily comply with the suggestion; which I am enabled to do by the promise of assistance in this department, without which my absence from the capital, and my retired habits, would render it impossible

sible for me to execute it. Still I shall rather confine myself to some of the principal works than enter into as extensive and minute a catalogue as could be procured.

We are apt to call the age, in which we live, idle, dissipated, and frivolous. But surely literature, and of the soundest kind, was never more encouraged than at present. Works the most expensive, and solid, not merely of this day, but of all former ages, are called forth in the most splendid forms by the public encouragement; and at this moment the great undertakings, which are in the press, must astonish and delight every liberal mind.

I will give the first place to the work of one, whose productions from the late accident of fire, which, on the 13th of this month, occurred, during his absence, to his seat at Hafod, where his volumes are printed at a private press, are become doubly interesting to the public. The new Translation of Froissart, by Mr. Johnes, is well known. Whatever has suffered by the late flames, and it is feared that the loss may be very great, the two following works were already finished, and out of the way, and are on the eve of publication,

1. "Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne. Written by himself. Containing a History of Part of the Life of Louis IX. King of France, surnamed St. Louis, including an account of that King's expedition to Egypt, in the year 1248. To which are added the notes of M. Du Cange on the above; together with the Dissertations of M. Le Baron de la Bastre on the life of St. Louis; M. L'Evesque

vesque de la Ravaliere and M. Falconet, on the Assassins of Syria; from 'The Memoirs de l'Academie de Belles Lettres et Inscriptions de France.' The whole translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. M. P."

2. "The Travels of the Lord de la Brocquiere, Esquire Canon to Philippe le Bon, who returned from Jerusalem to France overland, about the year 1435, and reduced the account of his journey to writing, by command of the Duke, his master."

Mr. Johnes has also, as I understand, finished the Translation of the first volume of "the Chronicles of Monstrelet," who took up his History from 1400, where Froissart ended, and brought it down to 1467.

A new edition of Johnson's Poets, with additions, both of a prior and subsequent date, is far advanced in the press. This edition, under the conduct of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, F.A.S. is also to be accompanied by supplemental Lives.

A new edition is also in the press, of the British Essayists, in 45 vols. augmented by The Looker-On; and additions and corrections to the prefaces.

A work of still more importance is far advanced, which is an improved edition of The Biographical Dictionary, so altered and corrected as to be nearly a new work, to which the supply of the references alone has been an incredible labour.

New editions of Gil Blas, both in French and English, by Mr. Malkin, with prints from the designs of Smirke, are preparing.

Jarvis's Translation of Don Quixotte, improved by Mr. Balfour, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr.

Mr. William Gifford has nearly completed his improved edition of Whalley's Ben Jonson.

A posthumous work, containing the History of Birds, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, is in the press.

There is nearly ready for publication "A View of the present State of Poland, describing the face of the Country, its villages, towns, &c. and containing a particular account of the peasantry, their persons, dress, and political condition; comprising also some account of the customs and manners of the Poles, with a cursory view of the changes which have taken place consequent upon the dismemberment of their country. By G. Burnett."

Mr. Southey is preparing for publication the Poems and Essays of the late Mr. Henry Kirke White, with a Memoir of the author, in two volumes.

Mr. Southey has also in the press a new edition of Palmerin of England, from the original Portuguese; and a translation of the Chronicle of the Cid from the Spanish.

A fourth edition of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's Translation of Epictetus, with the translator's last additions and corrections, is printed.

Mr. Malcolm has in the press "Historical Anecdotes, illustrative of the Charities, Manners, Customs, Eccentricities, Religious and Political Dissentions, Popular Tumults, Amusements, and Dress of the Inhabitants of London, during the Eighteenth Century, with a general Review of the Domestic and Ecclesiastical Architecture, Sculpture, &c. &c. now extant in the Metropolis of Great Britain."

Mr. Walter Scott has in forwardness a new poetical work, entitled, "Six Epistles from Ettreck Forest."

A fourth

A fourth volume of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," is preparing by Bishop Percy's nephew.

Mr. Gilchrist's edition of Bishop Corbet's Poems is on the eve of publication.

Mrs. Chapone's Posthumous Works and Correspondence have been announced.

The vast accession which Oriental literature received in the capture, at Seringapatam, of the Library of Tippoo Sultain, consisting of 2000 volumes of Arabic, Persian, and Hindostany MSS. now deposited in the College of Fort William at Calcutta, will be illustrated by a descriptive Catalogue, made in 1805 by Captain Charles Stewart, then Assistant Persian Interpreter, now appointed tothe East India Company's College at Hertford. This Catalogue is intended to point out the subject and contents of each volume, with memoirs of its author, &c. and will therefore exhibit the nature and extent of Mohammedan literature. The work is already in the press, and will consist of nearly 300 quarto pages: but only a small impression will be taken off, for Messrs. Longman and Co.

Sir William Ouseley is translating *Nozahat al Coloub*, the celebrated Persian geographer.

A new edition, in a small 8vo. volume, of Poems, published originally more than twenty years ago, by the Editor of the Censura Literaria, with many additions not before collected together, is nearly ready for publication.

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ART. XXIV. *Literary Obituary.*

*Lately*, Mr. William Taplin, author of "The Gentleman's Stable Directory."

Feb. 2, 1807. In Gloucester Street, Dublin, William Preston, Esq. Barrister at Law, the well-known poet, a man of great genius, of constant activity of mind, and of the most amiable disposition, and of whom one who, standing in the nearest relationship to him, knew him best, wrote to a friend, that "he died as he had lived, like an angel." As I am unable to give a satisfactory memoir of him, or complete list of his works, I will not attempt it, but trust to his friends to assist me hereafter with a full account of him, only adding, that his "Poetical Works" were published together in 2 vols. 8vo. at Dublin in 1794; and that many of his later poems, full of feeling and fancy, have been printed in the Poetical Register; of which the Fifth Volume, just published, contains two or three, that will now be read with double interest. He furnished two short articles to this work.

Feb. 17. At St. Edmund's Hill, near Bury, aged 77, John Symonds, LL.D. Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, A.B. of St. John's College, 1752, A.M. 1754, LL.D. 1772. He succeeded Gray the Poet, in the Professorship 1771, and is succeeded in it by Mr William Smyth, of Peter House. He was author of several tracts; among which were "Remarks on the History of Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity," 1777, 4to. and "Observations on the expediency of revising the present English Version of the Four Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles," 1779, 4to. He communicated some articles on the Italian mode of Farming to Young's Annals of Agriculture. He was formerly, and for many years, Recorder of Bury St. Edmund's.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

# CENSURA LITERARIA.

## NUMBER XVI.

[Being the Fourth Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *An Heptameron of civill discourses. Containing, the Christmasse Exercise of sundrie well courted gentlemen and gentlewomen: in whose behaviours the better sort may see a representation of their own vertues; and the inferiour may learne such rules of civil government, as will rase out the blemish of their basenesse. Wherin is renowned, the vertues of a most honourable and brave mynded gentleman. And herein also (as it were in a mirrour) the unmaried may see the defectes whiche eclipse the glorie of mariage; and the wel maried, as in a table of housholde lawes, may cull out needefull preceptes to establysh their good fortune. A worke intercoursed with civyll pleasure, to reave tediousnesse from the reader; and garnished with morall noates, to make it profitable to the regarder. The reporte of George Whetstone, Gent. Formæ nulla fides. At London: Printed by Richard Jones, at the signe of the Rose and the Crowne, neare Holburne bridge, 3 Feb. 1582. 4to.*

On the back of the title "Ad Mecœnatem, in laudem Auethoris; carmen heroicum:" signed Joan. Botrevcus. Next, a dedication "To the Right Hon. Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt. Captaine of the Queene's Majesties' garde, viz. Chamberlaine to her Highnesse, &c." Then, a preface "unto the friendly reader." After which, 22 lines by T. W. Esq. [f. Tho. Watson] in commendation of the author, and his needful book: and eight four-line stanzas entitled "Verses translated out of Latine, and delivered by Uranie, with a silver pen, to Ismarito, in a device contayned in the seventh daies exercise: placed in this fore front, for the excellencie of Pandora."

This book, which was in the possession of Ames, had not been seen by Herbert; nor had a perfect copy, if any, been inspected by Mr. Warton; since he has cited an entry from the Stationers' books, which agrees with the printed title, without knowing that it referred to Whetstone's Heptameron.* Whetstone, it seems, was little more than a translator: he derived his original from an Italian, whom he calls Segnior Philoxenus, and whom he thus covetly names, lest in giving him his true titles in England, he should make a passage for envy to injure him in Italy. Giraldi Cinthio appears to have been the *autore incognito:* from one of whose novels,† as here unskilfully conveyed, Whetstone drew the plot of his Promos and Cassandra, and Shakspeare of his Measure for Measure. The latter at least was the opinion of Dr. Farmer:‡ and this has stamped a value upon the book, which its own merits could not have secured. For a specimen

* See Hist. of E. P. III. † Decad. VIII. Nov. 5.
‡ See Reed's Shaksp. VI. 184.

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the following speech may suffice; as offered by Cassandra to Lord Promos, in behalf of her brother Andrugio. Whetstone in his play retained those appellations, but in the drama of our matchless bard, it will be recollected that the same personages are called Isabella, Angelo, and Claudio.

"The wofull Cassandra, with more teares than wordes, thus pleaded for her brother's lyfe:—'Most noble lorde and worthy judge, voutchsafe mee the favour to speake, whose case is so desperate, as unlesse you beholde mee with the eyes of mercie, the frayle trespasse of condemned Andrugio, my brother, will bee the death of sorrowfull Cassandra, his innocent sister. I wil not presume to excuse his offence, or reproche the law of rigor: for in the general construction hee hath done most evil, and the law hath judged but what is right. But, reverent judge, (pardon that necessitie maketh mee here tel that your wisdome already knoweth) the most soveraigne justice is crowned with laurell, although shee bee gyrt with a sword: and this priveledge shee giveth unto her administrators, that they shall mitigate the severitie of the law, according to the quallyty of the offence. Then, that justice bee not robbed of her gratious pitty, listen goode Lorde Promos, to the nature of my brother's offence, and his able meanes to repayre the injurie. Hee hath defyled no nuptiall bed; the stayne wherof dishonoureth the guyltlesse husband: hee hath committed no violent rape; in which act the injuried mayde can have no amends: but with yeelding consent of his mistresse, Andrugio hath onlye sinned through love, and never ment but with marriage to make amendes. I humbly beseeche you to accept his satisfaction, and by this

example, you shall be as much beloved for your clemencye, as feared for your severitie. Andrugio shalbe well warned, and hee, with his sister, wofull Cassandra, shall ever remayne your Lordship's true servantes."

Among the devices for a masque, a musical bevy of attendants, thus fantastically habited, proceed from the tiring-room. "The musitians in Gyppons and Venetians, of russet and blacke taffata, binded with murry; and thereon imbroadered this posie—*spero, timeo, taceo*; expressing thereby, the sundrye passions of love: and before them two torch bearers, apparelled in yellowe taffata sarcenet. The generall apparell of the maskers was short Millaine cloaks, dublet and hose of grene satten, bordered with silver; greene silcke stockes, white scarpines, rapiers, and daggers sylvered, blacke velvet cappes, and white feathers. They agreed to be thus attyred, to shewe themselves free in the eye of the world, and covertly bound unto their mistresses.

"Soranso [one of the gentlemen gallants] lighted by a page in orange tawny, watchod and greene, next presented him selfe, who uppon his left side had a harte of crymson Granado silke, so artificially made and fastened to his dublet, as if his body had opened and his hart appeered, which fell downe at his mistresse feete, upon such a fortune, as she was bounde to take it up; which opened, she might beholde the picture of her selfe, reading this submission:

"Even as the hart, a deadly wounde that hath,
Retires him selfe with sighes to solace greefe;
And with warme teares his gored sides doth bath;
But finding none to render small releefe;

Impatient

Impatient beast, he gives a heavy bray,
And hasts the death that many woulde delay.

So I, whose love beyond my hap doth mount,
Whose thoughts, as thornes, yet prick me with desire,
Whose sute and zeale returns with no accompt,
Whose hope is drye, set in a harte of fyre;
Holde this for ease foorthwith to spoyle the eye,
That lookte and lov'de, then in dispaire to dye.

A happy doome, if it for law might stande;
But men condem'd, them selves may not dispatch:
Their lyves and deathes are in their soveraigne's hand,
So myne in her's, whose lookes did me attache:
And therefore I, to pardon or to kyll,
Must yeald my selfe the prysoner of her wyll.

*L' Envoy.*

"Then, ladie faire, receive what longes to thee,
A fettred thralle attyred with disgrace,
And at thy feete his wounded hart here see,
And in the same the image of thy face?
Whiche bleeding fresh, with throbs throwes foorth his mone,
Rueth, rueth, dear dame, for that I am your owne."

Whetstone's Heptameron was republished in 1593, under the title of "Aurelia," * a leading character in this love-fiction, who was chosen "Queen of the Christmas pleasures," and acted as mistress of the revels.

For Berkenhout's Biographia Literaria, an account of Whetstone was collected from the MSS of Oldys, and

* Dr. Farmer, in a MS. note before his copy, added the following second title: "Paragon of Pleasure and Princely Delights."

communicated by Mr. Steevens, who gave it as his opinion, that George Whetstone was "the most quaint and contemptible writer, both in prose and verse, he ever met with." T. P.

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ART. II *Mel Heliconium: or poeticall Honey, gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus. The first book divided into VII chapters, according to the first VII letters of the Alphabet: containing XLVIII fictions. Out of which are extracted many historicall, naturall, morall, politicall, and theologicall observations, both delightfull and usefull: with XLVIII meditations in verse. By Alexander Rosse, his Majestie's Chaplain in Ordinary. Motto. Hor. Lib.* iv. *Ode* 2. *London: Printed by L. N. and J. F. for William Leak, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, near unto the Rolls.* 1642. *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 176.

This is a well-meaning, but romantic, attempt to spiritualize and Christianize the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or to render (as the author expresses it) "a Babylonish garment serviceable for the tabernacle." Addison has made that author more known than his own performances could have done, by remarking,* that the following doggrel rhymes in Hudibras are more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem:

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher,
> That had read *Alexander Ross* over."

* See Spectator, No. 60.

Alexander

Alexander Ross, we are told by Dr. Grey, was a Scotch divine, and one of the chaplains to K. Charles I. who wrote a book entitled "A View of all Religions in the World from the Creation to his own Time." Sir Thomas Urquhart in his Εκσκυβαλαυρον, 1651, speaks of "that most learned and worthy gentleman, and most indeared minion of the Muses, Master Alexander Ross, who hath written manyer excellent books in Latine and English than he hath lived yeers." He enumerates the following:

"Virgilius Evangelizans: in 13 books.
De rebus Judaicis: libri quatuor. In hexameter verse.
Rasura tonsoris: in prose.
Chymera Pythagoria.
Additions to Wollebius and Ursinus.
The new planet and no planet.
Meditations upon predestination.
The pictures of the conscience.
Questions upon Genesis.
Melissomachia.
Virgilius Triumphans.
Four books of Epigrams: in Latin elegiacs.
The philosophical Touchstone.
Mystagogus poeticus.
Arcana Microcosmi.
Colloquia Plantina.
Medicus Medicatus.
Observations upon Sir Walter Rawley.
Marrow of History, or Epitome of Sir Walter Rawleigh's works.
Chronology: in the English tongue And many other treatises whose titles were forgot."

"Besides all these, he composed above 300 sermons, which (after he had reducted them into an order and diction fit for the press) were, by the merciless fury of Vulcan, destroyed all in one night, with several metaphysical, physical, moral, and dialectical manuscripts," &c. His account makes it a most Herculean labour to have "read Alexander Ross over." Of his poetry a very short specimen is here presented from Mel Heliconium. Its moral and metre may remind the reader of Quarles.

"What means the Moon, to dote so much upon
The fair Endymion?
Or why should man forsake his soveraign good
To catch an empty cloud?
From Heaven shall any man for riches fall,
And lose his soul and all?
How can we sleep in such security,
As that we cannot see
Our dangers, nor that lamp whose silver ray
Drives black-fac'd night away?
What madnesse is't for thee to lose thy share
Of Heaven, for bubling air
Of honour, or of popular applause,
Which doth but envie cause;
And which is nothing but an empty winde,
That cannot fill the minde."

T. P.

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ART. III. *The Genteel Recreation; or the pleasure of Angling, a poem. With a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. By John Whitney, a lover of the Angle. London: Printed in the year* 1700. *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 70.

This

This poetic angler did not fish in any of the Muses' streams; but seems to have been some water-side lounger, who made a study of his amusement, and at the age of sixty, "endeavoured to put his beloved exercise in verse, in such seasons as the sport itself did not yield the pleasure he expected." This was all very well. But he has gone much further: he has given the most nauseous of receipts in his preface, for scowering worms; and he has suggested the most barbarous of practices in his poem, viz. that of baiting with the eyes of fishes to decoy others of the same species. What a Nero of anglers does this proclaim John Whitney to have been! and how unworthy to be ranked as "a lover" of the same pastime, which had been so interestingly recommended by Isaac Walton, in his Contemplative Man's Recreation.

The following Song, in his piscatory dialogue, seems most deserving of extraction.

"SONG, BY PHILLIS.

"When midnight ghosts sink to the shades below
Affrighted, when the cocks begin to crow,
And tell the day appears;
No longer they must stay,
But instant pack away
Unto infernal spheres.

Then mortals wake, and free from cares
Injoy the day, expelling fears;
The lamp of Heaven, the sun,
Sends forth his glorious light,
And bids adieu to dismal night,
Our labours then begun.

A morning-

A morning-hymn, and to the fields away,
We dairy maidens have no time for play,
Love, and his idle Houres,
Neglected always be;
That grand simplicity
No pastime is of ours.

But joys supream in udders full we find,
The blessings of our kine we only mind,
Whose overflowing vein
Give nectar at our fire,
That gods and men admire
Our happiness and pains."

T. Part.

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ART. IV. *Anglorum Speculum; or the Worthies of England, in Church and State. Alphabetically digested into the several Shires and Counties therein contained; wherein are illustrated the Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Persons since the Conquest to this present Age. Also an account of the Commodities and Trade of each respective County, and the most flourishing Cities and Towns therein. London: Printed for John Wright at the Crown on Ludgate Hill, Thomas Passinger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, and William Thackary at the Angel in Duck Lane.* 1684. 8vo. *pp.* 974.

"The Preface to the Reader.

"Courteous reader, I here present you with an abstract of the lives and memoirs of the most famous and illustrious personage of this realm, since the Conquest

quest to this present time: for order sake I have digested it alphabetically into the several shires and counties contained in this kingdom; which I hope will find a kind acceptance, there being nothing of the same method now extant.

"Dr. Fuller in his large history in folio, did go a great way in this matter, but here is included the lives of many more eminent heroes and generous patrons, (which I hope their memory may survive in succeeding ages) this being done with that brevity, which may be more beneficial to the reader. Here you have the original or rise of most of the eminent families in this kingdom.

"Also an epitome of the most material matters in church and state, containing the lives of the most eminent fathers in the English church, and the most flourishing statesmen in the latter times; also the most famous authors, as well divine as historical; together with the lives of the most memorable persons in the law, mathematicks, geographers, astronomers, poets, &c. which have made this kingdom known throughout the world.

"I need not enlarge, or give any further encomium upon this subject, but refer you to the table first, and then to the book itself, which I hope will find that kind acceptance, that may engage me in some further procedure that may please my countrymen, which I shall always endeavour to do in plainness and brevity to the reader's satisfaction, and in the mean time, am yours to command, G. S."

With the articles already mentioned on the "Worthies, &c. of England," (see CENSURA, III. 230,) this

this volume claims an arrangement. The notice for this work is fully supplied by the above preface, which the editor (whose initials I have not discovered) has rather too highly tinted.

*Conduit street.* J. H.

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ART. V. *A very frvtefvl and pleasant boke, called the Instruction of a Christen Woman; made firste in Latyne, by the right famous clerke, Mayster Lewes Viues, and tourned out of Latyne into Englishe by Rychard Hyrde. Londini: Anno M.D.LVII. An ornamented title page.* 4to. *folios* 140. *b. l.* Colophon. *Here endeth the boke called the Instruction of a Christen woman; whiche who so shall reade, shall have muche, bothe knowlage, pleasure, and fruite by it. Imprinted at London in Flete-Strete, by Thomas Powell. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

This volume has the folios; but except that addition, and the printer's name being "Henry Roykes," I have seen a copy which appeared completely similar in date, ornaments, text, and contents. *

In the course of the work are a few translations from the "Pagan Ouide," and others which entitled "Rychard Hyrde," to mention by Ritson in his Bibl. Poetica, who probably would have been able to add, what I cannot, some biographical notice.

* Herbert speaks of an edition printed by Berthelet, in 1540, and of two others by the same printer, in 1541. See Typogr. Antiq. I. 438, 440. Bishop Tanner, in his Bibliotheca, p. 426, mentions a later edition by Berthelet, in 12mo. 1585.

Of

Of Johannes Ludovicus Vives, the industrious Wood has given an account;* he was born at Valenza in Spain, educated in grammar there, in logic at Paris, and Latin and Greek at the University of Louvain. On July 4, 1517, he was made (being then at Louvain) one of the first Fellows of Corp. Christ. Coll. in Oxon. by the founder. Katherine of Spain, first wife of Henry VIII. had peculiar respect for him, and Wolsey invited him to England; where he came, and in Aug. or Sept. 1523, read the Cardinal's lecture of humanity, before the members of the University at Oxford; and was made Doctor of Civil Law, the latter end of the same year. He afterwards went to Bruges and married; but in March 1525 was at Oxford again, and was constituted Latin tutor to Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. His writings were published at Basil in two volumes, 1555. The time of his death is variously given, as 1536—40—41—and 45. The authority of 1545, which is John Whyte, in his Diacosio-Martyrion,† who has it in the margin "morit. bruxellæ An. 1545," is most relied on by Wood; but he afterwards inclines to place it in 1544.

"The preface of the most famos clerke Maister Lodovic Vives upon his boke called the Instruction of

* Athen. Oxon. I. 64.

† Diacosio-Martyrion, id est Ducentorum virorum testimonium, de veritate corporis, et sanguinis Christi, in Eucharistia, ante triennium, adversus Petrum Martyrem, ex professo conscriptum. Sed nunc primum in lucem æditum. Joanne Whito anglo Colloegij Wicamensis apud inclytam Wintoniam præside Authore. Math. xviii. In ore duorum aut trium testium, stet omne verbum. Excusum Londini in ædibus Roberti Cali, Typographi. Mense Decembri, Anno 1553. Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum solum. 4to. Folios 102. Tabulæ, &c.

A Christen

a Christen Woman, unto the moste gracious Princesse, Katharine of Englande," in one part says—"In the firste boke, I wyll beginne at the beginnyng of a woman's life, and leade her foorthe unto the tyme of mariage; in the seconde, from mariage unto wydowe head; howe she ought to passe the tyme of hir life well and vertuously with hir husband; in the laste booke, I enfourme and teache the widowhead." Again "I have ben more short, than many woulde I shuld have bene; notwithstandyng, who so considreth wel the cause of mine entent, and taketh good heede, shall finde it doone not without a skyl. For in givyng preceptes, a man ought specially to bee breefe, leste he soner dull the wittes of the reders, than teache them with longe bablyng, and preceptes ought to be suche that every body may sone con them, and beare easily in minde." The precept against "longe bablyng" is good, therefore end of preface "and so I pray God geve your good grace longe well to fare. At Bruges the yere of our Lorde God M. D. and XXIII. the V day of Aprill."

Then follows the table. The first book is divided into sixteen chapters—"Of the bringing up a maid when she is a babe; residue of her infancy; exercise; learning; what books be read and what not; virginity; keeping of chastity; ordering of the body; raiment; living alone; examples she should follow; behaviour abroad; dauncing; loving; how a maiden ought to love; and search of an husband."

The second book has fifteen chapters. "Of wedlock; what a woman ought to have in mind when she marries; two greatest points therein; behaviour to her husband; concord in marriage; privately living with her

her husband; jealousy; raiment; walkyng abroad; home; of children; of step-mothers; behaviour to kinsfolks; of living with married son or daughter; and of a wife well worn in age."

The third book has seven chapters. "Of widows mourning; burying the husband; mynding her husband; chastity and honesty of a widow; behaviour at home; abroad; and of seconde marriages."

Curiosity naturally turns from the contents to inquire, by a virgin, "what bokes be to be redde, and what not," and then conclude with an extract.

"There is an use nowe a daies worse than amonge the Pagans, that bokes written in our mother's tonges, that be made but for idel men and women to reade, have none other matter but of war and love; of the whiche bokes I thinke it shall not nede to geve any preceptes. If I speak unto Christen folkes, what nede I to tell what a mischiefe is towarde, whan strawe and dry woode is caste into the fyre. Yea, but these be written, saie they, for idell folke, as though idelness were not a vice great enough of it selfe, without firebrondes be put unto it, wherewith the fyre maie catch a man all together, and more hote. What shoulde a maid do with armoure? Which ones* to name were a shame for hir. I have hearde tell, that in some places gentilwomen behold merveilous busily, the plaies and justinges of armed men, and geve sentence and iudgement of them, and that the men feare and set more by their judgmentes than the mens. It cannot lyghtly bee a chaste maide, that is occupied with thinking on armoure, and turney, and mans raliaunce, what places among these before chastite unarmed and weake. A

* Once.

woman

woman that useth those feates, drinketh poyson in hir herte, of whom this cure and these woordes bee the playne sauieynges. This is a deadlye sickenes, nor yet oughte to be shewed of me, but to be covered and holden under, least it hurt other with the smel, and defile theim with the infection. Therfore whan I can not tell, whether it bee mete for a Christen man to handle armour, howe shulde it be leafull for a woman to loke upon theim; yea, thoughe she handle them not, yet to bee conversante among theim, with herte and mynde, which is worse. Moreover, wher to readest thou other mennes love and glosynge wordes, and by littell and littell drinkest the enticementes of the poyson unknowing, and many times ware and wittinglye; for many, in whome ther is no good mynd al redy, reden those bokes, to kepe them selfe in the thoughtes of love. It were better for them not only to have no learning at all, but also to lese theyr eies, that thei shuld not reade, and theyr eares, that they shulde not here. For as our Lorde saith in the gospel (Mat. xviii) 'It were better for them to go blind and deffe into life, than with ii eies to be cast into hell.' This mayde is so vyle unto Christen folkes, that she is abominable unto Pagans, wherfore I wonder of the holy preachers, that whan they make great a do about many small matters, many times, they cry not out on this in every sermone. I mervaile, that wyse fathers will suffre their doughters, or that husbandes wyll suffre their wyves, or that the maners and customes of people wyll dissemble and over loke, that women shall use to reade wantonnes. It were fyttynge, that common lawes and officers shulde not onely loke upon the courtes

courtes and matters of sute, but also mattiers bothe commune and private. Therfore it were convenient by a commune law to put awaie foule rebaudy songes, out of the peoples mouthes, which bee so used as thoughe nothyng ought to bee songen in the citee, but foule and fylthy songes, that no good manne can heare withoute shame, nor no wyse man without dyspleasure. They that made suche songes, seeme to have none other purpose, but to corrupte the maners of yonge folkes, and they dooe none other wyse, than they that infecte the common welles wyth poyson. What a custome is thys, that a song shall not be regarded, but it bee full of fylthynes, and this the lawes oughte to take hede of, and of those ungracious fokes, suche as bee in my countrey in Spayne; Amadise, Florisande, Tirante, Tristane, and Celestina the baude, mother of naughtynes. In Fraunce; Lancelote du Lake, Paris and Vienna, Ponthus and Sidonia, and Melucyne. In Flaunders; Flory and Whyte flowre; Leonell and Canomoure, Curias and Florete, Pyramus and Thisbe. In England; Parthenope, Genarides, Hippomadon, Willyam and Meliour, Livius and Arthur, Guye, Bevis, and many other, * and some translated out of Latyne into vulgare speaches, as the unsavery conceites of Pogius, and of Aneas Silvius, Gurialus and Lucretia. Whiche bokes but ydle men wrote unlearned, and set

* As those "ydle men" Mister Ritson and Mister Ellis have lately again invited us "to waxe more ungraciously subtyle by readynge of such bokes," let it be added "what bookes oughte to bee reade, as the Gospelles, the Actes, the Epistoles of the Apostels, and the Olde Testament, Sainct Hieronyme, Sainct Ciprian, Augustyne, Ambrose, Hillary, Gregorye, Plato, Cicero, Senec, and suche other on holy daies continually, and sometyme on workynge dayes."

al upon fylth and viciousnes, in whome I wonder what shulde delyte men, but that vice pleaseth them so muche. As for learnyng, none is to be loked for in those men, whiche sawe never so muche as a shadowe of learning them selfe. And whan they tel ought, what delyte can be in those thynges, that be so playne and folyshe lies. One kylleth xx hym selfe alone, an other xxx, an other wounded with c woundes and left deade, ryseth up agayne, and on the nexte daie made hole and strong, over cometh ii gyauntes, and than goeth awaie loden with golde, and sylver and precious stones, mo than a galy wolde cary awaie. What a madness is it of folkes, to have pleasure in these bokes!"

*Conduit street.* J. H.

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ART. VI. *The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, &c. translated by Richard Stanyhurst: with other poeticall devises thereto annexed, &c. London.* 1583.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 240.]

Of Stanyhurst's strange version of the Mantuan bard, more than enough may perhaps have been said. His poetical devices immediatcly succeed, and consist of the following particulars.

"Hereafter ensue certaine Psalmes of David, translated into English according to the observation of the Latine verses.

1. The first psalme of David, named in Latin, *Beatus vir*, translated into English iambical verse.*

* Amongst *us* (says Meares) I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst; because I have seene no mo in this kind." Palladis Tamia, 1598. It seems odd that Mears should have overlooked the *Iambicum Trimetrum* of Spenser, printed in 1580.

2. The

2. The second psalme, *Quare fremuerunt gentes*, translated into English heroical and elegiacal verse.
3. The third psalme, named *Domine quid multiplicati sunt*, translated into English asclepiad verse.
4. The fourth psalme, named *Cum invocarem*, paraphrastically into English saphick verse.
5. A prayer to the Trinitie (in the same measure.)

" Hereafter ensue certayne Poetical Conceites.

1. A devise made by Virgil, or rather by some other, upon a river so harde frozen, that waynes dyd passe over it. Varied sundrye wayes, for commendacions, as it should seeme, of the Latin tongue, and the same varietie doubled in the English. (In Latin hexameter and pentameter verses.)
2. The same Englished.
3. Ib. So many times is the Latin varied, and yet as many times more, for the honoure of the English.
4. The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eight booke of his Æneis, in which place the poet payed, as it weare, his price, by advaunceing at ful the loftines of his veyne. Done into English by the translatour for his last farewel too the sayd Virgil."

It was this detached version which supplied most of the passages ridiculed by Nash, in the following couplet:

"Then did he make heaven's vault to rebounde with
rounce robble hobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with twick thwack thurlery
bouncing." *

But it is not the description of a tempest in which they occur: it is in the detail of Vulcan's work-shop, from which Nash might have strengthened the force of his gibe by further citation, as the ensuing extract will shew:

"T'ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence, with flownce furye
slinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tamponds, maynelye be
towring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chimneyes fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering, with frapping rip rap of
Ætna," &c.

He then describes Brontes and Steropes, with bare limbed swarty Pyracmon, "upbotching, not shapte but partlye wel onward,

"A clapping fier bolt (such as oft, with *rownce robel hobble*,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnished holye.
Three showrs, wringlye wrythen, glimring, and forciblye
sowcing;
Three watrie clowds, shymring, toe the craft they rampired
hizzing;
Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds rufflered
huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye re-
boundings

* See CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 241.

Of

Of *ruffe raffe roaring*, men's harts with terror agry..
With peale meale ramping, with *thwick thwack* sturdilye thundring." *

But it is time to take leave of our translator, where he did of his author, and proceed to the original compositions, &c.

5. The lover long sought unto by his friend, at last repayreth to her presence; and after a few meetings, smelling the drift of the mother, which earst hee did forecast, to tend to the preferring of her daughter in marriadge. refrayneth the gentlewoman's company, though eftsoones to the contrarie sollicited, as one unwilling to marry at al, and very loath to mar so curteous a dame; and therefore for the preservation of her honoure, and to avoyd the encoumbraunce of love, hee curbeth affection with discretion, and thus descanteth on the playne song. (This also is hexametrical, as are nearly all the following which are in English.)
6. An endevoured Description of his Mistresse, (Eng.)
7. His Devise written in his Mistresses booke. (Lat.)
8. The same Englished.
9. Three especial giftes wherein his Mystresse excelleth. (Eng.)

* This has likewise incurred the sensible rebuke of Bishop Hall:

"If Jove speak English in a *thundring* cloud,
*Thwick thwack*, and *riff raff roars* he out aloud;
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words, never articulate."

VIRGIDEM. LIB. I. SAT. v.

10. Of a craking Cutter,* extracted out of Syr Thomas Moore his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)
11. Of a tempest, quayling† certeyn passengers; borowed of the same Syr Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
12. Hesperus his confession; written in Latin by the said Sir Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
13. Of Tyndarus, that frumped‡ a gentlewoman for having a long nose; delivered by the former author in Latine. (Eng.)
14. Syr Thomas Moore his receipt for a strong breath: translated out of his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)

"Here ensue certaine Epitaphes, framed as wel in Latin as English.

1. An epitaph devised upon the death of the Right Hon. James Earle of Ormond and Ossorie, who deceased at Elie-house in Holborne about the year 1546, the xviii of October; and lieth buried in S. Thomas Acres church, extracted out of the third booke of the Historie of Ireland. (Eight Latin lines, followed by a character, highly laudatory, in English prose.)
2. Upon the death of the Lord of the Out Isles of Scotland; of whom mention is made in the third book of the Historie of Ireland, circa An. Dom. 1543. (Lat.)
3. Upon the death of his father, James Stanyhurst,

* *Craking Cutter* seems to designate a braggadocio, or Captain Bobadil: "in our translator's dialect, "a Thrasonical huff-snuffe."

† *Quayling* is sinking into dejection. See Reed's Shaksp. XIV. 77.

‡ To *frump* is to flout *Tcut.*

esquyer,

esquyer, who deceased at Dublyn, anno 1573, xxvii of December, ætatis 51. (Lat.)

4. Upon the death of his father-in-law, Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knight. (Lat. ver. and pr.)

5. Upon the death of his wife Genet, daughter to Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knt. who deceased at Knight-his-bridge, of chield-byrth, anno 1579, Aug. xxvi. ætat xix. and lieth enterred at Chelsye. (Lat.) *

6. Upon the death of the Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mack Maughoun, an Irish Lording, about the yeare 1577. (Eng.) This from its biographical tendency shall be given.

'Thus, lea, thyne hast (coosen) bred waste, to cittye, to countrey;
Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye mangled,
Not by his manlye valour, but through thy desperat offer
As the liefe is lasting too sutch as in armes ar heedye,
E'en so death is posting too those that in armor ar headye.
Haulf penye, far better than on houstul cluster of angels,
Although habit, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted:
Whom lief combyned, death could not scatter asunder:
Sutch is thee fastnesse of foster brootherhod Irish.
Though Sydny† and Delvyn‡ the murther partlye revenged:

* Even in this marital tribute the writer's jingling propensity prevails; e. g. "Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negavit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares."

† Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

‡ This might be Lord Delvin, who in 1567 was authorized by Q. Eliz. to extirpate the O'Mores and their followers. Lodge's Peer. of Ireland, I. 134.

A losse so pretiouse may not bee fullye requited.
Thee death of a thousand Maghounds is unequal amendment.
Thee nobles may not but a death so bluddie remember:
The Plunckets wil not from mind such boutcherie bannish.
Thy ladie, thy kinred, doo misse thy freendship aprooved.
Thee cittie mourneth thee lack of a counsalor holsoom;
And thee countrie moneth thee want of a zealus upholder:
Vertue eke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.
Howbeit, dame Vertue thy goodnesse kindlye rewardeth.
In memory thine honour, thy soul eeke in glorie reposing."

7. Upon the death of the Right Hon. the Lord Girald Fitz-Girald L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at St. Albans, in the yeare 1580, the last of June; the xxi yeare of his age. (Eng. ver. and pr.)

8. A penitent sonnet written by the Lord Girald, a little before his death. (Eng.) This article will add another name to the supplementary volume of Noble Authors, intended to comprise such as are not contained in the edition just published.

9. An epitaph entituled *Commune defunctorum*; such as our unlearned rithmours accustomably make, upon the death of everie Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for every one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded. (Eng.) This is no bad hoax of those common-place panegyrics which were penned by either mercenary or parasitical scribblers, who heaped Pelion upon Ossa in their lapidary lays. It begins with the usual invocation:

"Coom to me, you Muses, and thow, most chiefly, Minerva,
Help my pen in writing, a death most soarie reciting,

Of

Of the good old Topas, soon to the mightie Syr Atlas;
For gravitie the Cato, for wit Mars, Bacchus, Apollo.
Scipio for warfare, for gentil curtesie Cæsar,
A great Alexander, with a longe white neck, like a gaunder.
In yeers a Nestor, for wars a martial Hector,
Hannibal, and Pompey, with Tristram, Gallahad, Orckney.
For justice Radamanthus, in equity woorthy Lycurgus:
In learning Socrates, in faithful friendship Achates:
In travaile Æneas, for secrets trustful Iolas:
And in philosophy a Raymond, a Bacon, a Ripley."

Mr. Warton has cited the conclusion of this mock-eulogy, as it mentions Julietta, among the celebrated heroines; but he appears to have overlooked part of its purport and design, when he conceives it was written solely to expose poetical squabbles about *metre*. *

10. An epitaph, written by Sir Thomas More, upon the death of Henrie Abyngdon, one of the gentlemen of the chappel. Wich devise the authour was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie that requested his travel did not like of a verye proper epitaph that was first framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare

* It may also be questioned whether Julietta (as Mr. Warton thought) could have an allusion to Shakspeare's Juliet; since Stanyhurst's verses were printed in 1585, and the earliest computation that has been made to fix the true date of the first sketch of Romeo and Juliet, does not carry the conjecture higher than 1591. It was not printed till 1597. The story of Rhomeo and Julietta, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, or the tragical history of Romeus and Juliet by Brooke, might have formed the sources of allusion. Let me in this note correct the misinformation conveyed in a former one, at p. 225. Mr. Warton was right in his History, and Mr. Steevens has proved wrong, in his list of translations, by dating the appearance of Twyne's Continuation of Phaer's Virgil, 1584: the last book having been finished July 6, 1573, and printed in the same year.

at

at ful in his Latin epigrammes. Whereupon Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing, with which the suppliant was exceedingly satisfyed, as if the author had hit the nayle on head. (Lat. and Engl.)

This epitaph, for the humour of the thing, appears to invite transcription. *

" *Hic jacet* Henricus, *semper pietatis* amicus;
*Nomen Abingdon* erat, *si quis sua nomina* quærat:
*Wellis hic* ecclesia, *fuerat succentor in alma,*
*Regis et in* bella *cantor fuit ipse* capella.
*Millibus in* mille *cantor fuit optimus* ille.
*Præter et hæc* ista *fuit optimus* organista:
*Nunc igitur* Christe, *quoniam tibi serviit,* iste,
*Semper in orbe* soli *da sibi regna* poli."

" The same, though not verbatim construed, yet in effect thus may be translated; wherein the learned are not to looke for the exact observation of quantities of syllables, which the authour in the Latin did not very precisely keepe.

" Here lyeth old *Henry*, no freend to mischievus *envy*,
Surnam'd *Abyngdon*, to all men most hartily *welcoom:*
Clerck he was in *Wellis*, where tingle a great many *bellis*;
Also in thee *chappel* hee was not counted a *moungrel*;
And such a lowd *singer*, in a thousand not such a *ringer:*
And with a *concordance*, a most most skilful in *organce.*
Now God I crave *duly*, sence this man serv'd the so *truly*,
Henry place in *kingdoom*, that is also named *Abingdon.*"

The volume is closed by an address from Bynneman, which (as it offers an apology for the singularity of

* Mr. Sharon Turner has exhibited a series of middle rhymes somewhat similar, in the Latin poetry of Bede. See Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, III. 361.

orthography

orthography observable through most of the book, and is not long) may serve to close this copious article.

" The printer to the curteous reader.

" I am to crave thy pacience, good reader, and thy friendly acceptaunce of my paines* in printing this booke. The novelty of the verse, and the absence of the author, put me halfe in a feare either to displease the gentleman that penned it, or not to please the gentlemen that reade it. If I should observe the newe ortographie used in the booke (whether with the writer's minde, or the printer's† fault I know not) it might have bred error in the understanding of many, and misliking in the judgement of most. And very lothe I am to seeme injurious to the author, in straying any whit from his prescribed rules in writing, exactly observing the quantity of every syllable. If I have, here and there, changed some one or other letter, my purpose was to give more light to the matter by that maner of speech wherto our country men are most acquainted. The absence of any letter, which for the necessitie of the verse often falleth out, I have noted with an apostrophe thus (’). For the placing of two *oo* and *ee* for one, and contrary one for two,‡ which thou mayst often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the author's epistle at the beginning,§ and

* The book is very neatly and carefully printed: the prose in Roman, the verse in Old English characters.

† *Forsan* Compositor.

‡ This is done in the last metrical extract, but directly contrary to modern usage.

§ Stanyhurst says, in that epistle, " If *E* be short, I write it usually with a single *E*, as *the*, *me*; if long, with two, a *thee mee:* although I would not wishe the quantitie of syllables to depend so much upon the gaze of the eye, as the censure of the eare."

generally

generally to commend to thy curtesie my travaile in so *straunge* and *unaccustomed* a worke."

From Wood, Ware, and Warton, added to casual hints in his own volume, it may be gathered that Stanyhurst was born about 1547, in Dublin (of which city his father had been recorder), that he was educated in grammatical learning under Peter Whyte, sometime dean of Waterford; and admitted of University College, Oxon. in 1563, where he wrote a dialectical commentary on Porphyry in his eighteenth year. Having taken one degree he became successively a student at Furnival and Lincoln's Inn, where he applied to the study of the common law: but this pursuit might possibly have been relinquished on the death of his father in 1573. From his poems it appears that he married Janetta, the daughter of Sir Chr. Barnwell, Knt. and that she died in child-birth at Knightsbridge, near London, anno 1579. His poetical Conceits in 1582 contain a description of his mistress at the Hague, whom he calls Marie, and depicts as a brunette, youthful but sage. Wood says he went abroad (being a married man) and became famous for his learning in France and the Low Countries, &c.* and (his wife being dead) he was made chaplain to the Archduke of Austria, who allowed him a plentiful salary. In the title to his Hebdomada Mariana, 1609, he writes himself "Sacellanus serenissimorum principum." He died at Brussels in 1618. Wood specifies several of his productions, but his Description of Ireland, as

* Ware intimates that he went into the Low Countries, from being desirous of greater liberty in the enjoyment of his religion, which was Popish.

printed

printed in Holinshed's Chronicles, is the only work that is likely to give him credit with posterity. *

T. P.

---

ART. VII. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 269.]

" Our countrie breeds up poets still,
As grasse springs from good ground,
For there doth flourish learned skill
Where knowledge doth abound.

Looke what our elder wits did sowe,
Or left behinde in heapes,
Our age and harvest people mowe,
Or with sharp sickle reapes.

The seede of sence faire fruit brings foorth
In feeld a thousand fold,
And is in value, price, and woorth,
More preshous than the gold.

What can be counted foule or cleane,
But poets thereon talke,
Yet thousands knowes not what they meane,
When they in cloud will walke.

As from the fountaine water floes,
Convaid by gushing pipe:
So from the pen of poet goes
Fine words, and sentence ripe.

* His book "De rebus in Hibernia gestis," was severely censured by the Irish historian Keating, and as Harris thought justly, on account of its numerous errors and malicious representations. See Harris's edit. of Ware's Ireland, IV. 98.

That

That ech good minde may well digest
As sweete as honie sure,
His termes are taken with the best,
If verse be neate and pure.

As rider's whisking wand doth feare
The horse whereon he sits,
So wrangling people evrie where
At verses vex their wits. *

If any writer touch the gall,
In pastime be it sed;
Then down comes tressels, house, and all,
Upon the poore man's head. †

Yet wise men will good words embrace,
And take each thing in worth,
And give each line and word a grace
That poets do set forth.

Divine Du Bartas merits praise,
Most excellent verse he wrate;
So sundrie writers in our daies
Have done full well of late. ‡

In Spenser's morall Fairie Queene,
And Daniel's Rosiemound,
If they be throwly waid and seen,
Much matter may be found.

One Barnes, that Petrark's scholler is,
May march with them in ranke,
A learned Templar's name I mis,
Whose pen deserves great thanke. §

* Æschiron in his whole militarie expedition familiar with Alexander.

† Masonides, honoured of Adrian the emperor.

‡ Ariosto, liked of all good wits.

§ Torquato Tasso, an Italian knight and poet laureat, who departed from oblivion to immortalitie, this last April 1595, whose memorie shall never vanish.

A number

A number more writ well indeed;
They spring up newly now,
As gazing world their works shall read,
So shall world praise them throw.

But sure my noble Sidneies skill
I never can forget;
To him my service and good will
Shall ever dwell in debt.

Of learned lore the onely light
Which blazde like lampe most cleere,
And as a star in moone-shine night
Could under cloud appear, *

Seem'd dim and darke to dazled eies,
But faire and bright to those
That understood the stately guise
Of learned verse or prose.

Could crack the nut of hardest shell
And shew the kernell plaine,
For by his works, who notes them well,
In world he lives againe.

The booke that doth of poets treat,
In golden robes so shines,
It triumphes still, with honor great,
Among the best divines: †

Which booke, deckt up in trim attire
Of authors wise and grave,
In matters of mine owne desire,
Great light to poetrie gave:

* Mounsieur Devoreux, a young bishop at this day living in France, accounted now the singular man in Europe for verse and poeticall devises.

† Sir Phillip Sidneyes Appology.

And

And made me write of poets' praise,
Thus so to starrie skie
My Sidneies honor heere I raise,
As far as fame can flie."

FINIS.

On the last page is the following announcement—"My next booke comes out shortlie; dedicated to my honorable woorthy friende Master Henrie Brooke, sonne and heire to the noble Lord Cobham."

At the close of an address to the reader, before Churchyard's Challenge,* in 1593, he affirms—"My next booke shall be the last booke of the Worthines of Wales: and my last booke called my *Ultimum Vale* shal be (if it please God) twelve long tales for Christmas, dedicated to twelve honorable Lords." It is doubtful whether these, or the following, ever appeared: "A book of a Sumptuous Shew in Shrovetide, by Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Robert Carey, M. Chidly, and M. Arthur Gorge[s]: in which book was the whole service of my Lord of Lester mentioned, that he and his traine did in Flaunders; and the gentlemen pensioners proved to be a great piece of honour to the court." The following is known to have been printed, but is not supposed to be now extant: its discovery at least still remains a desideratum with the indefatigable Mr. Nichols:† "The devises of Warre, and a play at Awsterley, [Osterley, in Middlesex] her Highness [Q. Elizabeth] being at Sir Thomas Gresham's."

T. P

* See CENSURA II. 307.

† See Preface to Vol. III. of Progresses &c. and Lysons's Environs, III. 26.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Two Centuries of Pauls Church-Yard: Una cum Indice expurgatorio in Bibliothecam Parliamenti, sive Librorum, qui prostant venales in vico vulgo vocato Little Brittain. Done into English for the benefit of the assembly of divines, and the two Universities. For the date and printer's name, are substituted the arms of Oxford and Cambridge.* 12mo.

This is the title to a second edition of the satirical tract noticed at p. 141. Its reputed author was that eminent wit and loyalist, Sir John Birkenhead. Paterson, the bibliographer, truly observed, that "the spirited humour of this little book was admirable, and worthy the pen of a Butler."* Much use of it will be found to have been made by Dr. Grey, in his illustrative notes on Hudibras. To this second edition was added "Biblio eca Parliamenti," which contains the following among many other "palpable hits."

"3. Laus Pediculi. A short-legg'd treatise wherein is held forth this truth—that because the six-footed creature walks gravely and feeds majestically on our heads, therefore we may trample on the Crown. By five members and Kimbolton.

4. Experientia docet. A tract proving that there is an hell, contrary to the present sense of the House. By a member thereof, lately deceased.

7. Theopœia. A discourse shewing to us mortals,

* Bibl. Westiana, p. 205.

that Cromwell may be reckoned amongst the Gods, since he hath put off all humanity.

9. The art of hearing without ears. By Will. Prinn.

27. Cornucopia. The Works of the late Earle of Essex, comprized in one large *horn-book*; set forth by the assembly of divines, and ordered to be used instead of that old almanack, the Directory.

28. Quicquid libet, licet. A tract proving that a man may hang himself at what time soever his stomach shall serve him: provided alwayes, that it be in a parliamentary way. By Alderman Hoyle; dedicated to my good Lord Bradshaw, who hath now little else to do."

"*Acts and Orders.*

6. An act for reforming divers texts of Scripture, as being of dangerous consequence, and contrary to the very being of this present State; beginning at Romans xiii. where it is said 'Let every soul be subject to the *higher powers:* which are thus to be reformed, 'Let every soul be subject to the *lower house.*'

7. Ordered, that malefactors condemned to die, be hanged in *wyths*; because the States want *ropes* themselves.

9. Ordered that the books of *Kings* in the Bible, be hereafter called 'The Bookes of the *Parliament:*' and the *Chronicles* also (being a word too hard for vulgar capacities) be, for the time to come, called by the more familiar title of *Diurnalls.*

"*Cases*

"*Cases of Conscience.*

1. Whether it be probable that ever any man will be so purblind as to take Sir Wm. Davenant for the Lord General Cromwell.*
3. Whether Colonel *Pride* be not as humble as his very name.
6. Whether the drunkennesse of this land hath not caused heaven to set a Brewer over us?
8. Whether we be not turned Papists, since all our devotion consists in praying to saints; as St. Oliver, St. Hugh, St. Pride, adjuva nos?
16. Whether *opera tenebrarum* be not true Latin for our late acts of parliament?
22. Whether *malus, pejor, pessimus,* be not Latin for Lambert, Harrison, Cromwell?
35. Whether a parliament-man should not take the upper hand of the devil, when they sit next in councell; since he hath learned as much deceit?

Finis Bibliothecæ, et (proh dolor!) Parliamenti."

The following imitative skits may be cited as auxiliaries in the same loyal cause.

*Fanatique Queries, proposed to present assertors of the good old Cause, &c. London. 4to. no date.*

2. Whether Haslerig, or the devil, more inveterately hate Charles Stuart? since the one hath got a great part of his lands, and the other is in possession of many of his rebellious subjects.
18. Whether Sir Henry Vain ought not to be transposed Vain Sir Henry?

* The contrast of *noses* between the poet and the Protector, may constitute the solution of this query?

 21. Whether

21. Whether the saints of our times do not, in their practice, pervert the order of that text of St. Paul, "Godliness is great gain," into "Gain is great godliness?"

*Forty-four Queries to the Life of Queen Dick.* [*i. e. Richard Cromwell*] 1659. 4*to.*

3. Whether White-hall ought not to be called the Fleet, because R. C. is in there for debt?

7. Whether it would not tend more to the purifying of Richard's blood to be in the country at this time o' the year than in the city?—*Quid dixi!* to the purifying of his blood: we are all sensible he wants blood.

34. Whether Mr. Thurlow is not the proudest man in the nation, because he could not be satisfied till he had the protector for his coachman? *

*Eighteen new Court-Queries, humbly offered, &c.* 1659. 4*to.*

1. Whether the Lord Protector's [Richd. Cromwell] patience in letting go his hold so calmly and tamely, were in him a virtue or not; and if it were a virtue, whether necessity did not make it so?

4. Whether the army ought not to have given to them new red coats and black buttons, to mourn for the *departure* of this Protector, as well as they had for the *decease* of the old one?

* This alludes to Cromwell's driving Thurlow in Hyde Park, and overturning the carriage.

15. Whether

15. Whether Whitehall be not now a place commodious to make a play-house of? having been accustomed for these many yeares to such alteration of scenes, and the pensioners; &c. well accomplisht to turn stage-players. First, because it is conceived they have now little else to do. Secondly, because they have been bred up upon that stage, and can act any part: and thirdly, because they never wear cloathes longer than the play continues.

*Your Servant, Gentlemen; or what think you of a Query or two more? London.* 1659. 4*to.*

Whether Mr Waller ought not to write a panegyrick in praise of the Commonwealth, as well as of the protector, for they sav'd his life?

Whether the mighty men at Westminster ought not to have re-baptized their assembly? no man as yet knowing what name to give it?

Whether the commonwealth's men have any other mark of Christianity, than the prosecution of their interest which is—"to make their calling and election sure?"

"*Select City Queries in two parts. By Mercurius Philalethes.* 1660. 4*to.*

Whether the booksellers would not do better in the Berbados, than they do the commonwealth of England, by selling of pamphlets; and if so, whether the trade would not be much better?

Whether Fieri-facias, the upholsterer in Cornhill, loves Sack, Su. Laming, or the subjects' liberty better?

Whether B. C. is not a wise childe to know that Sir Anthony Weldon (Aulicus Coquinariæ) was her father, and not the butcher, her mother's husband; and whether her sister Nell Maddocks is not a chip of the butcher's block, having that bred in her bones, which will not out of her flesh?"

T. P

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ART. IX. *Chrestoleros. Seven bookes of Epigrames: Written by T. B. London: Imprinted by R. Bradocke.* 1598. 12*mo. pp.* 184.

A prose dedication to Sir Charles Blount, Knt. Lord Mountjoy, concludes with an epigram signed Thomas Bastard: of whom several notices may be seen in Wood's Athenæ, Vol. I. Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. IV. and the late edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum. Sir John Harrington addressed two of his epigrams to this Master Bastard.* By Heath † and Sheppard he was also complimented. Wood says he was "much guilty of the vices belonging to poets, and given to libelling;" on which account he was removed from a fellowship of New College, Oxford. Two specimens of this libelling propensity have been preserved by Wood, among his manuscript collections in the Ashmolean Museum. A

* See Censura, IV. 13.

† Heath's compliment runs thus:

"*Ad Tho. Bastardum Epigrammatistam.*

Thy epigrams are of no bastard race,
For they dare gaze the world's eye in the face."

Latin

Latin poem, by Bastard, occurs in *Ph. Sidnæi peplus*, 1587. From his epigrams, &c. he would seem to have been patronized by Lord Mountjoy, the Earl of Suffolk, and others; yet he frequently speaks of his poverty, and thus contrasts his situation with those earlier and better days when the *furor poeticus* was excited by prosperous fortune.

"But now, left naked of prosperitie,
And subject unto bitter injurie;
So poor of sense, so bare of wit I am,
Not neede herselfe can drive an epigram."

Warton describes him to have been an elegant classic scholar, and better qualified for that species of the occasional pointed Latin epigram, established by his fellow-collegian, John Owen, than for any sort of English versification. With allowance however for its quaint close, the following specimen from his epigrams, is creditable to the writer's poetic taste and social feeling.

"*Ad Thomam Strangwaies.*

"*Strangwaies!* leave London and her sweet contents,
Or bring them down to me, to make me glad,
And give one month to country-merriments;
Give me a few days, for the years I had.
The poets' songs and sports we will read over,
Which in their golden quire they have resounded,
And spill our readings one upon another,
And read our spillings, sweetly so confounded.
*Nulam* shall lend us light in midst of day,
When to the even valley we repair;
When we delight ourselves with talk or play
Sweet, with the infant grass and virgin air:

These in the heat, but in the even, later
We'll walk the meads, and read trouts in the water."

Nine or ten passages from Bastard are cited in England's Parnassus, 1600; and besides several sermons, a panegyrical poem is still extant, which was addressed on his accession, "Serenissimo potentissimoque monarchæ Jacobo, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, regi magnam Britanniam."

T. P——k

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ART. X. *Sandys's Travels, 1637, with an Original Poem.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

In the present volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA, page 146, you gave an account of Sandys's Voyages, or Journey to Turkey. I am fortunate enough to possess the copy of this work, formerly belonging to the author himself, which is the *fourth* edition, and bearing a different date to any that you have described, namely 1637.

Subjoined to the whole, and signed with the author's name, are the following lines, written in the clearest and neatest manner; and as they may probably be interesting to the majority of your readers, I have here transcribed them.

"DEO. OPT. MAX.

O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament displaid,

With

With such an undiscerned swiftnesse hurl'd,
About the stedfast centre of the world:
Against whose rapid course the restlesse sun
And wand'ring flames in varied motions run,
Which Heat, Light, Life infuse; Time, Night and Day
Distinguish; in our humane bodies sway:
That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting aire,
Vein'd with cleare springs, which ambient seas repaire;
In cloudes the mountains wrap their hoary heads,
Luxurious valleies cloth'd with flow'ry meads;
Her trees yield fruit and shade; with liberall breasts
All creatures shee (their common mother) feasts.
Then man, thy image, mad'st in dignitie,
In knowledge and in beauty, like to thee,
Plac'd in a heav'n on earth without his toyle;
The ever-flourishinge and fruitfull soile
Unpurchas'd food produc'd: all creatures were
His subjects serving more for love than fear:
He knew no Lord but thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebell,
And in his ruin exercise their might:
Concurring elements against him fighte;
Troupes of unknown diseases, Sorrow, Age,
And Death assaile him with successive rage;
Hell let forth all her furies; none so great
As man to man, Ambition, Pride, Deceit,
Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter reign'd,
And flatter'd vice the name of virtue gain'd.
Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one floude,
Yet could not cleanse their guilte; the following race,
Worse than their fathers and their sons more base
Their god-like beauty lost, sin's wretched thrall;
No sparke of their divine originalle,
Left unextinguish'd. All enveloped
With darknesse, in their bolde transgressions dead,

When

When thou didst from the east a light display,
Which rendred to the world a cleerer day,
Whose precepts from hell's jawes our stepps withdrawe,
And whose example was a livinge law,
Who purg'd us with his blood, the way prepar'd
To heav'n, and those long chaind-up doores unbar'd.
How infinite thy mercy, which exceeds
The world thou madst, as well as our misdeeds,
Which greater reverence then thy justice wins,
And still augments thy honor by our sins!
O who hath tasted of thy clemencie
In greater measure or more oft than I!
My grateful verse thy goodnesse shall displaye.
O thou who went'st along in all my way,
To where the morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountains of Panchæa's springs,
To that new found out world, where sober night
Takes from the Antipodes her silent flight,
To those darke seas where horrid Winter reignes,
And bindes the stubborne floudes in icie chaines,
To Lybian Wasts whose thirst no shoures assuage,
And where swolne Nilus cooles the lion's rage,
Thy wonders in the deepe have I behelde;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd
There where the Virgin's son his doctrine taught;
His miracles and our redemption wrought;
Where I by thee inspir'd, his praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offerings hung.
Which way so e'er I turn'd my face or feete,
I see thy glory and thy mercy meete:
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of franticke Simoans thou preserv'dst my life,
So when Arabian thieves belay'd us round,
And when by all abandon'd thee I found,
That false, Sidonian wolfe, whose craft put on
A sheepe soft fleece, and my Bellerophon

To

To ruine by his cruele letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent;
Thou saved'st me from the bloudie massacres
Of faithlesse Indians, from their treacherous warres.
From raging feavers, from the sultry breathe,
Of tainted aire, which clos'd the jawes of death,
Preserv'd from swallowing seas, when tow'ring waves
Mix'd with the cloudes, and open'd their deepe grauves,
From barbourous pirats ransom'd, by these taught
Successfully with Salian Moores wee fought;
Then brought'st me home in safetye, that this earthe
Mighte bury mee which fed me from my birth,
Blest with a healthful age, a quiet minde,
Content with little, to this worke design'd,
Whiche I att length have finnish't by thy aide,
And now my vowes have att thy altar paid.
Jam tutigi portum. Valere.

GEORGE SANDYS."

Prefixed to Herbert's Travels, which follow the above work, (see Art. 15, p. 146), in an *engraven* title page (independent of, and varying in point of matter, from the *printed* one which you describe) executed in a good free style, by W. M. (William Marshall.) This is the second edition, bearing date 1638.

I have an edition of Purchas's Pilgrimage in folio, dated 1617, which is one that you have not particularized, (see page 115.)

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
JAMES H. MARKLAND.

Ardwick, Lancashire, April 6, 1807.

ART.

ART. XI. *Poems, &c. by James Shirley.*

Sine aliquâ dementia nullus Phœbus.

*London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Princes' Armes in St. Paul's Church yard.* 1646. 12mo. *pp.* 80.

ART. XII. *Narcissus, or the Self-Lover. By James Shirley. Hæc Olim. London (as before)* 1646. 12mo. *pp.* 54.

The history of James Shirley, a fertile dramatic writer, is well known.

These poems are dedicated to Bernard Hyde, Esq. and have commendatory verses by Tho. Stanley, Tho. May, Geo. Bucke, Fra. Tuckyr, Ed. Powel; and two by Geo. Hill, the former in Latin.

Two or three specimens will be sufficient.

"*Presenting his Mistress with a Bird.*

Walking to taste the welcome Spring,
The birds, which chearful notes did sing
On their green perches, 'mong the rest
One whose sweet warble pleased me best;
I tempted to the snare, and caught;
To you I sent it to be taught;
'Tis young, and apt to learn! and near
A voice so full of art, and clear
As your's, it cannot choose, but rise
Quickly a bird of Paradise."

"*The Passing Bell.*

Hark, how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell;

All

All the other sounds, we hear,
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd;
And a general silence made;
The world be muffled in a shade!
He, that on a pillow lies,
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife;
And for eternity is prest,
Sad bell-weather to the rest."

The poem of Narcissus consists of 131 six-lined stanzas, and contains a large proportion of poetical passages, and many very harmonious verses. *

This poem begins as follows:

1.

" Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake;
Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
Long since the quiristers of the wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

2.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air;
If not the sun, whose new embroidery
Makes rich the leaves, that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise; yet, lovesick nymph, away!
Thy young Narcissus is abroad to day.

* By the motto *Hæc Olim*, it is probable this is the same poem, as was originally published under the title of *Echo, or the Infortunate Lovers*, 1618, 8vo. See Cens. Lit. II. p. 382.

3. Pursue

3.

Pursue him, timorous maid: he moves apace;
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight; see, how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air;
Attempt, and overtake him; though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

4.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him stay;
He must be a rock, that will not melt at these,
Dropping these native diamonds in his way;
Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
Who knows how soon? may help thee to a kiss.

6.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears
Invent some other way to make him know
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer;
The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo;
But hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

7.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
Echo hath left her solitary grove;
And in a vale, the palace of the spring,
Sits silently attending to her love;
But round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

8.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise,
And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
Which with loud accents give the woods a voice,
Proclaiming parly to the fearful deer:

She

She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
As high and musical she returns again.

9.

Rous'd is the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way
The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steals his shine away;
The hunters scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown,
In a dark part of the wood complains alone.

10.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,
Joy'd, you may guess, to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound,
Who yet obscures herself behind some tree:
He, vext, exclaims, and asking 'Where am I?'
The unseen virgin answers, 'Here am I!'

11.

'Some Guide from hence! will no man hear?' he cries:
She answers in her passion, 'O man, hear!'
'I die, I die!' say both; and thus she tries
With frequent answers to entice his ear
And person to her court, more fit for love,
He tracts the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

12.

The way he trod, was paved with violets
Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks:
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
And primroses are scatter'd in the walks;
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy emboss'd with stars.

13.

Two rows of elms ran with proportion'd grace,
Like Nature's arras, to adorn thy sides.
The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
While folding tops the chequer'd ground-work hides.
Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

14.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
Into a spacious green, whose either side
A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
The clouds were busy, binding up his head;
The flowers here smile upon him, as he treads;
And but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

15.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careful posture thrown.

16.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
To see this lodging of the airy Queen,
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy
Thorough a small window of eglantine;
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new dress her blubber'd face.

17.

With confidence she sometimes would go out
And boldly meet Narcissus in the way:
But then her fears present her with new doubt
And chide her over-rash resolve away.

Her

Her heart with over-charge of love must break;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak."

---

Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, "Shirley was born in the city of London, near Stock's Market, 1594. Bred up at Catherine Hall in Cambridge, (where he studied some years) with one Thomas Bancroft, as this poet tells us in his *Epigrams*, *4to.* 1639: which Bancroft was of Swarston in Derbyshire, where his father and mother were buried, on whom he has an epitaph also, and an enigma on his birth-place. Shirley died in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, having been burnt out of his habitation in Fleet-street, in the great fire 1666."

"In his Dramatic Interlude, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles*, is the fine song, which old Bowman used to sing to K. Charles, and which he has often sung to me.

"The glories of our birth and state," &c.

and therein also the fine lines,

"Your heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust." *

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ART. XIII. *The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroical verse, by Richard Stanyhurst, with other poetical devises thereto annexed. 8vo. At London imprinted by*

* See it in Percy's Reliques; and in Ellis's Specimens, III. 106.

*Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Thames streate neare unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini* 1583.

[BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

The editor having received an additional account of this rare book, before his Correspondent had seen the prior articles, inserts it here.

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This singular volume is dedicated "To the Right Honourable my very loving brother the Lorde Baron of Dunsanye."

The dedication is dated from "Leyden in Holland, 1582." It is for the most part a comparison between Phaer's translation of Virgil and the author's, in which he censures Phaer for not using words sufficiently elevated and heroical; and assures his reader that he has weeded out of his translation such choice words as Phaer had used. Next follows a preface, or address, to the reader. Afterwards comes the work, of which the only method of giving any idea is by a few quotations. It is *intended* to be written in English hexameter verse, then much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey.

Book I. p. 18.

"But Venus in musing with cares intoxical hudling
New sleights fresh forgeth; the face of trim pretty Cupido,
To chang with jaggling, whereby he to Dido resorting,
In place of Ascanius, with gifts might carry the princesse,
Too braine-sick loove-fits, to her boans fire smouldered huffling.
For Venus haulf doubteth the Moors sly treacherous handling,
Juno her tormenteth: by night this teror her haunteth.
This reason her stirring, thus spake she to cocknye Cupido,
My sweete choise bulcking, my force and my power onlye." &c. &c.

He

He afterwards calls Cupid a "dandiprat," sometimes a "mopsy," "a prettie peacock," and a "princox."

Book IV. p. 67.

"The pepil in jangling this rayne-beaten * harlotrye filled,
Merrily forth chattering feets past and feats not atempted:
That the Duke Æneas from Trojans auncetre sprouting,
In Libye coast landed, with whom faire Dido the princesse
Her person barter'd, and that they both be resolved
The winter season to wast in leacherie wanton,
Retchles of her kingdom with rutting bitcherie sauted.
This that prat pye cadesse labored to trumpet in eeche place."

But in a part of the eighth book which he has translated, he seems to have exerted every power of bombast to be sublime and *heroical.*

"The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eighth book of his Æneis, in which place the poet payed, as it were, his price by advauncing at ful the loftines of his veyne: done into English by the translatour for his last farewel to the sayd Virgil.

"T'ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence with flcunce furye flinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, mavnelye betowring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparckling,
And flam's fierclye glowing, from fornace flashye be whisking.

* Fame.

Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.
Doun from the hev'nlye palace travayled the firye God hither.
In this cave the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked ar hamring,
Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.
These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce robel hobble,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnished holye.
Three showrs wringlye wrythen glimmring, and forciblye sowcing,
Thre watrye clowds shymring to the craft they rampired hizzing,
Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds rufflered huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye thundring."

After his translations from Virgil follow "Psalms, Conceites and Epitaphs." The Psalms have each a short preface to them containing an explanation of the sort of meeter in which they are composed, viz. iambics, asclepiads, sapphicks, &c. though not in quite so lofty a vein as his Virgil.

The epitaphs are upon "The death of the Right Hon. James E. of Ormonde and Ossorie, who deceased at Elie house, in Holbourne, about the year 1546, the 18th of October, and lieth buried in St. Thomas Acres church: extracted out of the third book of the Historie of Ireland." In Latin elegiac verse.

"J. Stanyhurst,

"J. Stanyhurst, Esq. his father who deceased at Dublyn, Anno 1573, xxvii Dec. ætatis 51." In Latin elegiac verse.

"Syr Christopher Barnewall, Knight, his father-in-lawe." In Latin elegiac verse.

"His wife Genet, doughter of Sir Chr. Barnewall, Knight, who deceased at Knight his bridge, of chield-byrth, Anno 1579, August xxvi. ætatis 19, and lieth enterred at Chelsye.

"Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mackmaughoun, an Irish Lording, about 1577.

"Right Hon. Lord Girald Fitz Girald, L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at St. Albans, A. D. 1580, the 30th of June, æt. 21."

Then follows:

"A penitent sonnet written by the Lorde Girald a little before his death."

The book contains pp. 106, exclusive of the title, preface, &c. consisting of seven leaves. It goes from sheet A to H. Each sheet except H has eight leaves. H only four. W. S.

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ART. XIV. *The Historie of Wyates Rebellion, with the order and maner of resisting the same, wherunto in the ende is added an earnest conference with the degenerate and sedicious rebelles for the serche of the cause of their daily disorder. Made and compyled by John Proctor. Mense Januarij Anno* 1555. 12*mo.*

At the end. *Imprynted at London, by Robert Caly, within the precincte of the late dissolved house of*

*the graye freers nowe converted to an hospital, called Christes' Hospital. The x day of January,* 1555. *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

The book is dedicated "To the most excellent and moste vertuous ladye our moste gracious Soveraigne, Marie, by the Grace of God, Quene of Englande, Fraunce, Naples, Hierusalem and Ireland, Defendour of the Faith, Princesse of Spayne and Sicilie, Archeduchesse of Austria, Duchesse of Millaine, Burgundie and Braband, Countesse of Haspurge, Flaunders and Tyrole, your Majisties moste faythfull, lovynge, and obedient subjecte John Proctor, wisheth all grace, longe peace, quiet rayne, from God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost."

In the dedication he expresses his horror at the wickedness of Wyatt and his accomplices, and says: "These general considerations moving other to indict and penne stories, moved me also to gather together and to register for memorie the merveilous practise of Wyat his detestable rebellio", litle inferiour to the moste dangerous reported in any historie, either for desperate courage in the authour, or for the mo"struous end purposed by his rebellion. Yet I thought nothing lesse at the beginning, then to publishe the same at this time or at this age, minding onely to gather notes therof where the truth mought be best knowen (for the which I have made earnest and diligent investigation) and to leave them to be published by others hereafter to the behof of our posteritie. But hearing the sundrie tales thereof farre dissonaunt in the utteraunce, and many of them as far wide fro" truth, facioned from the speakers to advaunce or deprave as they fantased

fantased the parties; and understa̅dyng besydes what notable infamie spronge of this rebellio̅ to the whole countre of Kent, and to every me̅bre of the same, where sundrie and many of them to mine owne knouledge shewed themselves most faithfull and worthye subjectes, as by the story self shal evidently appeare, which either of hast or of purpose, were omitted in a printed booke late sette furth at Canterbury: I thought these to be special co̅sideracions whereby I ought of duety to my countrey, to co̅pile and digest such notes as I had gathred concerning the rebellion, in some forme and fashion of historie, and to publish the same in this age and at thys present, co̅trary to my first inte̅t, as well that the very truth of that rebellious enterprise myght be throughly knowe̅, as that also the shire where that vile rebellion was practised, might by openi̅g the ful truth in some part be delivered fro̅ the infamy, which as by report I heare is made so general in other shires, as though very few of Kent uer fre from Wyates conspiracie."

Then follows an address to the "Loving Reader;" afterwards the detail of the rebellion to leaf 80. Then

"An earnest conference with the degenerats and sedicious, for the serche of the cause of theyr greate disorder."

This is, in general, a mass of the most fulsome adulation to Queen Mary, for her numberless virtues, particularly her clemency and generosity. This concludes at leaf 91. Then follows, "A prosopey of Englande under the degenerat Englishe."

Proctor was schoolmaster of the free school at Tunbridge, and from his vicinity to the scene of action must have had a greater opportunity of knowing the

particulars of the rebellion than many others. The other accounts of the rebellion, one of which he mentions as having been printed at Canterbury, do not, I fancy, now exist. W. S.

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ART. XV. *Q. Horatius Flaccus Venusinus [round a circle containing a likeness of Horace] Brevi complector Plurima Cantu. Ut assequar. Odes of Horace. The best of Lyrick Poets, contayning much morallity, and sweetnesse. The Third Edition. Selected, translated, reviewed, and enlarged, with many more, by Sir T. H. 1635. Imprinted at London by J. Hauiland for Will. Lee, and are to be sold at his shopp in Fleet-street, at the signe of the Greate Turk's head.*

This title is engraved, forming a tablet between two pillars, with circles at top and bottom; in the one compartment against the figure of the pillar, "*Lyrica Poesis*;" in the other "*Imitatio*," 12mo. pp. 178, besides Introduction. Second title, *Odes of Horace, &c. ut sup.*

"Sir Thomas Hawkins, Knight," (the translator) "was an ingenious man, was as excellent in the faculty of music as in poetry:" * he was a person of fine accomplishments and learning; and, among other works, translated Causinus's Holy Court, and died in 1640. In whose descendants resident at Nash, who lie all of them buried in the north chancel of this church, [Boughton under Blean near Canterbury], this seat [Nash Court mansion] at length continued down to

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. 260.

Thomas

Thomas Hawkins, Esq. of Nash, who rebuilt this seat, of which he died possessed in 1766, æt. 92. In whose time, anno 1715, during the ferment the nation was thrown into, on account of the rebellion in Scotland, this family being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the seat of Nash was plundered by some of the neighbourhood Every part of the furniture, family pictures, writings of the estate and family, &c. were burnt by them, with an excellent library of books." * Such is the account given by the historian of Kent. A small collection of books, that remained at Nash, was purchased by a bookseller in the course of last year. Hasted authenticates his account "as well from records, as private evidences," yet afterwards states "every part" to have been destroyed, which, from the early account given of the family, makes this statement appear inconsistent: nor is there a doubt of some portion of the library being saved, although it was probably a very small part of the original collection. Several volumes selected by the writer, upon the late sale, are dated earlier than 1600; and two or three MSS. claim a date *ante* the Elizabethan era. One of the last is an old French poem of near four thousand lines, and proves, upon comparing with a MS. in the Harleian Collection (N°. 270), to be a copy of Guerne's Metrical Life of Thomas a Becket, written 1172. † There is the variance, between the two copies, usually found in collating MSS. the lines not similarly arranged, orthography different, varying of abbre-

* Hasted's Kent, Oct. 1798. V. VII. 10.

† See an account of this poem in Ellis's Specimens, &c. Vol. I. 56; or, from whence that account appears abridged, the Archæologia, Vol. XII.

viations,

viations, and either copy having occasionally a stanza omitted in the other. To the one in the writer's possession there is a Latin introduction enumerating the festivals and ceremonies to be kept in honour of the Saint, as well as a table of the whole poem, in short six-line verse, rhyming in couplets and third and sixth lines, which are not in the Harleian copy. Some future account will be given of articles derived from the Nash-Court collection, and therefore this digression may not appear ill-timed, especially as they seem relics of what once belonged to our translator; and now an account of his performance.

This translation appears to have been well received by the public, this being the third, and succeeded by another edition in Oct. 1638 (see Wood). The address "to the reader" is short; in one passage the editor says, "many, no doubt, will say Horace is by mee forsaken, his lyrick softnesse, and emphaticall muse maimed: that in all there is a general defection from his genuine harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this translation, rather sought his spirit, than numbers; yet the musike of verse not neglected neither, since the English eare better heareth the distich, and findeth that sweetnesse, which the Latine affecteth, and (questionlesse) attaineth in saphick or iambick measures." The address is followed by seven pieces of complimentary poetry, viz.

"To the Translatour.

What shall I first commend, your happy choyce
Of this most usefull poet; or your skill
To make the eccho equall with the voyce,
And trace the lines drawne by the author's quill?

The

The Latine writers by unlearned hands
In forraine robes unwillingly are drest,
But thus invited into other lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at such request.
The good, which in our mindes their labours breed,
Layes open to their fame a larger way:
These strangers, England with rich plentie feed,
Which with our countreyes freedome we repay:
When sitting in pure language, like a throne,
They prove as great with us, as with their owne.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bar."

"In fidelissimum Horatii interpretem T. H. Equitem Auratum." Eight lines in Latin, sig. "F. L. Eq. Au."

"To his worthy friend, Sir T. H. Knight, upon his translation." Twelve lines English, sig. "G. Fortescue."

"To my noble friend, Sir T. H. Knight, an ode in pure iambic feet.

"I knew before * thy daintie touch
Upon the lordly viol!;
But of thy lyre, who knew so much
Before this happy triall?
So tuned is thy sacred harp,
To make her eccho sweetly sharp.

I wote not how to praise enough
Thy musique and thy muses:
Thy glosse so smooth, the text so tough,
Be judge who both peruses.
Thy choyce of odes is also chaste,
No want it hath, it hath no waste.

* To what does this refer?

A grace

A grace it is for any Knight,
A stately steed to stable:
But unto Pegasus the light
Is any comparable?
No courser of so comely corse,
Was ever as the winged horse.

That Astrophill, * of arts the life,
A knight was and a poet:
So was the man † who tooke to wife
The daughter of La-Roët. ‡
So thou that hast reserv'd a part,
To rouze my Johnson, || and his art.

Receive the while my lowly verse,
To wait upon thy Muses;
Who cannot halfe thy worth rehearse,
My braine that height refuses;
Beneath thy meed is all my praise,
That askes a crowne of holy bayes.

HUGH HOLLAND."

"In laudem Authoris Oda. In qua versiones nonnullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur," 28 lines, sig. "G. D."

"Hendecasyllabon in laudem Authoris," 21 lines, sig. "E. H."

"V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo," 12 lines, sig. "J. Chapperlinus."

The Odes translated were—Book I.—Ode 1. 2. 3. 11.* 12. 14. 15.* 16.* 22. 24. 31. 34. 35. 37.*—

* Sir Phil. Sidney. † Sir Geof. Chaucer.
‡ See Ellis's Specimens of Early Poets, Vol. I. 206. 3d edit.
|| Probably Ben Jonson.

Book

Book 2—Ode 1. 2. 3. 9. 10. 11. 13.* 14. 15. 16. 17. 18.—Book 3.—Ode 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.* 9. 11. 14. 16. 23. 24. 27. 28. 29. 30.—Book 4—Ode 2. 3. 4. 5. 7. 8. 9. 12. 13. 14. 15.—Epodes 1. 2. 7. 9.* 13. 16.*—Carmen Seculare, &c.

The original is given on the alternate pages, and the asterisks denote the "many more" mentioned in the title. The length of this article demands the shortest specimen.

*B.* I. Ode 11.

"To Leuconoe.

Strive not, Leuconöe, to know what end
The gods above to thee, or mee will send;
Nor with astrologers consult at all,
That thou may'st better know what can befall.
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks doe cast;
Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space
Doe not protracted hopes of life embrace;
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide;
This day's thine owne, the next may be deni'de."

*Conduit street.* J. H[illegible]

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Art. XVI. *Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses Recreation. Conteining several pieces of poetique wit. The Second Edition. By Sir J. M. and Ja. S. London: Printed by J. C. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Anchor in the New Exchange.* 1656. *Duod. pp.* 101.

The authors of this miscellany were Sir John Mennes, and Dr. James Smith.

The

The former was third * son of Andrew Mennes, Esq. of Sandwich in Kent, by Jane Blechenden, where he was born May 11, 1598. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his literary acquirements; and afterwards became a great traveller, a celebrated seaman, and well skilled in the building of ships. In the reign of James I. he had a place in the Navy-Office; and by Charles I. was appointed its Controuler. In the subsequent troubles, he took an active part, both military and naval, in favour of the Crown; and being a Vice-

* His elder half-brother, Sir Matthew Mennes, was made K. B. by Charles I. at his coronation. His second brother Thomas was buried in the church of St. Peter, Sandwich, 1631. In this office he had the opportunity of bringing back the Queen-Mother to England in 1662; during which absence he lost his wife Jane Liddell, of the family of Ravensworth-Castle, who dying at Fredville, then the seat of the Boys family, at Norington in Kent, was buried in the church of that parish as appears by the monumental inscription still remaining there.

*Epitaph on a mural tablet at Nonington, Kent.*

" Hic sunt depositæ Janæ Reliquiæ
Ab antiqua generosorum Liddellorum familia oriundæ
Ex castello de Ravensworth in agro Dunelmensi
Johannis Mennes Equitis aurati
Anglo-Cantiani conjugis, maris Anglicani Vice-Admiralli.
Illa, absente sub veris Marito Regiis
Reginam ex Gallia Mariam revehentibus
Apud Fredville Johannis Boys armigeri occumbens
Hospitali istius humanitate
Hic inhumatur.
In sacram dilectissimæ consortis memoriam
Mariti pietate hoc marmor erigitur.
Nata anno circiter 1602, July 23, 1662 Denata." *

* Topogr. III. p. 154.

Admiral

Admiral in 1641 was knighted at Dover. In 1642 he commanded the Rainbow: he was afterwards, it seems, displaced from his services at sea for his loyalty; and was implicated in the Kentish Insurrection in favou of the King in 1648.*

After the restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, and Chief Comptroller of the Navy, which he retained till his death. In 1661 he was appointed commander of the Henry, and received a commission to act as Vice-Admiral, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleet in the North Seas. †

Sir John Mennes died Feb. 18, 1670-1, with the character of an honest, stout, generous, and religious man, whose company had always been delightful to the ingenious and witty. ‡

Wood says he was also author of a poem, entitled Epsom Wells; and several other poems scattered in other men's works. He was buried in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, London; where a monument and inscription were erected over his grave.

* Matthew Carter, in his curious little tract containing "A Relation of this Insurrection," 1650, 12mo. says, after having inserted "The Declaration of the Navy to the Commissioners at London," that the Insurgents having gained possession of the Castles of Deal and Walmer, "marched away and quartered in Sandwich again that night, leaving in Deal Anthony Hamond, Esq. and Capt. Burgrave, who had been formerly an officer of the navy (both justices of peace, and gallant discreet men, not according to those of this wise reformation) as Commissioners for the managing of the business there, and in the fleet; having sent away for Sir John Mennis, Capt. Fogg, and some others, officers that had formerly been employed at sea by the King and for their loyalties displaced by the Parliament, who were also earnestly desired by the officers and mariners aboard." P. 66.

† Charnock's Biogr. Nav. I. 61. ‡ Wood's Ath. II. 482.

Dr.

## DR. JAMES SMITH.

Dr. James Smith, was son of Thomas Smith, Rector of Merston, in Bedfordshire, was born about 1604, and educated at Oxford; went chaplain with Henry, Earl of Holland, when admiral of the squadron that carried supplies to the isle of Rhee; and afterwards was domestic chaplain to the Earl of Cleveland; in whose service he continued six years, and was beneficed at the same time in Lincolnshire. In 1633 he became B. D. and was now in much esteem with Massinger, Davenant, Sir John Mennes, and the other wits of the day. He then obtained the living of King's Nimpton in Devonshire, and went chaplain with the Earl of Holland in the expedition against the Scots: but returning to King's Nimpton, resided there during all the subsequent changes. At the Restoration he was made canon of Exeter, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and chaplain to Lord Clarendon; and in July 1661, D. D. Next year he became chaunter of Exeter; and in 1663 exchanged King's Nimpton, and the archdeaconry for Alphington, in the same county, where he died 20 June, 1667. Besides his share in the *Musarum Deliciæ*, Wood says, he wrote the principal part in the collection, entitled "*Wit Restored, in several select poems. London.* 1658." 8*vo.* At the end of which is his translation, or poem, called *The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses, a mock poem. London.* 1658. 8*vo.* And at the end of that also is *Cleaveland's Rebel Scot, translated into Latin.* Wood says "he also composed *Certain Anthems*, not musical, but poetical, which to this day are used and sung in the cathedral of Exeter."*

* Wood's Ath. II. 397.

Of

Of this small collection, in which there are stray poems of Bishop Corbet and Sir John Suckling, I shall give the celebrated scoffing ballad on the run-away troop of the latter.

*Upon Sir John Suckling's most warlike preparations for the Scotish War.*

BY SIR JOHN MENNES.

" Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.

No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado;
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book,
Hee 'ld have conquered a whole Armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on,
His heart did not relent a,
For, till he came there, he shew'd no fear;
Till then why should he repent a?

The king (God bless him) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop a;
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop a.

None lik'd him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart a,
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all men prepared to fight a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe s—— a.

The colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the van a,
But Sir John did swear he came not there
To be killed the very first man a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,
Some ten miles back and more a,
Where he did play at Tre trip for hay,
And ne'er saw the enemy more a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money, which lately he spent a,
But his lost honour must still lye in the dust;
At Barwick away it went a."

The following is probably by Doctor Smith.

*An Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son.*

" Here lyes his parent's hopes and fears,
Once all their joys, now all their tears;
He's now past sense, past fear of pain,
'Twere sin to wish him here again.
Had he but liv'd to have been a man,
This inch had grown but to a span;
And now he takes up the less room,
Rock'd from his cradle to his tomb.
'Tis better die a child at four,
Than live and die so at fourscore.
View but the way by which we come,
Thou 'lt say, he's best, that's first at home."

ART. XVII. *The Blazon of Jealousie. A subject not written of by any heretofore. First written in Italian, by that learned gentleman Benedetto Varchi, sometimes Lord Chauncelor vnto the Signorie of Venice: and translated into English, with speciall notes vpon the same. By R. T. Gentleman. London. Printed by T. S. for John Busbie, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleet street.* 1615. 4*to. pp.* 87; *exclusive of preface, &c. which comprise* 14 *more.*

The dedication from the English translator is "To Sir Edward Dimmock Knight, the most worthy and generous champion vnto the Sacred Maiestie of Great Britaine, &c." This is signed R. T. and dated "from my lodging in Holborne, this 7 of November, 1614."

"The Blazon of Jealousy" was, it appears, first written and delivered as an oration before the academy of the Infiammati at Padua by Varchi; it was then published in Italian by Francesco Sansovino, an intimate friend of the author's, who dedicates it "to the no lesse noble then faire, and yet not more faire then learned, the Lady Gaspara Stampa." The translator was Robert Tofte, * and it is evident he was acquainted with the most eminent writers † of his day, and was himself a poet. ‡

* See some extracts from this book in CENS. LIT. Vol. I. p. 234.

† In the notes to this work several persons are mentioned, particularly Henry Constable, whom he terms an "old acquaintance and friend;" Thomas Watson, "a quondam kind acquaintance;" Drayton, George Wither, and others.

‡ In a note, p. 6, he says that he translated "Ariosto's Satires into English verse, with Notes upon the same, although," continues he, "unknown to me, they were set forth in another man's name."

 Prefixed

Prefixed to the work are short accounts of the author and the first publisher, which are followed by commendatory verses addressed to the translator; these are signed "Il Incognito, Anth. Mar. W. L." The last are not inharmonious.

"So many write, some for the fame of prayse;
And some their empty houres to entertaine;
That bookes are held but in these later dayes,
Th' abortive issue of an idle braine.

And hence proceedes the generall disesteeme,
The great neglect of learning, and of Wit;
When men proue not in action what they seeme,
But write their fancyes, rather then what's fit.

Which errour thou obseruing, and our age
Fallen into an incurable disease,
Walk'st not with those in common equipage,
But writ'st as well to profit as to please.
This little booke shewes wit and learning to,
A great deale more than greater volumes doe." *

After the "Blazon of Jealousy" is a long poem, in octave measure, entitled "*The Fruits of Jealousie. Contayning the disasterous Chance of two English Lovers, ouer-throwne through meere Conceit of Jealousie.*" This is preceded by an address "to the courteous reader," in which the author says, "I had thought for thy better contentment to haue inserted (at the end of this booke) the disastrous fall of three

* I omit giving any extract from this work of Varchi, owing to the matter being so connected as to render it impossible without a complete analysis, which the limits of CENSURA LITERARIA will not allow. The notes by the translator, which are very numerous, prove the extent of his reading, and do him the greatest credit.

noble

noble Romane gentlemen ouerthrowne thorow jealousie, in their loues; but the same was, (with Ariosto's Satyres translated by mee out of Italian into English verse, and notes upon the same,) printed without my consent or knowledge, in another man's name: so that I might iustly (although not so worthily) complaine as Virgil did:

'Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.'

"In lieu whereof, I make bold to acquaint thee with another like subiect, of an English gentleman, a quondam deare and neare friend of mine, who was so strangely possest with this fiend jealousie, as (not many years since) through a meere fantasticque and conceited suspicion, after hee had long enjoyed the friendship of a fayre gentlewoman, he (on the sodaine) shooke her off, and vtterly forsooke her, sending her (for his last fare-well) this most bitter and vnkinde letter following."—"As for the verse I must confesse, 'tis like the old Venetian hose, of an auncient fashion: but thou must consider that some (though not many) yeeres are past and gone, since this was made: at what time, it was well liked and much sought after. But this nice age, wherein wee now liue, hath brought more neate and teirse wits into the world; yet must not old George Gascoigne, and Turberuill, with such others, be altogether reiected, since they first brake the ice for our quainter poets, that now write, that they might the more safer swimme in the maine ocean of sweet poesie."

Well may the "Loue (but not louing) letter," for such is the running title, be compared to "old Venetian hose;" for never can more tattered, more coarse,

or more unfashionable poetry be perused; if the following can be termed poetry.

"When cherries could not gotten be
With us, for money, love, nor fee,
I four-score miles did send in hast,
Lest that thy longing should be past,
And for one pound, five pounds I paid,
Before my man could have them weigh'd:
So got I thee, rare plumbs and nuts,
Pears, apples too to fill thy guts;
Thou sayest these were but trifles all,
Yet cost they not as trifles small."

I am tired of transcribing, as I doubt not the reader is of perusing, this lamentable epistle, which we are told had such effect on the tender heart of the lady as to deprive her of life: it is signed "Thine own once, R. M."

I am inclined to suppose the book very rare, as I cannot discover a copy of it mentioned in any of the most eminent catalogues I possess.

P. B.

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ART. XVIII. *The Canticles or Balades of Salomon, phraselyke declared in Englysh Metres, by William Baldwin. Halleluiah.*

"Syng to the Lord sum plesaunt song
Of matter fresh and newe:
Vnto his churche it doth belong,
His prayses to renewe." Psalme cxviii.

1549. 4*to*. Colophon. *Imprinted at London by William Baldwin, seruant with Edwarde Whitchurche. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

The

The address to the reader is followed by a deicatdion to King Edward the Sixth, dated "at London, the first of June, 1549."

"The Canticles" are divided into eight chapters, each of which is separated into many distinct "ballades." * These consist first of the text, then the argument of that portion which constitutes the Song, and lastly we have the Song itself. Of these we select one from chap. 4. no. 33.

"The Texte.

"O howe fayer are thy brestes, my syster, my spouse? they are more pleasaunt then wine, and the smell of thyne oyntmentes passeth al the spices. Thy lippes, O my loue, are a dropping hony combe, milke and hony is vnder thy tongue," &c. †

"The Argument.

"After Christe hath praysed his Spouse for thone of her iyes, and for one of her chaynes, dispraysyng the other (for she hath yet one carnal iye, and doeth sum of her wurkes through hipocrisie) he prayseth the rest of her partes throwly, syngyng before the younglynges."

"Christe to hisSpouse. xxxiii.

"How fayre thy dugges, thy charitie is my Spouse,
My syster swete, more fayre they are than wyne:
Thy sauour eke of my gyftes glorious,
Do passe all odours, be they neuer so fine.

* In all they amount to 71.

† I omit transcribing the whole of the original text: it begins at verse 10, and continues to part of v. 16.

Thy lyppes, my loue, the hunney combe are lyke,
From whiche my prayse doeth drop al men among:
My scriptures eke, that are not muche vnlyke
Hunney and mylke, doe vnder lye thy toung;

Thy garmentes gay, my merites whiche thou hast,
Do sauour swete, lyke the mount Libanus.
My Spouse, thou art an orchard locked fast
Of pleasaunt trees, my elect most bounteous.

*

The planted trees and frutes whiche grow in thee,
Of pomegranates are lyke a paradise,
Beset about with fruites that pleasaunt bee,
Of cumly heygth that spryng in goodly wyse.

In thee doeth grow spykenarde and calamus,
With saffron, camphor, and swete cypres,
And all the trees that grow in Libanus:
Swete cynamome, strong myrrhe and aloes;

With all hote spices aromatical.
These are the elect and faythfull that doe dwell
In thee my church, in office seueral:
Who all through fayth, excedyng swete do smel.

And thou my Spouse of gardeyns art a wel,
Thy dewie fayth doth moysten euery coost:
Thou art also a poole the whiche doeth wel
Vp lyuely springes, from out the holy goost.

With these thy streames, whiche calmly take their course
From Libanus, my wurde that mountayne clere,
Thou waterest the gardens fine or course
Of all good folke, that in thy waye appere.

* A verse here omitted.

Vp North wynde vp, vp tribulacion,
Cum blast my gardeyn, that I may it trye:
Cum south wynde eke, cum consolacion
And cherysh it, least sum part hap to dye.
That whyle ye two vpon my churche do blow,
The fragrant smell of truth may from her flow."

The work concludes with one page containing "The interpretacion of the Hebrue wurdes." And

"Blessyng, honor, glory, and power,
Be vnto God, for euer and euer.
Amen."

P. B.

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ART. XIX. *Extract from a Manuscript of Dr. Simon Forman.*

The following transcript, which cannot but be allowed of a curious if not interesting nature, considering the publicity of the character from whom it proceeds, may not be unacceptable to the readers of CENSURA LITERARIA It is taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of the celebrated doctor Simon Forman, whose base conduct with Mistress Turner in the affair relative to the depraved although beautiful Countess of Essex, is too well known to be here repeated. * The manuscript was discovered prefixed to a volume of very old and valuable tracts formerly in Dr. Forman's possession, to which he has added a vast number of notes:

* For a very satisfactory account of this shameful, or rather shameless transaction, see Brydges's Memoirs of Peers, Vol. I. pp. 96, 97, et seq.

it

it is here copied literally, and should the perusal prove interesting, the trouble of deciphering will be amply repaid to the person who now communicates it.

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*" Of Lucifer's creation, and of the wordle's creation.*

" Lucifer was the first angel that God created, and was created by the Father the first person in Trinity, and was an angel moste brighte, and gloriouse; and wente before all other, and was the greateste among them, and was created before this wordelie the terme of 5004 yers.

" Lucifer staid in glory, before he fell, the space of 500 years.

" He fell before the creation of this wordle 4504 yeres, and

" He and his compani remayned in the darknes of chaos included in the mundo intelligibili 2004.

" And after they had bin included in that perpetuall darknes of chaos aforsaid the space of 2004 yers, then the Lord created the celestialle wordle, and out of the beste and suprem matter of the chaos he drue out and made the prima mobile, the watri firmamente, the christallen heauen, the * and all the fixed stars, and orbes, and all the plannets in order as they ar. And included them into a leess rom for their prid and arrogancy. And ther they remained 1800 years more in that darknes, before the Lord created the sonn or mone, and made them to giue lighte over all

* After much trouble and fruitless endeavour, I am compelled to pass over two words here, which I can by no means discover. The whole is written very unintelligibly.

the wordle, or yt the Lord seperated the earth and the waters; for yt is said, that darknes was over the face of the whole earth, and this darknes remained after the heauens were created the space I say of 1800 yers. And the Lord made the sonn to governe the dai, and the mone and the stars to governe the night. And then the earth he saith was void and empty: That ther was nether tre nor herbe nor any thing ells theron; for yt was naked and bare, and the Lord bad the earth bring forth trees, herbes, and grasse, and all things necessary. And then he created beastes, fish, foulle, wormes, and divers other thinges, and put them on the earth, and in the ayer and waters. And this was done 200 yers before Adam was created. For the birdes, the beastes, the fish, the foulle, ye wormes and every thing on the earth, or in the earth necessary for man, were mad and created 200 yers before man was created, and the breath of lyfe put into him.

"The heauens were created before Adam 2000 yeres.

"The beasts, birds, and all other things were created 200 yers before Adam.

"Yt is from the tyme of the creation of Lucifer vnto the year of Christ 1593, the 4 of May 15541 yers.

"Lucifer staid in glory 500 yers.

"He fell before the creation of the heauens or prima mobile 4504 yers.

"The heauens, as the prima mobile, watri firmament and christalen heaue, were created before Adam 2000 yers

"From the creation of Adam vnto this day, viz. the first of October, 1593, are 8537 years and almoste 6 months, for yt was created in Aprill as yt seams."

Thus

Thus ends this singular production of Simon Forman. P. B.

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ART. XX. *Origin of the name of Mount Caucasus.*

In the sixth vol. of *Researches by the Asiatic Society*, Mr. Wilford has inserted a dissertation on the origin of the name of mount Caucasus: he says "The real name should be *Casas*, or *Cas*; for in Persian *Coh* or *Cau* signifies a mountain. Now if we should translate *Coh-Cas* into the Sanscrit tongue, it would be *Cas-giri*; and actually the true name of this mountain in Sanscrit is *C'hasa-giri*, that is, the mountain of the *Chasas*, a most antient and powerfull tribe, who inhabited this immense range of mountains, extending even from the eastern limits of India not only to Persia, but probably as far as to the Euxine sea. They are often mentioned in the sacred books of the Hindus; and their descendants still inhabit the same mountainous regions, and are called to this day *C'hasas* and in some places *Cossais*. The Greeks also mention the mountains of Persia as inhabited by *Cossæi*, *Cusseæi*, and *Cissii*: the *Caspian* sea also, and its adjacent mount *Caucasus*, were probably denominated from them. In the language of the Calmuc Tartars, *C'hasu* signifies snow. This name of *C'hasa-giri* is now confined to a few spots, and that immense range is constantly called in Sanscrit, *Himachel*, i. e. snowy mountain, and *Himalaya*, the abode of Snow; whence the Greeks formed their name of one part of that range *Imaus*." Etymology is little better than the art of conjecturing; happily, however, it has some use; for while it amuses some,

some, it contributes to preserve relics of antiquity, which might otherwise be altogether lost. Now as Mr. Wilford conceives *Caucasus* to be a compound of two words, I do not dispute but he may be right with respect to the origin of the last half of it; yet as I do not conceive the sacred books of the Hindus to be so antient as he may suppose, and as the name of Asia for that part of the globe is certainly antient, it seems possible, that *C'hasas* might mean only *Asiatics*, and that the Hindus gave that name of *C'hasas* to all Scythians, and other western Asiatic tribes, who possessed themselves at different times of different mountainous tracts on the north of India: for that the Hindus considered themselves as included within that district called by the Greeks *Asia* does not appear. But certainly we never heard of *this ancient and powerful tribe* before; and whether they gave name to *Asia* or Asia to them is a matter of doubt; or whether both were derived from *C'hasu*, snow, or from any other source, such as Bochart has given.

What I most doubt of, therefore, is the origin of the first half of Caucasus. It is indeed true that *Coh* does in Persian mean a mountain, which is sometimes mollified into *Cuh:* thus Gotius thinks, that *Kuhi-stan*, a part of Persia, is not derived from a colony of Arabs or *Chusites* settling there on the east side of the Euphrates, but "a communi montium nomine *Kuhi et stan regio,*" p. 195 *not. in alfergan*; it being a mountainous province. Now as the name of Caucasus was confined to that portion of the mountainous range between the Euxine and Caspian sea, while the more eastern portions were called *Imaus mons*, or *Riphæi*, and by other names, one may rather presume that the name

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in question arose from some circumstance peculiar to that mountainous portion, rather than from such a general word *coh*, as equally well suited any other mountain or portion of that enormous range. I apprehend, then, that the *C* formed one part of the first half of Caucasus, *i. e. Cauc-asus*, or else was doubled, as *Cauc-casus*; and that Bayer has unintentionally pointed out both the property itself and the original name of it, out of which the Greeks formed the word *Cauc*, as the name of the mountain. In the acts of the Academy at Petersburgh, Bayer inserted a tract *de Scythiæ situ*, in which he has these words, "Herodotus ad occidentem Caspii maris Caucasum collocat, ad orientem vero *immensam planitiem*: hæc planities *celebratissima* est apud Arabes Persasque scriptores nomine *Kaphgjak* et *Dascht* quod *planitiem* significat." Now as *quod* refers to *nomen*, I presume that the first word means *planities* as well as the second; but whether Kaphg-ia be a single word, or two, may admit of some doubt; however, either way it may be the origin of the Greek *Kauc*, and also of the Hebrew name *Gog*. But it is not merely on the east side of the Caspian sea, that an immense plain is extended of a desert nature, for that sea is quite surrounded by immense plains, except on the south side by a range of hills dividing those desert plains from the inhabited parts of Asia. A vast extent of plains also surrounds Astracan on the north of that sea, called the *Step*, and the same on the west of it, called the desert of Astracan; the whole frequented only by roving hordes of Scythians, formerly and now Tartars, who occasionally depasture on any fertile parts of it. This western desert extends quite to the sea of Asof, or Palus Mæotis,

and

and ranges along the whole sides of mount Caucasus on the north close to the foot of it. We can little doubt, then, but this western plain had obtained the same name *Kaphgjak* as the eastern one. Bayer doubtless has tried to express the Tartarian and Persian pronunciation of this word as nearly as he could in Roman letters; but it is well known that in those languages there are indistinct sounds of a guttural and aspirated kind, which no Roman letters can perfectly express: and this possibly is the cause of that assemblage of consonants *phgj* in the middle, the full pronunciation of which the Greeks would be scarcely bold enough to attempt, or able to do it with safety to their teeth; they would therefore naturally soften it into *Kauc*, just as they softened other oriental aspirates into *s*, *z*, or *x*. What the Jews also might pronounce with *G* hard, as in *Gog*, the Greeks might soften into *Kauc*. Thus Bayer may have given us the original word, which has been thus corrupted in both cases, together with the true meaning of it. And it may have been these immense, and as Bayer says *celebrated*, plains, to which this mountain was contiguous, that was the distinguishing property, which gave rise to the name of this portion of the long range of mountains running from west to east, and to the inhabitants of it, as well as to the mountain itself: for, although the *plains* were little habitable, yet the vallies at the foot of the mountain on both sides were very fertile, and full of the same race of men, who occasionally roved over those plains on the north side of it. Stephanus, an ancient Greek author, expressly says, that the inhabited district on the south side was called *Gogarena*. "Gogarena est locus inter Colchos et Iberos orientales." Iberia was

on

on the south side, and Colchis at the western extremity, of the mountain; this name then included the whole southern side of it, and sufficiently proves, that it was called *Gog* by some nations as well as *Kauc* by others, and both of them apparently so called from the contiguous *plains:* the usual word for which is still *Kaphgjâk*, among the natives, unless it be two words *Kaphg-iak*, and meant to express that part of the desert plain only which was contiguous to the *iak*, i. e. the river *Jakartes* on the east side of the Caspian sea: in which case *Kaphg* would be the original still, and mean *the plains* themselves, by others corrupted into *Gog* and *Kauc*. We know, that at first the Romans had no distinct letter for *G* different from *C*, so much were those letters confounded in writing as well as pronunciation. Bayer therefore has here, without any intention, confirmed the opinion of Bochart long ago, that *Gog* and *Kauc* were the same word: Bochart adds, indeed, that *Cauc-asus* came from *Kauc-hasan*, for *hasan* in some oriental dialects means *a fortress*, *munimentum*; not intending thereby any artificial fortress on that mountain, but that it was the natural *bulwark* between the inhabited south part of Asia, and those desert plains on the north of it. But whether this derivation be preferable to the *C'hasas* of Mr. Wilford, as giving origin to the last half of the name, I cannot determine. This only I may mention, that the names of nations were probably prior to the names of aggregate countries, so that *C'hasas* rather gave name to Asia than contrariwise: and we know, that a nation of the name of *Asch* did exist in antient times, the inhabitants of Asia Minor being probably those called *Aschenaz* in scripture. In Celtic *Innis* means an island, and is applied to a peninsula as well as island;

island; if we could suppose the original inhabitants of Asia Minor to have been Celts, *Asch-enez* might mean the nation dwelling in that peninsula; and Bochart has even given a reason, either true or not, why they were called *Asch* or *As*, and from which he derives the name *Asia*; but this etymology would not suit so well with Mr. Wilford's *C'hasas*, who lived on the north of Persia and India. There is something however so venerable in antiquity, that a peep into it is attended with pleasure of an awful kind, like the view of old weather-beaten oaks; and when such immense destruction has been made of ancient books, it is sometimes even useful to bring together the scattered relics of antiquated words, in order to understand those books of ancient times, which have fortunately escaped from the general ruin caused by ignorance. We know likewise, that even some of the Gothic nations, who inundated the north, and came from the banks of the Euxine sea, brought with them the memory of having formerly lived near a town called *As-gard*; and they also gave the name of *Asæ* to their gods, who were probably some deified heroes among their ancestors, formerly resident near the sea of *Asoff*. Thus profane accounts give some aid to scriptural ones, and the thought of the immensity of time past has this further utility, of turning our minds to the thought of future eternity. Immensity of time is indeed so vast an object as necessarily to excite our wonder and astonishment; but when we thus find, that the ancient residence of *Gog* in scripture can be traced to mount Caucasus, and that the name of the scriptural *Aschenaz* has too much resemblance to *Axenos*, the ancient name of the Euxine sea, to be the effect of accident, we become not

only more sensible of the mutability of all human things, but even impressed with a more ready belief of the future things, which scripture points out to us, after having found its accounts so well verified concerning distant events past, as to render it a supplement to the lost history of mankind in past ages, beyond all other records of time. S.

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ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 326.]

## N°. VIII.

### *Rowley and Ossian.*

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

In this age of critical inquiry; of patient, accurate, and laborious investigation; it might be supposed that no author would be so hardy as to attempt to deceive the world; it might be thought that no literary imposture could be so well carried on, as to escape discovery from the lynx-like eyes of the wise and learned, or the acute discernment of the readers of the works of other times. Yet in point of fact, this does not appear to be the case; deceits of this kind are often attempted, and not always, at least satisfactorily, discovered. Though that ingenious young gentleman, Master Ireland, made a full confession (but not till it was too late) and even had the hardiness to "glory in his shame," the fountains of other works of much greater merit are still as much concealed

concealed as those of the Nile; and other authors, translators, or editors of much higher genius and pretensions have quietly stolen out of the world (or like poor misguided Chatterton indignantly * rushed out of it), leaving posterity to settle the matter among themselves, and assign them their proper place at their leisure.

This however has not always been done in a manner perfectly convincing. Attempts have lately been made to shew that even the forgeries of Lauder were not wholly without foundation. There are still persons who are not entirely convinced that the youth of Chatterton was able to produce those noble poems, which he chose to ascribe to the maturer age of Rowley; and there are many more, who find it difficult to believe that Macpherson was the sole author of the poems published under the name of Ossian. †

Concerning these last, the investigation seems not to have been very fairly and impartially conducted. On the one hand, there was great national, and perhaps personal, pride, which would not deign to give such information as the public had a right to expect; on the other, a captious unwillingness to give way to pretensions to such remote antiquity, which must of course be very little capable of being supported by external proof.

It seems to be allowed by all, that the Erse, as it is commonly called, has not been a written language till within, comparatively, a very few years; and it

* Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Virg. L. XII. 952.

† I have not read the report of the Committee of the Highland Society upon this subject, nor have learnt what has been the result of their inquiries.

is contended, that the changes which take place in language, and the well-known inaccuracy of oral tradition, must have prevented such long and regular poems as Temora and Fingal, from being thus handed down during so many centuries. But to this it may be replied that, in a country so remote as the Highlands of Scotland, and so little visited by strangers as they were during the dark ages, their language, like their local superstitions, probably remained nearly the same. And with respect to tradition, in countries where there are no written records, it is more likely to be preserved in tolerable purity and correctness than where there are. It may also be urged, that till the time when they were collected by Pisistratus, even the works of Homer were recited only in detached parts; and the acts of Diomede, the parting of Hector and Andromache, the death of Patroclus, &c. &c. were known by the people in general, only as so many detached ballads, or *rhapsodies*, and not as parts of the noblest whole ever produced by human genius. The art of book-making does not then seem to have been known; and there is no reason to suppose that after the parts had been arranged in their proper order, any doubts arose in Athens as to the genuineness of the work. Yet even then the history of the author was so obscure, that it could not be determined whether he was born in Asia or Europe, in one of the Grecian islands or on the Continent; and it is thought doubtful at this day, by very eminent scholars, as it was also in different periods of antiquity, whether the whole subject of his narrative be or be not fabulous, and whether, if founded on truth, the event was as he has represented it.

This seems therefore to be an argument on which

Dr.

Dr. Johnson, and other writers on that side of the question, have dwelt too strongly. The prejudices of that distinguished scholar certainly operated upon this, as well as many other occasions, and his tour in Scotland did not tend to lessen them. He had no taste for the rude, wild, and naked scenery of the Western Isles, and the absence of written documents seemed to him convincing proof against the alleged antiquity of the lays of Ossian; and he refused to receive the testimony of those inhabitants who were most competent to give it, because he chose illiberally to fancy that they would prefer the credit of their country to truth. Yet I have been told, by a lady, now deceased, of high literary reputation, that the late Sir James Macdonald, elder brother of the Chief Baron, assured her, that he could repeat, when a lad, many of the poems translated by Macpherson in their original Erse. A similar assurance I received also myself from a surgeon in the navy, a native of the isle of Mull, who told me not only that he could repeat many of those poems, but that Macpherson had not selected, or perhaps met with, some of the finest of them; in particular one which is a dialogue between Ossian and a missionary, who was preaching the Christian religion in the Highlands, which he said was the noblest poem he had ever known.*

When I was in Scotland, about fourteen years since, I was in the boat of a highland fisherman, upon Loch

* Possibly this may be the poem mentioned by Miss Owenson in her novel of "The Wild Irish Girl;" and the missionary prove to be St. Patrick. It must be owned that there is great weight in that lady's arguments to prove that Ossian was a native of Ireland, and that Morven is to be found in that country.

Lomond,

Lomond, who appeared so intelligent that I was induced to ask him some questions upon this subject. He told me that he could sing a great many of the songs of Ossian, but added, that they were old fashioned things, and he would sing me a modern Erse song upon the present Duke of Montrose's patriotism in being the means of restoring to them the ancient highland dress. He said that he had never heard that the poems of Ossian had been translated into English, and seemed much surprised that I should know any thing about them.

With respect to the internal evidence which these celebrated poems afford, neither party seem to have considered it with sufficient accuracy. Young persons are struck with the wild and romantic splendour of the imagery, with the bravery of the heroes, and the beauty of the women. Those of a more advanced age are tired with the perpetual recurrence of the same images: Bran bounding over the heath, the gray rock, the thin and shadowy forms of departed valour appearing in a cloud, and even the white arms and bosoms of female loveliness, are so little varied and so generally prominent, that neither the young nor the old are tempted to penetrate deeper than the language, to discover the real merits of the composition. If they did, a discrimination of character, a strength of colouring, even a variety of incident might be observed, which escape the notice of inattentive readers. In proof of this, let the affecting intercourse of Ossian and Malvina, of which there is no parallel in any ancient writer, be observed; let the nervous and original character of Oscar, and the striking circumstances of his death

death, be considered. * Add to these the contrast between the generous Cairbar and his ferocious brother, and that between the two Irish warriors Foldath and Malthos, both in the field and council; the beautiful episode of Sulmalla; the awful introduction of the venerable and unconquered Fingal to the war (though that seems less original than most other parts of the poems), and the distinction between the characters of his sons, as well as of the manner of their deaths.

If these poems be impartially considered therefore, with no reference to the beauty or singularity of the language, surely it will hardly be supposed that the whole of them can be due to Macpherson's invention; or indeed, that he, or any well-educated man, could so totally unlearn all his classical acquirements, as to produce a work betraying so little, if any, imitation of those great *exemplaria Græca*, with which the mind of every scholar must be filled. Probably in this, as in most things, the truth may lie in the middle. He found these songs *volitantes per ora virum*, defective and imperfect. He supplied those parts which were wanting, added, omitted, and filled up as he thought necessary, and has thus given a work to the world, of the merit of which no greater proof can be required, than that it has been translated into every modern language, and is admired and beautiful in them all.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

†*†.

* What reader of taste and feeling but must shudder when red-haired Olla raises the song of death on the distant heath!

ART.

## Art. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

*Lately*, at Tiverton, Devon, Mr. Martin Dunsford, many years a respectable merchant there, and author of the Historical Memoirs of Tiverton.

April 16. In Mansfield Street, æt. 73, Edward King, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S. a celebrated antiquary.

April 17. Mr. Mark Supple, of considerable literary talents, editor of various periodical publications.

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## *To the Reader.*

The pressure of Bibliographical communications, with Indexes, &c. has prevented the usual quantity of modern literature in the present Number, which shall be made amends for in the next.

April 24, 1807.

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END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

BOUND BY
HNM